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THE NEW YORKER

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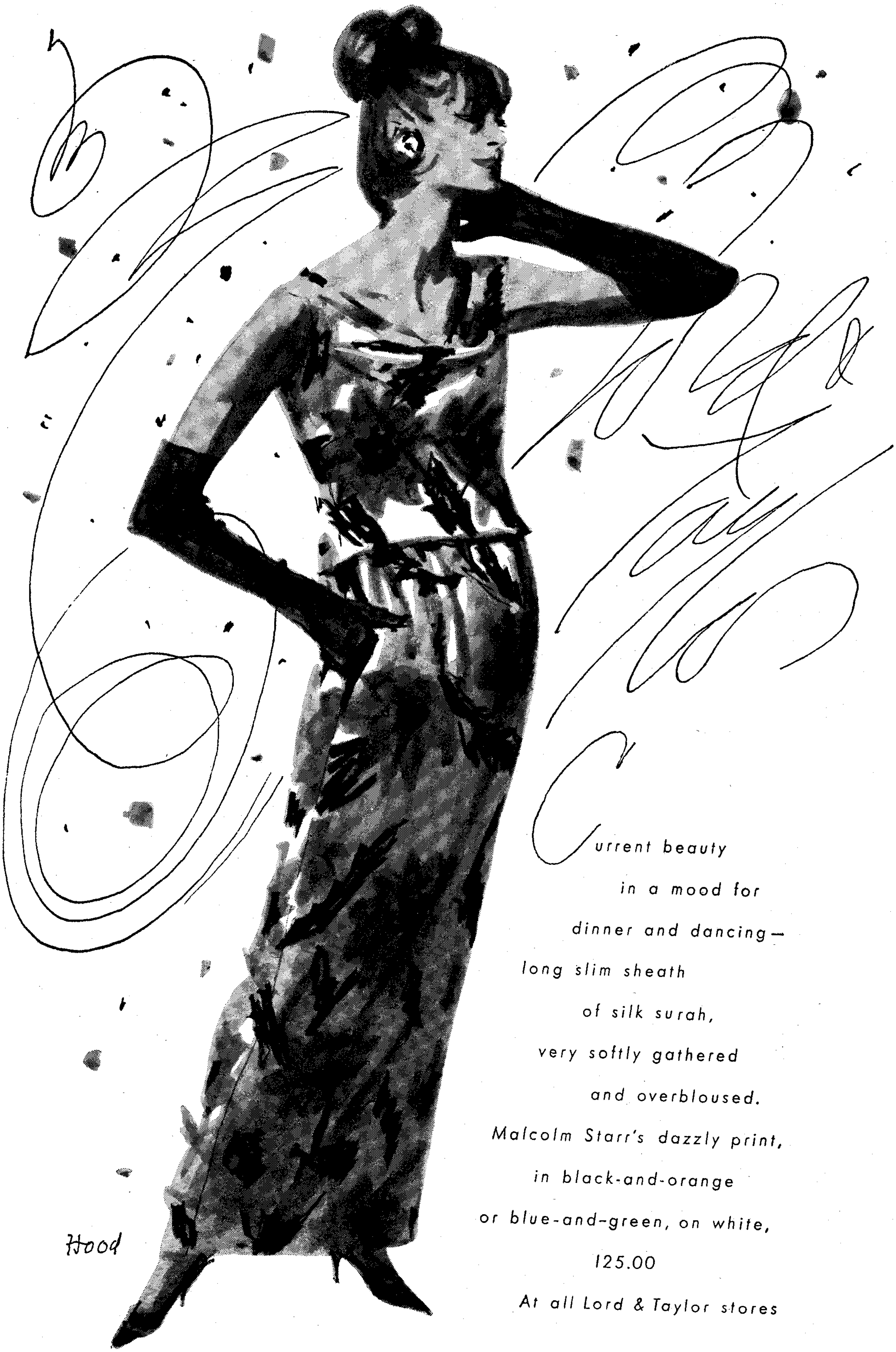

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. The play was directed by Henry Kaplan and has a pleasant set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's aimless but agreeable little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walk-up apartment with few conveniences. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. Mike Nichols did the direction. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—An episode from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, as dramatized by Henry Denker. It is concerned with the libel suit that Quentin Reynolds brought against Westbrook Pegler, and it makes interesting courtroom drama. Van Heflin is fine as the plaintiff's lawyer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Deputy—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its shortened form it is compelling. Jeremy Brett heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—Richard Burton makes an unusually robustious Prince of Denmark, and Hume Cronyn makes a superb Polonius in this production, which is directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also prominent in the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

National Repertory Theatre—A four-week repertory of two plays, with Eva Le Gallienne, Farley Granger, Denholm Elliott, and Anne Meacham. Chekhov's "The Seagull," adapted and directed by Miss Le Gallienne, Thursday evening, April 16; Saturday matinée and evening, April 18; Sunday evening, April 19; Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, April 21-22; Friday evening, April 24; and Saturday matinée, April 25. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," directed by Jack Sydow, Friday evening, April 17; Sunday matinée, April 19; Thursday evening, April 23; and Saturday evening, April 25. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 2.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston bounces around engagingly in this comedy about the way things go in West Coast TV circles. It was written by Ronald Alexander, and it benefits mightily from the lively direction of Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ADVANCE SALE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Sponono—A troupe of South Africans in a drama by Alan Paton and Krishna Shah. It has to do with the problems of the principal of a Johannesburg reformatory who finds it hard to understand the thought processes of his charges. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964:** A diversion, now revised and with new material added, in which four wits—Paxton Whitehead, Patrick Carter, William Christopher, and Patrick Horgan—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Tom Helmore are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Foxy—A freewheeling adaptation of Ben Jonson's "Volpone"—the scene of the action is now Alaska—in which Bert Lahr cavorts hilariously. The book was written by Ian McLellan Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., and the amiable lyrics and music are the work of Johnny Mercer and Robert Emmett Dolan. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. May close Saturday, April 18.)

Funny Girl—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart provided the book, Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics, and Garson Kanin the direction. Carol Haney staged the musical numbers, and Jerome Robbins supervised the whole thing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving in reasonable style. The redoubtable Gower Champion is responsible for the direction and choreography. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson, who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson is triumphant as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 19.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Dick Shawn and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays

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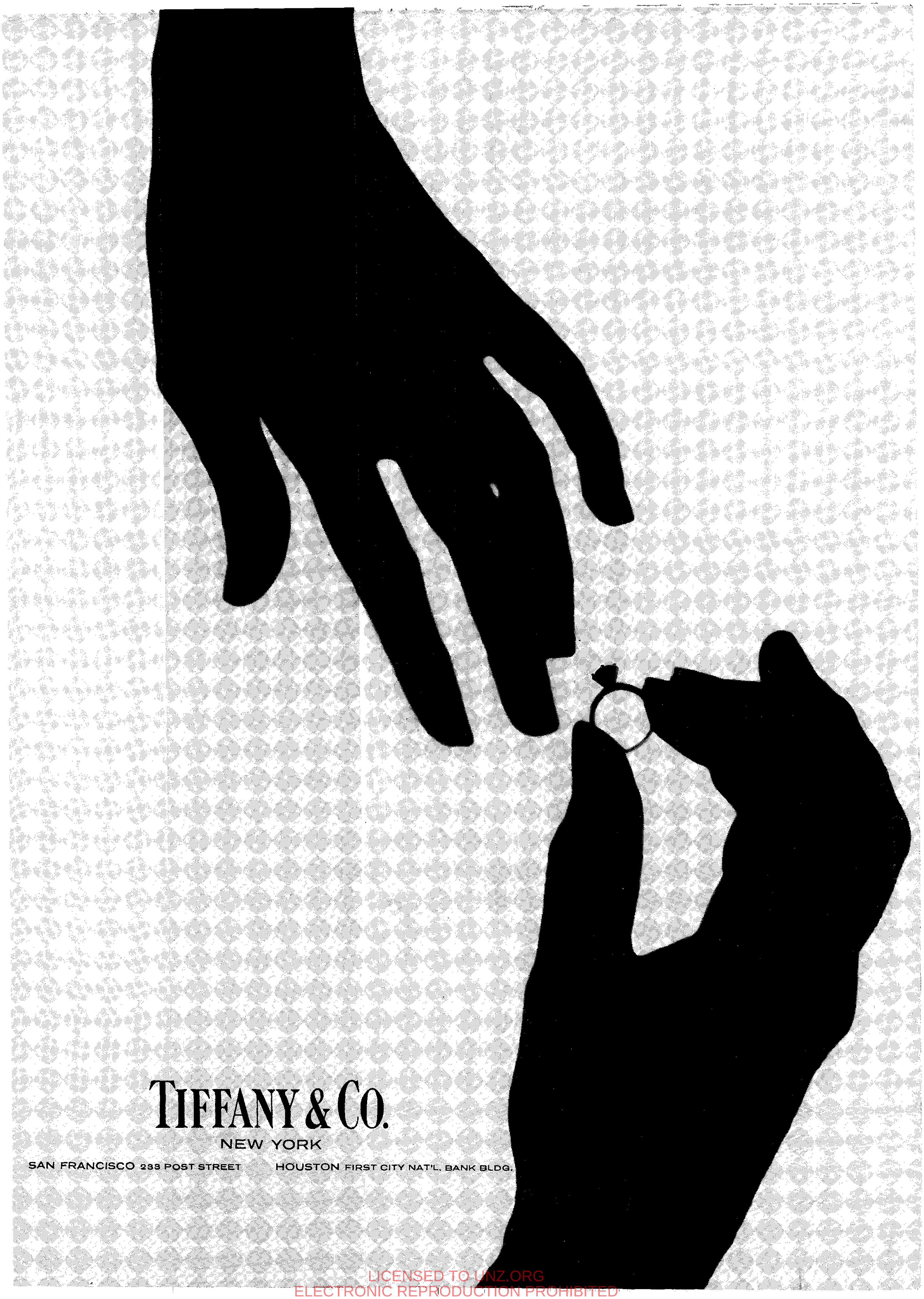

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** An entertainment based on "Nicholas Nickleby." The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Café Crown—A musical with a book by Hy Kraft (based on his 1942 play of the same name), a score by Albert Hague, and lyrics by Marty Brill. The cast is headed by Sam Levene, Theodore Bikel, Tommy Rall, and Brenda Lewis. Directed by Jerome Eskow and produced by Philip Rose and Swanlee. Preview Thursday, April 16, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, April 17. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Baby Want a Kiss—A play by James Costigan, with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and the author as the entire cast. Presented by the Actors Studio Theatre and directed by Frank Corsaro. Previews through Saturday, April 18. Opens officially on Sunday, April 19. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues for Mr. Charlie—A play by James Baldwin, with Al Freeman, Jr., Pat Hingle, Diana Sands, and Rip Torn. Staged by Burgess Meredith and presented by the Actors Studio Theatre. Previews nightly. Official opening not set; may be on Tuesday, April 21. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Eugene O'Neill's satire "Marco Millions" stands up better than you might expect after thirty-six years, and the present production is quite spectacular. Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman are among those happily present. Performance Thursday, April 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. Performances Friday, April 17, at 8; Saturday, April 18, at 2 and 8; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 21-23, at 8. . . . ¶ "But for Whom Charlie," a comedy by S. N. Behrman about good and evil in the modern world, has as its setting a philanthropic foundation that takes care of indigent writers. Not always as compelling as it might be, the play has one large virtue—the presence of David Wayne as an aging author who takes a dim and droll view of our times. Performances Sunday, April 19, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, April 24, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 25, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

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New York City Center Light Opera Company—A revival of "West Side Story," with Don McKay and Julia Migenes. The first in a series of three shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

APA at the Phoenix—Lively and often stylish productions of an assortment of classics by one of the best repertory companies around. Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths," Thursday, April 16, at 8:30, and Wednesday through Friday, April 22-24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," Friday, April 17, at 8:40; Saturday, April 18, at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturday, April 25, at 7 and 10. . . . ¶ A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles," Sunday, April 19, at 3. . . . ¶ George M. Cohan's "The Tavern," Sunday, April 19, at 7:30, and Tuesday, April 21, at 8:40. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

The Amorous Flea—A sprightly little musical, confected from Molière's "School for Wives" by Bruce Montgomery (songs) and Jerry Devine (book). Lew Parker and Imelda de Martin head the cast. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious and tricky drama that is more than redeemed by the performances of the two actors who appear in it. James Earl Jones is wonderful as a South African Negro, and J. D. Cannon is good, too, as his half brother, who is also half white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Caretaker—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cindy—The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are a lively, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K., too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Diary of a Madman—An adaptation of a short story by Nikolai Gogol. Zack Matalon is the whole cast, except for the early performances on Fridays and Saturdays, when William Hickey fills in. Opens Thursday, April 16. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Dream of Swallows—Nancy R. Pollock in a play by Paul Zindel. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Jerico-Jim Crow—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 3. Final performance Sunday, April 26.)

Life Is a Dream (La Vida Es Sueño)—Calderón's seventeenth-century play, being presented in both English and Spanish. Performances in

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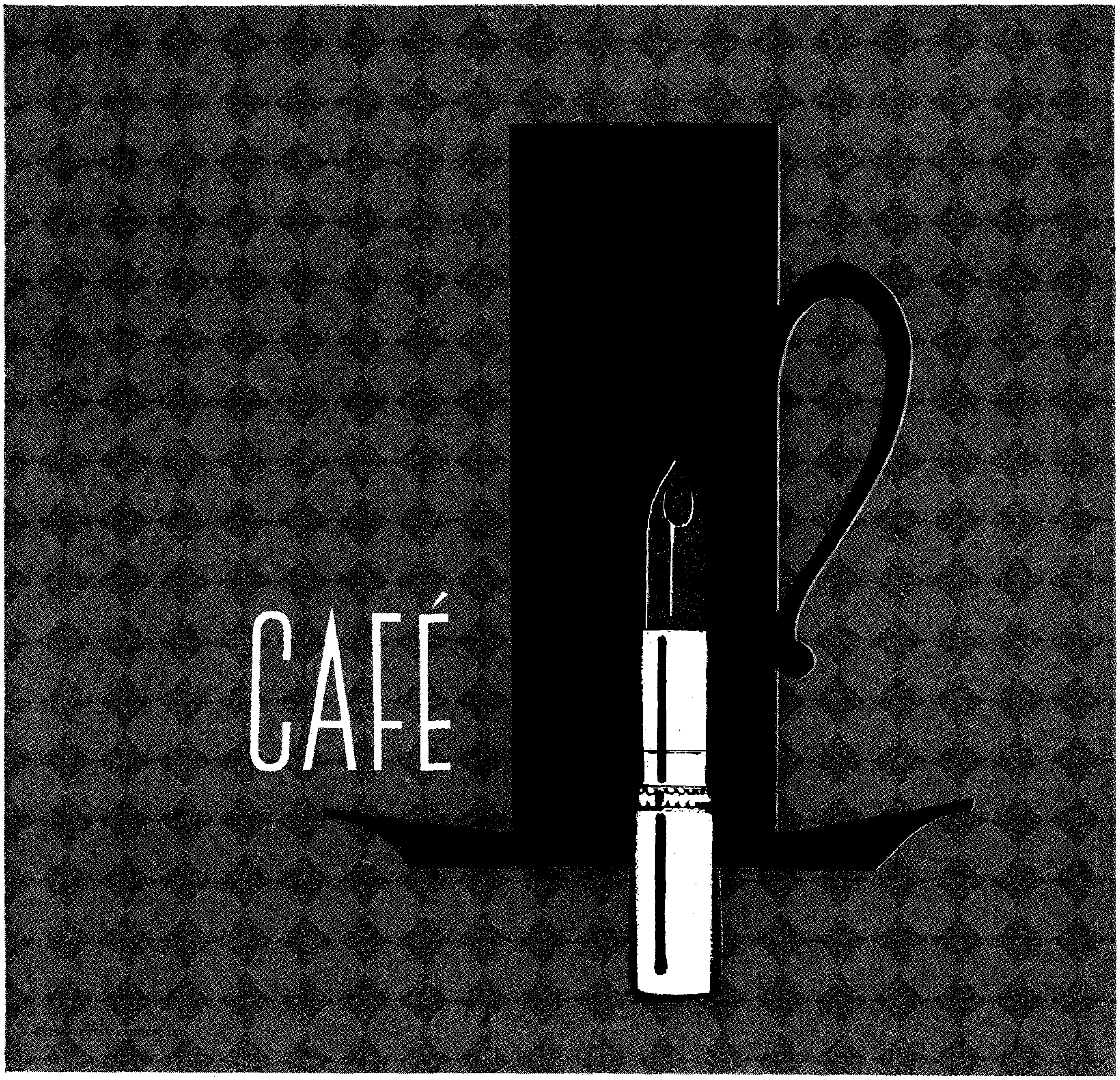

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English on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, *Fridays at 10, Saturdays at 7, and Sundays* at 8:30. Performances in Spanish on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8:30, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10, and Sundays at 3. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240.)

Little Eyolf—An inept production of an understandably neglected work by Henrik Ibsen. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, *in an offhand* way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Three at the Cherry Lane—A trio of one-acters. "Dutchman," which ends the evening, is a *nightmare tragicomedy* about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. Samuel Beckett's "Play" continues its run, and the management has added a revival of "The Two Executioners," a sombre, down-with-mother work by the usually perky Arrabal. No one under eighteen admitted. On Tuesday, April 21, Edward Albee's "The American Dream" will replace "Play" and "The Two Executioners." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—The combination of a set of poems by James Weldon Johnson with a set of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs makes this all-Negro musical a jubilant occasion. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—The company will open the doors of its chic new Lincoln Center lodgings with a three-week season that starts Friday, April 24, and ends on Sunday, May 17. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be performed through Sunday, April 26. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:15.)

Olé Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A program of modern-dance works by Paul Draper, Doris Humphrey, José Limón, and Anna Sokolow, performed by students and alumni of the Juilliard dance department, with members of the Juilliard Orchestra. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

New Dance Group Studio—The first of two programs, this one choreographed by Sophie Maslow and danced by her company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, April 19, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Some old things, some new things, and all in all quite a hullabaloo. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Josephine Baker—With her company of dancers (including Carmen de Lavallade and Geoffrey Holder), plus an orchestra. (Henry Miller, 43rd St. east of Broadway. BR 9-3970. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Final performances Sunday, April 19.)

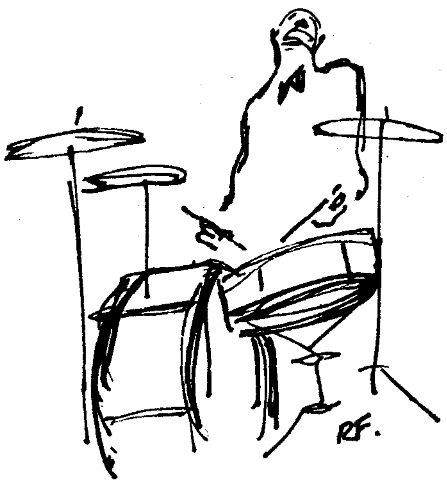
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Julie London, now bravely (even brashly) fighting back most of the tears that turn her ballads into such sweet sorrow, sails into her repertory with gym-class fervor. She is a twice-a-night item; the dance bands play on and on. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A Park Avenue showplace (or almost showoff place, such is its ornamentation), with digestive music from eight to ten and dancing music thereafter, all of it created by George Anaya's Latinos. There's also tea dancing Sundays from one to three; *no music Mondays.*



El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The first of the important brokerage houses to establish itself in midtown. Ticker tape is dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the gallant little Café Pierre, a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers do a hand gallop every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Kessler Twins, a brace of high and handsome Brünnehildes who would make completely identical bookends, stop their bouncy walkie-talkie parade in the Persian Room on Tuesday, April 21; the McGuire Sisters, American counterparts, move in the next evening. The girls' hours are dinner and supper; Emil Coleman's sonorous band and Mark Monte's cheerful little earfuls do dance tunes the rest of the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is the home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group. . . . ¶ In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, *in the* Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—There's Egypt in your dreamy eyes the moment you set foot in this freehand reconstruction of the celebrated Cairo hostelry; there's music in your ears (the simultaneous doings of recordings and a brace of trios); there's also an aura of pie in the sky and goose hangs high. Eight to four, every night of the week, is the house rule.

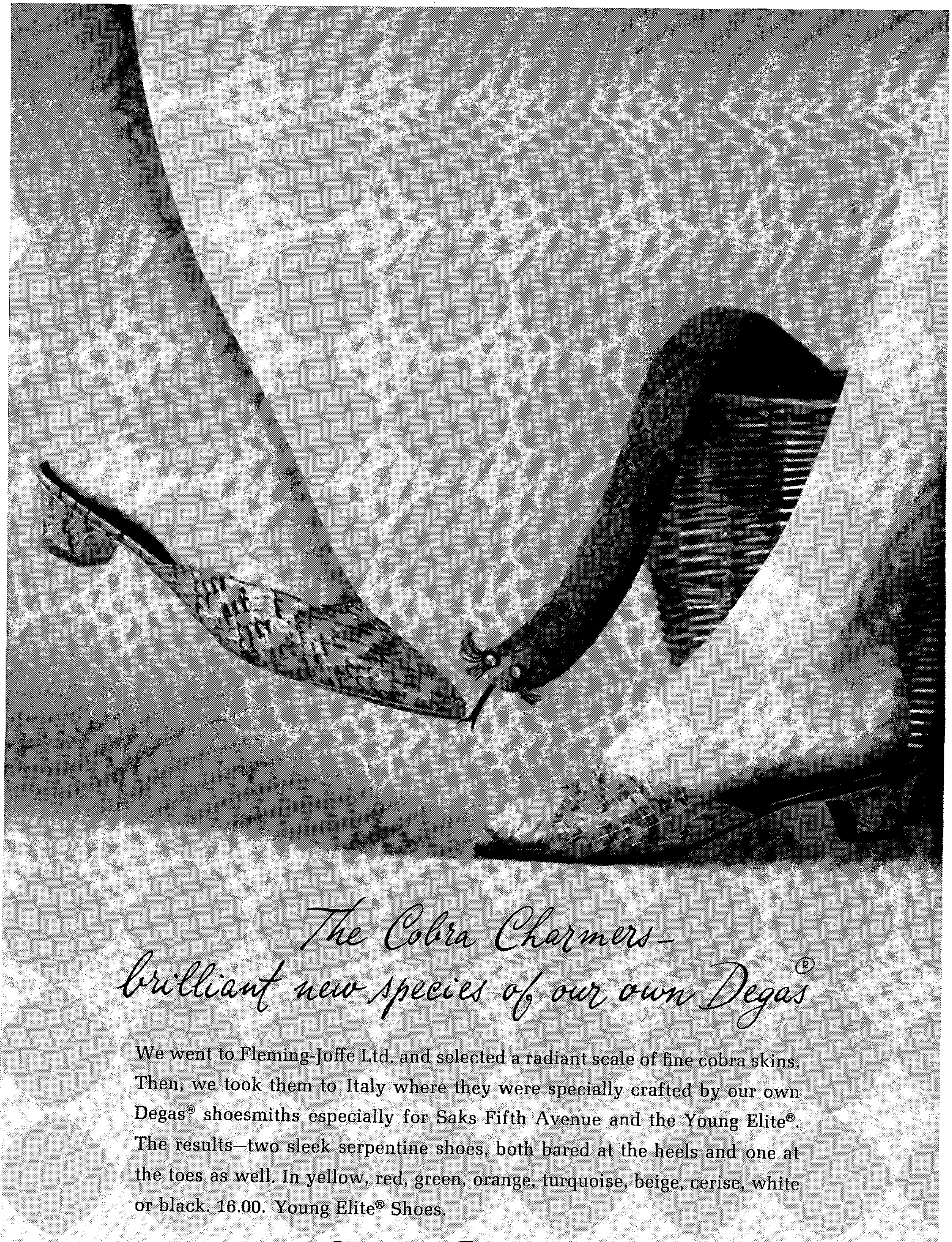
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club sticks to its last—dinner and supper garnished with dancing. Milt Shaw's band is the wherewithal, from eight to one during the week and from nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Edie Adams, like a lot of fellow-workers in the dark hours, thinks that songs look better when they are tricked out with brass sections and troupes of boy dancers—a debatable point—but her freehand delineations of other performers, which are merry and not malicious, are *un*debatable. Dinner and supper in the Empire Room are the extent of her career; the music—the best of the three million Meyer Davis orchestras, plus Horace Diaz's band—goes on practically all the time. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Obviously a habit-forming sort of country-club life, for the same group is gathered around the nineteenth hole night after night. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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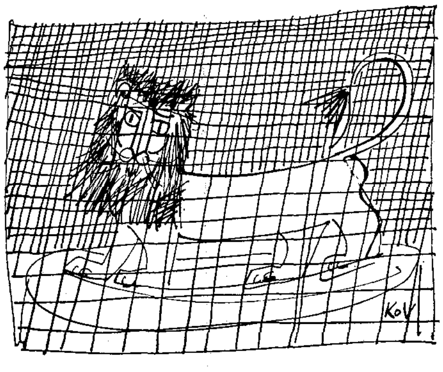
one in the production of *spiedini*, Puccini, and *vini*. The Puccini portion of the week runs from Thursday through Saturday, and so does an easy-does-it dance band, but there is song, piano, concertina, and whatnot the rest of the time. The leader of the whole thing is Aldo Bruschi, basso profundo and man of the opera world. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Winers and diners whose eye penetrates the new décor will know that they are in the recent Malmaison, whose kitchen staff carries on as before, supplemented, beginning at cocktail time, by the perky piano of Otis Clements and, after ten-thirty, the hip and hippety-hop piano, trio, and ballads of Bobby Short. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Forrest Perrin has the run of the piano in this state apartment for cocktails, dinner, and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his soulful violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced by a jazz trio that never takes an evening off. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Another time, another place is the atmosphere of this quondam town house, now a restaurant with a bar in which—from five to seven-thirty and again from nine to two—there is piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived up in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There's dream-life piano as early as five every night, and there's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after nine-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. . . . **CAFÉ CARYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano of George Feyer, which observes all the conventions, is the square of the social circle that operates here from dinner on through supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Tibor Rakossy, the Hungarian Rossano Brazzi, is the best of the crooners. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The White Queen of this miniature White Russia is its *doyenne*, Marina Fedorovskaya, whose songs of passion are largely (and appropriately) Slavic and French. When she is not proclaiming them in her clear and dulcet voice, violin and piano brood away in one corner. Seven-thirty until two is the time span. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody from busboy to chef wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's nightlifers, who are at table until nine and then at exercise on a dance floor of the most *modest dimensions. Monday nights are pages* out of the American past (it is to be hoped): a swing band and Killer Joe Piro, who remembers the Maine and the Twist. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty, is the curriculum of Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this small-scale Alhambra. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop, becomingly assuming the role of chatelaine in the Palm Court, which at times is the ninth member of the Ivy League, lets her dulcet piano run from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who occupies the cool landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park, does judicious but joyous piano from five-thirty to midnight every night but Sunday. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano (two players; no waiting) is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is the diet for those who sup. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not to be taken very seriously is the bayadere performance of Rita Dimitri, the proprietress of this small restaurant, when she moves onto the floor in full battle array to do her bumptious songs; her real spirit is evidenced by her cooing duets with her pianist and guitarist, Stanley Brilliant. She shows up at dinner every night, and also at supper Fridays and Saturdays. Leisurely dancing, too, to a pair of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar, a limber Latin named Mimmo del Sud bounds from pillar to post as he fingers a guitar and launches ballads of passion. Nine-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday is his beat.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Extravaganza by the mile, bouncy and beautiful, populated by agile young men in full fig and noble young women in full fig leaf. On the outskirts of this Never-Never Land live several acrobatic European variety and slapstick acts, as well as the Kaye Sisters, a synchronized set of British bobolinks. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): How to walk in your sleep and be funny about it is the not especially harsh fate of anyone who volunteers to be slipped into a trance by Pat Collins, a practitioner who can work a simultaneous dozen guests into a Mad Scene from "Lucia." Recommended to all escapists from reality. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Once in a generation comes a captain of the chorus with the high kicks, good looks, sass, and impudence of Jeanie Stevens, who is up in the front lines with her troops, a fine set of girl athletes, in "Vive Les Girls," the best-turned-out and liveliest track meet ever put on in this gymnasium. Dancing.



CABARETS

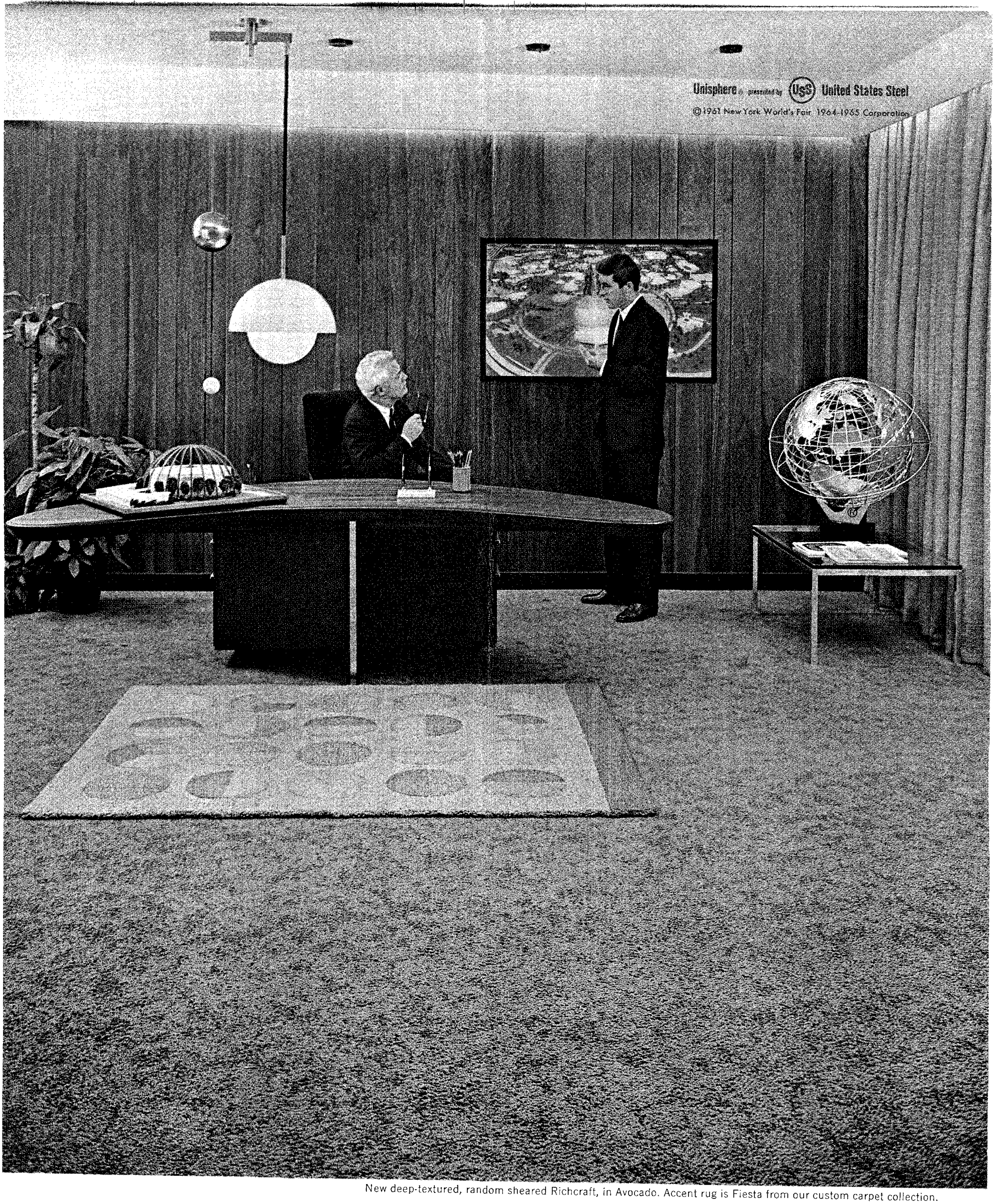
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world is so full of a number of things (that's one of its big troubles), and "Baker's Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, picks on the ones that nobody else does anything about. The picking is firm, fast, and funny; the pickers—especially Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason—are deft and daft. Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood are the pianists. Twice a night, except Sundays, is the pattern. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Godfrey Cambridge, up from the best grade of Village coffeehouses, is the wit; Kathy Woodruff is the caroller; Wayne Storm, who has the classic cowboy structure and sound, is the folk singer. Dinner and supper are part and parcel. . . . ¶ A trio gyrates in the lounge from two until closing every night but Sunday. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): After listening to "The Muffled Report," the most recent of the no-holds-barred White Papers issued by the Establishment's players on the state of Her Majesty's domain, one is not at all sure that there always *will* be an England. This brisk commingling of suavity and savagery is delivered by a cast—John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, Eleanor Bron, Carole Simpson, and David Battley—to whom deadpan farce and fantasy are not only second but first nature. Marian McPartland's progressive and powerful jazz trio is the American leavening. Steak-and-kidney pie and that sort of thing go along with the fun. The regimen: nine and eleven-thirty during the week, Sundays not at all. The McPartlands play in the bar after the second show. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, out for an evening's turn around the plaza, simply can't help bursting into song (do or die for dear old love) and music (brassbound). They are accompanied on their stroll by Isabella and Miguel, bent on dancing their hot little Spanish feet off, and Los Cinco Latinos, a set of hotspur Argentinians. Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at ten-thirty on Sundays is the program. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, pillar of fire, is letting her ballads know who's boss around the house; Enid Mosier, a Caribbean from the Wayward (not the Windward) Islands, is at work on native patter and patois songs; Marc London is the humorist. All of them are pervaded by the maddened music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Faith in the future of American jazz is nourished by Bill Evans' trio, profound and intricate, and the American Jazz Ensemble, an indulger in risky but frequently rewarding experiments. They are here every night but Monday, and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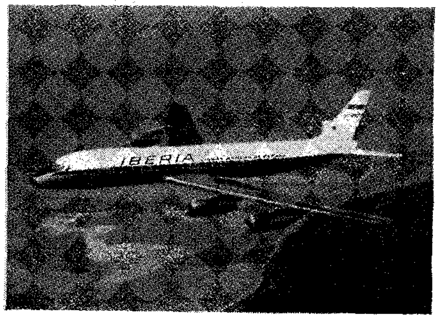

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

there are also Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The local *Kaffeeklatsch* depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. Jim, Jake, and Joan, prodigies who are not only infant but infinite, do bits and pieces of great variety, all of them funny. There is folk music, too—a compulsory course here. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, beginning—early in the evening—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Wild Bill Davison, a horn man after Gabriel's heart, and Woody Herman, both of whom own racket squads. On Monday, April 20, the Dukes of Dixieland will succeed the Hermans. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A true crossroads these nights—Nina Simone, aloof and wrapped in her own thoughts, coolly chanting her arias, and a set of Oriental musicians and dancers intent upon doing the bellywhopper. Miss S. has musicians of her own, by the way. Mondays are visitors' nights.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and their quintet are on their home grounds again, redoing the old place with modernist décor. The job will be finished on Thursday, April 16, and next evening Clark Terry, Bobby Brookmeyer, and their group will take over. Closed Mondays. ... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Hot mulled jazz, made from an old, old recipe, is dispensed through the night by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Dave Frishberg, Benny Moten, Buzzy Drootin, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. ... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Sonny Rollins, a man of few notes, all of them carefully thought out, is now in charge. His band works every night but Monday; Roland Kirk's quartet works every night but Tuesday. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Not exactly what you'd call a listeners' post, but Dizzy Gillespie, our foremost Druid, makes attendance almost obligatory. At midnight, he and his band share the pulpit with Tessie O'Shea, the all-out Londoner who did so well for herself in the late "The Girl Who Came to Supper." Sundays, someone else always has the use of the room. ... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, an education to many a pianist and many a public, is persuading the piano inside the bar into many a mood. Two sidemen help out. No action Mondays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Lloyd Price, a name that has meaning to the rhythm-and-blues set, is braying to the strains (and stresses) of Slide Hampton's band. Mondays, fill-in visitors hold forth.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's riverboat piano is audible throughout the week. Mondays through Wednesdays, Marshall Brown augments Mr. Jackson; Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as his running mates. No music Sundays.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night but Monday and Tuesday, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. On Mondays and Tuesdays, a set of banjoists called the Red Onion Minstrels takes over.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MARK ADAMS—Tapestries; through Saturday, April 18. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

KAREL APPEL—A joint exhibition by the contemporary Dutch painter: nudes at the Hahn (960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.) and object-paintings at the Jackson (32 E. 69th St.); both through Saturday, April 25. (Both galleries are closed Mondays.)

GIANFRANCO BARUCHELLO—Paintings by an Italian artist; through Saturday, April 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELMER BISCHOFF—Figure and landscape paintings and drawings by a California artist; through May 2. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS—French primitives; through May 2. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

BRAQUE—Four galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (through May 2) of a hundred and sixty American-owned oils, collages, gouaches, watercolors, pastels, and chalk drawings, plus twenty-eight sculptures—At the **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Fauvism and Cubism.... **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The Twenties.... **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: The Thirties.... **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: The late years and sculptures.

WILLIAM BRICE—Figure studies; through Saturday, April 18. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

VICTOR CANDELL—Abstract paintings; through May 2. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Metal sculptures; through May 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CH'I PAI-SHIH—Paintings by the leading figure of Chinese painting in the twentieth century, plus examples of the work of Chu Ta, Tao-chi, and other masters who influenced him; through May 2. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT COOK—Bronzes; through April 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

CORNEILLE—Paintings; through Saturday, April 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Oils and watercolors, 1906-55; through May 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

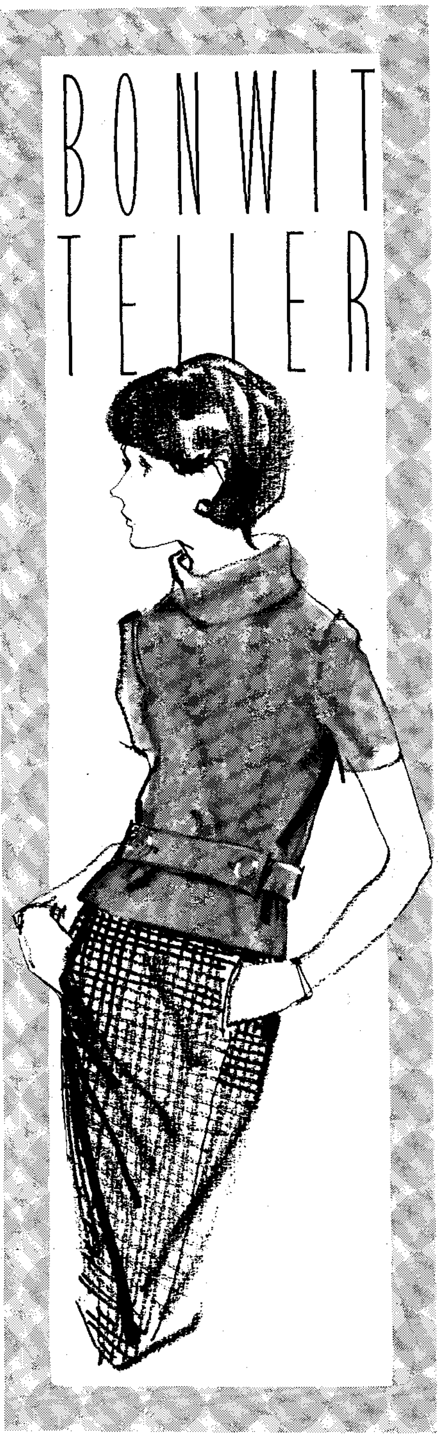
MARTIN FRIEDMAN—Landscape paintings; through Saturday, April 18. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PAUL GEORGES—Nude figures in landscapes; through Saturday, April 25. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

ROY GUSSOW—Sculptures in forged bronze, stainless steel, and copper; through Saturday, April 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943)—Oils, drawings, and pastels; through April 30. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HENRI (1865-1929)—Portraits and land-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

scapes; through April 30. (Chapellier, 21 E. 75th St.)

Jean Ipousteguy—Bronzes; through May 2. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

James Kearns—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, April 18. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Elmer Livingston MacRae (1875-1953)—Pastels and watercolors by the treasurer of the 1913 Armory Show; through Saturday, April 25. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Reginald Marsh—Drawings, mostly in Chinese ink and being shown for the first time; through Saturday, April 25. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Matta—Abstract Surrealist paintings by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through May 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Matthews—Figurative oil paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Fra[illegible] Metz—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Wednesday, April 22. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Mondrian, De Stijl, and Their Impact—Nearly thirty paintings by Mondrian, together with double that number by other members of the De Stijl group and their followers; through May 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Morris—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Pop art; through May 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Pace—Large figurative paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ann Cole Phillips—Semi-abstract paintings; through May 2. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Richards Ruben—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 18. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Raymond Saunders—Landscapes and figure paintings; through May 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bill Sawyer—Mostly cityscapes with figures; through Saturday, April 25. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Clara Seley—Oil pastels and drawings; through April 29. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Raphael Soyer—A series of sixteen etchings, the first ones done since his student days, forty-five years ago; through May 2. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones—Paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, April 18. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Ronald Stein—Abstract paintings; through May 2. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Pavel Tchelitchew—An exhibition of watercolors and drawings that is running concurrently with the showing of his works at the Gallery of Modern Art; through Saturday, April 18. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

William Thon—Seascapes and landscapes; through Saturday, April 18. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Paolo Tommasi—Paintings by an Italian artist; through April 28. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacques Villon (1875-1963)—Paintings (1909-60) by the French artist; through Saturday, April 18. (Thaw, 50 E. 78th St.)...¶ Previously unexhibited drawings and watercolors; through Saturday, April 25. (Goldschmidt, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

Jack Youngerman—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zao Wou-ki—Paintings by the Chinese-born Paris abstractionist; through Saturday, April 18. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-seventh annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, April 19. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: "Art of the Western Frontier," composed of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by such nineteenth-century artists as Frederic Remington, George Catlin, and Charles Russell; through Saturday, April 18. ...**MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Watercolors by Childe Hassam, Ogden M. Pleissner, and Gari Melchers (to mention a few); through Friday, April 17....**SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Stefano Cusumano, Philip Evergood, and Thomas C. Quirk, Jr., are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings, drawings, and collages by living artists on "Themes from Shakespeare;" through May 2....**SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through May 2.

French; Group Show—"A Look at Paris," a show of color lithographs by Braque, Chagall, Villon, and others; through May 2. (Griffin, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Latin Americans; Group Show—Eighteen artists from nine countries in a showing of oils, drawings, watercolors, prints, and sculptures; through Saturday, April 25. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

Japanese Art—Old wood-block prints of the Japanese theatrical arts; through May 16. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Rembrandt prints....¶ "The Trustees for Orphans in Amsterdam," a seventeenth-century group portrait by Nicolaes Eliasz. Pickenoy, lent by the city of Amsterdam, is now on view in the Great Hall. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fourteenth national print exhibition, comprising a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Venetian Baroque Painters," a loan show of works by (for instance) Bernardo Strozzi, Domenico Fetti, and della Vecchia; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Huntington Hartford's new museum has opened with a permanent exhibition of paintings and sculptures from Mr. Hartford's own collection, including pieces by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein, plus an exhibit (ending May 17) of about three hundred and fifty paintings and drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the Tchelitchew showing is his exhibition (ending Saturday) at the Catherine Viviano Gallery, 42 E. 57th St.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Shakespearean Tribute": Early quarto editions of the plays, the four folios, Shakespeare's source books, and forgeries of his works; through June 19....¶ "From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes,

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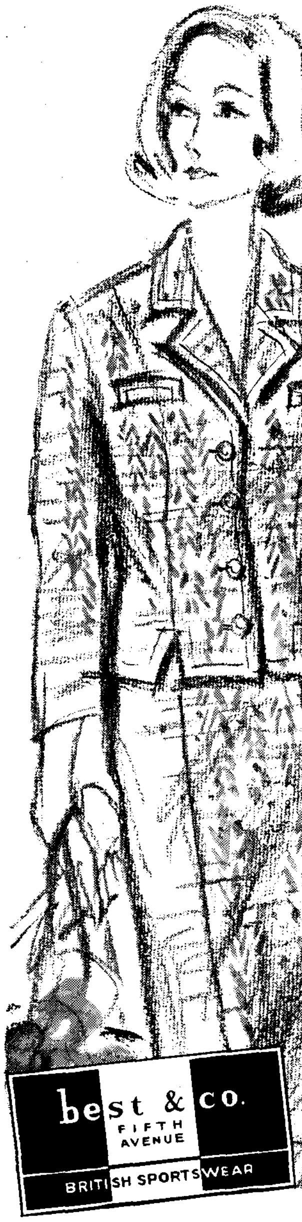

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A show entitled "Seafarers of New Guinea: Art of the Massim Area" (carved canoe prows and paddles, dance shields, and the like), together with a showing of Miguel Covarrubias's paintings of primitive sculptures; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings by the Abstract Expressionist Jack Tworkov; through May 3. . . . ¶ New acquisitions; through April 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—The regular season has ended, but, following a two-week tour, the company will return here for a special two-week World's Fair season, starting Monday, April 27.

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, April 18, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Elaine Malbin. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8:15: "Carmen." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a week's hiatus, the orchestra will resume its concerts at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, next week. Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, April 23, at 8:30; Friday, April 24, at 2:15; Saturday, April 25, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 26, at 3 (all with Isaac Stern, violin).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Jean Martinon conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, April 16-17, at 8:30.)

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—Bernard Haitink conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 24, at 8:30, with Daniel Wayenberg, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 2:30, with Herman Krebbers, violin; and Sunday, April 26, at 8:30, with Daniel Wayenberg, piano.)

New Arts Chamber Orchestra—Harold Farberman conducting, with Julius Baker, flute. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 16, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Orchestra San Pietro of Naples—Renato Ruotolo conducting a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 16, at 8:30.)

Symphony of Musical Arts—Vincent La Selva conducting a program of opera music, with soloists. (Palm Gardens, 310 W. 52nd St. Sunday, April 19, at 7:30; Wednesday, April 22, at 8; and Sunday, April 26, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting the final performances of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 20, at 8:40; and Wednesday, April 22, at 8:40, a benefit concert.)

Mannes College Orchestra and Columbia University Chorus—A joint concert directed by Carl Bamberger, with Jacob Lateiner, piano; vocal and other instrumental soloists; and two choirs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 25, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Schola Cantorum of New York—Hugh Ross directing, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Evelyn Sachs, contralto; Andre Montal, tenor; David Clatworthy, bass; Alexander Scourby, narrator; and forty members of the New York Philharmonic. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, April 16, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 18, at 8:30.)

Camerata Singers—Abraham Kaplan directing the second of two programs of choral chamber music. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, April 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Philippe Entremont and Roman Totenberg—Piano and violin, in the first two in a series of three sonata recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 17, and Friday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Miriam Makeba—African singer. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 18, at 8:40.)

Chamber Music of France—The fourth in a series of five programs, this one performed by the New York Chamber Soloists. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Monday, April 20, at 8:40.)

Marilyn Horne—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, April 22, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Elizabethan music. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 25, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Ignace Strasfogel, and several choruses, directed by Waldemar Link, with Zinka Milanov, soprano; Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone; and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Marc Blitzstein Memorial Concert—A benefit concert consisting of the premières of three songs (sung by Anita Ellis, José Ferrer, and Luigi Alva) and scenes from two operas—"The Cradle Will Rock" and "Regina"—performed by an orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein and Julius Rudel; a chorus; Lillian Hellman, narrator; and Barbara Harris, Howard Da Silva, Phyllis Curtin, Lee Venora, Elizabeth Carron, and other actors and singers. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Gunther Schuller conducting the Orchestra U.S.A. in the final concert in a series, with Bill Smith, clarinet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 24, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, April 16. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Saturday, April 25. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday through Sunday, April 17-19. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Monday and Tuesday, April 20-21. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, April 22-23. (Games begin at 2.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 25.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 18.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 18.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 25.)

Indoor Polo—The last two games of the season. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Saturday, April 18, at 8:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 30. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 18; the Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, April 22; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 25. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays, from Saturday, April 25, through Saturday, May 30. Opening-day post time will be at 2; thereafter it will be at 2:30. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, April 25. The Laurel Handicap, Saturday, April 18, and the Chesapeake, Saturday, April 25.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 20.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Franklin Field, Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 24-25.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the **CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING:** "Puss 'n Boots." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.)... **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Year of the Quiet Sun," studies the sun and its influences on earth at a time when solar activity is at a minimum; through May 4. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Where the young sports may visit a pond inhabited by ducks, geese, and penguins; Jonah's whale (with an aquarium inside); a storybook castle; and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Once again, the miniature menagerie is offering very small fry a bevy of animals that can be petted as well as admired. There are, for instance, lambs, ducklings, a crow, a myna bird, and an old friend, Rosebud the Skunk. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—A half-million items from all parts of the world, including American and European furniture, Chinese porcelains, French and English enamels, and Indonesian shadow puppets. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, April 20-24, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 25, from 1 to 6.)

FLOWER SHOW—The April Garden Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 22, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, at 1:45: French furniture and bronze *doré*, Sèvres and other porcelains, bibelots, silver, Tiffany Favrile and other glass, paintings, tapestries, and rugs; from several collectors, among them the late Laura R. Evans.... ¶ Tuesday, April 21, at 10:30 and 1:45: Rare books, broadsides and posters, English and American literary first editions, and a selection of maps; from the Library Company of Philadelphia and from other sources.... ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 8: American paintings and drawings by such artists as Homer, Hassam, Remington, and Pope; the property of William D. Swaney and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 18.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

AMERICA AMERICA—A beautiful and touching act of family piety by Elia Kazan, whose Greek ancestors appear to have been a determined and attractive lot. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 21. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting April 22. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting April 22, tentative.)

BECKET—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE BEST MAN—A political melodrama, brilliantly written by Gore Vidal. It stars Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy, and Franklin Schaffner directed. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

BILLY LIAR—An English comedy with the scintillating young actor Tom Courtenay as a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 18-21.)

CLEOPATRA—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

THE EASY LIFE—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE—A Western in classical dress, with Stephen Boyd, Christopher Plummer, Sophia Loren, and Alec Guinness. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE—Another ample chapter in the dangerous life and incessant lecheries of Secret Service Operative 007, ably embodied by Sean Connery. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577.)

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

KNIFE IN THE WATER—A clever young director named Roman Polanski takes an ironic look at life and love in contemporary Poland, which seems not unlike Long Island. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; April 17-20. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES—A nervy comedy, full of agreeable small jokes and starring William Holden and Audrey Hepburn. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

THE SERVANT—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

SEVEN DAYS IN MAY—As thrilling a melodrama as you could hope to see, in which the country is nearly kidnapped by a Fascist-minded military cabal. Starring Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE SILENCE—Ingmar Bergman's dark notion of how we all fail to connect, possibly because God has given us up as a bad job. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9705; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED—A pleasing Italian comedy, not at all like its title. With the great comedian Alberto Sordi. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 21, tentative.)

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

TOM JONES—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022. . . . ¶ Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through April 19.)

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT—Peter Sellers in a picture, much of it filmed locally, that is ideal for children and that adults will find bearable. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of Italian high and low life. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (1943)—A tribute to the Merchant Marine. With Humphrey Bogart and Raymond Massey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 20.)

L'AVVENTURA (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 21.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 21.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, no less, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 18 and 22.)

THE CRANES ARE FLYING (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 17-20.)

DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. (In Italian at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 21. . . . ¶ In English at the R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and tentatively at the 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through April 21.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimée. (In Italian at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and tentatively at the 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through April 21. . . . ¶ In English at the R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through April 21.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR (1940)—Charlie Chaplin telling off the dictators. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; April 16.)

HEAVENS ABOVE! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; April 17-20. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

HIGH SIERRA (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 18.)

HUD (1963)—A tug of war between three generations on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 21. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting April 22.)

THE HUSTLER (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

KEY LARGO (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 22.)

THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER (1963)—A rip-roaring old-fashioned mystery, directed by John Huston and with George C. Scott and Kirk Douglas in the cast. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 21.)

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 21, tentative.)

THE LOVE GAME (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; April 16. No afternoon performances.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Humphrey Bogart (yep), Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 17.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting April 17.)

MY NAME IS IVAN (1963)—A Russian film about a twelve-year-old spy (Kolya Burlaiev) for the Russian Army in the Second World War. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 18-21.)

PATHS OF GLORY (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness of war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 17-20.)

THE SAVAGE EYE (1960)—A semi-documentary that shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 21. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

SHADOWS (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 21. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 17-20.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 21.)

TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and that other fellow. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 19.)

VIRIDIANA (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 16.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"False Shame" (in German).

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through April 20: "Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.
From April 21: "A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through April 21: "Operation Petticoat," revival, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Pillow Talk," revival, Rock Hudson, Doris Day.
From April 22: "Flight from Ashiya," Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through April 19: "Challenge to Live" (in Japanese).
From April 20: "Life of Oharu" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
April 16: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.
April 17-20: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish); and **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival.
From April 21: **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival; and **SHADOWS**, revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through April 21: "Operation Petticoat," revival, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Pillow Talk," revival, Rock Hudson, Doris Day.
From April 22: "Flight from Ashiya," Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 21: **8½** and **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From April 22: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 21 (tentative): "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "The Mouse on the Moon," revival, Margaret Rutherford.
From April 22 (tentative): "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE HUSTLER, revival.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE BEST MAN.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
April 16: **THE GREAT DICTATOR**, revival.
From April 17: **MODERN TIMES**, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
THE BEST MAN.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through April 19: **TOM JONES.**
From April 20: "The Cool World," Hampton Clanton, Gloria Foster.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 21: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.
From April 22: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 21 (tentative): **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.
From April 22 (tentative): "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 21: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.
From April 22: **AMERICA AMERICA.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 21: "Operation Petticoat," revival, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Pillow Talk," revival, Rock Hudson, Doris Day.
From April 22: "Flight from Ashiya," Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark.

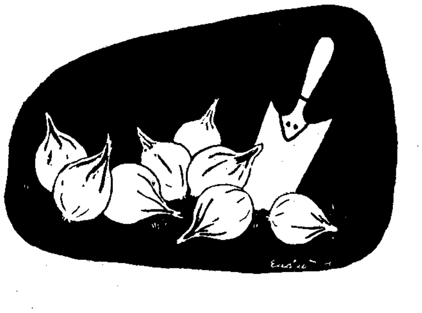
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 21: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.
From April 22: **HUD**, revival; and "Come Blow Your Horn," revival, Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 16: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.
April 17-20: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival.
From April 21: "Ashes and Diamonds" and "Kanal" (both in Polish and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 17: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and "Arsène Lupin," revival, John Barrymore.
April 18-21: **BILLY LIAR**; and **MY NAME IS IVAN** (in Russian), revival.
From April 22: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis; and "The Grass Is Greener," revival, Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 21: **AMERICA AMERICA.**



From April 22: "The Given Word" (in Portuguese).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Open the Door and See All the People," Maybelle Nash.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 21: **HUD**, revival; and "Come Blow Your Horn," revival, Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.
From April 22: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 21: "Please, Not Now!," Brigitte Bardot; and "I Like Money," revival, Peter Sellers.
From April 22: **AMERICA AMERICA.**

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 21: **8½**, revival; and **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE**, revival.
From April 22: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis; and "The Dream Maker," Tommy Steele.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 20: "A Mistress for the Summer" in (French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.
From April 21: "The Grand Olympics," an Italian documentary on the 1960 Rome Olympics.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through April 21 (tentative): **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE**, revival.
From April 22 (tentative): **AMERICA AMERICA.**

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
April 16: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (both in French).
From April 17: "Beauties of the Night" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Beauty and the Devil" (in French), revival, Michel Simon.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Dimka" (in Russian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Bandits of Orgosolo" (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through April 21: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.
From April 22: **HUD**, revival; and "Come Blow Your Horn," revival, Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 16: "Crime School," revival, Humphrey Bogart; and "The Great O'Malley," revival, Ann Sheridan, Pat O'Brien.
April 17: "Chain Lightning," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Eleanor Parker; and "The Roaring Twenties," revival, James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart.
April 18: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **HIGH SIERRA**, revival.
April 19: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "Brother Orchid," revival, Ann Sothern, Edward G. Robinson.
April 20: **ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC**, revival; and "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.
April 21: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival.
April 22: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **KEY LARGO**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 21: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**, revival; and "Strait-Jacket," Joan Crawford.
From April 22: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 16: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
April 17-20: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), Anna Karina.
From April 21: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 21: "Please, Not Now!," Brigitte Bardot; and "I Like Money," revival, Peter Sellers.
From April 22: **AMERICA AMERICA.**

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—The Fair opens at 9 A.M., Wednesday, April 22. Grounds open daily thereafter at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. The last roisterer in the Amusement Area is sped on his way at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Daily circus parade through the Fairgrounds; nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1. Twenty-ticket books (adults $30; children $15) on sale at the Fair, and also at Chemical Banks, First National City Banks, Gertz Department Stores, Abraham & Straus, Macy's, and Gimbels.

Children—May be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center; or, while parents are visiting the Danish Pavilion, in the Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground.

Meditation—The Garden of Meditation, near the First National City Bank exhibit. Free.

Relaxation—The Simmons-mattress exhibit, "Land of Enchantment," has beds for rent; $1 per half hour.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—Three main routes from midtown Manhattan: North on East River (Roosevelt) Drive to Triborough Bridge, then Queens spur of bridge to Grand Central Parkway. . . . ¶ Queensboro Bridge, at 59th Street, to Queens Boulevard. . . . ¶ Queens Midtown Tunnel, at 40th Street, to Long Island Expressway. Relevant exits are marked by signs. There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate. The Shea Stadium lot is also available when the Stadium is not in use.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Boats—Berths in Flushing Bay Marina for 865 boats; twenty-four-hour service, with Laundromat, showers, dressing rooms. . . . ¶ Ferries (Circle Line, CI 6-3200) and hydrofoils (American Hydrofoils, HA 5-1500) also travel from Manhattan to the Fair.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square and Grand Central Station. Trip takes about twenty minutes; fifteen cents each way. World's Fair "blue arrow" signs in all stations. Avoid rush hours.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair hourly between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair, 10 A.M. to 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; Gimbels, 33rd Street and Broadway; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Shelton Towers Hotel, 49th Street and Lexington. About a forty-five-minute trip; $1 each way.

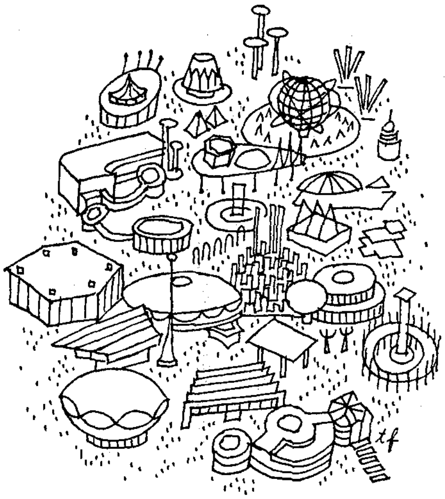
Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave for the Fair approximately every half hour from Wall Street Heliport ($9.45 one way), Newark Airport ($10.50), and Kennedy International Airport ($6.30). Half price for children.

At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a trip. . . . ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares, which may be determined by a meter or on an hourly or daily basis, are about $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four. . . . ¶ Baby strollers for one, $2 a day. Wheelchairs, $4.50 a day.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Opening Day—9:15 A.M.: Flag-raising and parade, Court of the Universe. . . . ¶ 11 A.M.: Ceremonies at Singer Bowl to be attended by President Johnson, former President Truman, Governor Rockefeller, Mayor Wagner—prayer, speeches, presentation of commemorative stamps, music.

Jordan Pavilion—King Hussein I will visit the Fair and the Pavilion of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan on Thursday, April 23.



THE FAIR CORPORATION CLAIMS THAT THE FAIR WILL BE ESSENTIALLY, IF NOT ALTOGETHER, READY FOR VISITORS BY OPENING DAY, AND SO THIS NECESSARILY RATHER HIT-OR-MISS SURVEY, WHICH COVERS THE PERIOD FROM WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 25, IS ESSENTIALLY, IF NOT ALTOGETHER, TO BE RELIED ON.

New York State Day—Festivities at the New York State Pavilion on Thursday, April 23.

Montana Day—Centennial celebration at the Montana Pavilion on Friday, April 24.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

The African Pavilion—History of Africa on film, plus African elephants, lions, monkeys, art, music, dance, and a restaurant serving African food. $1 for adults, fifty cents for children. The Republic of Guinea, Morocco, Sierra Leone, and the Republic of Sudan have separate exhibits.

The Billy Graham Pavilion—Hourly showings of a film telling the story of mankind and featuring the evangelist, who will also appear in person from time to time. Multilingual spiritual counsellors.

Electric Power and Light—Twelve searchlights produce the world's most powerful man-made light beam—twelve billion candle power.

Automobile Companies—Part of the Chrysler exhibit is a building in the shape of a motor. . . . ¶ The Ford Pavilion features a ride in a convertible past Disney's animated cavemen and into the future. . . . ¶ General Motors provides a ride in a chain of futuristic chairs from the moon to the earth, under the ice at the South Pole, over the ocean floor, and to a city of the future.

General Electric—A demonstration every six minutes of controlled nuclear fusion, similar to the process that is the source of the heat of the sun and, hopefully, a practical source of energy on earth.

I.B.M.—An egg-shaped building contains a variety of demonstrations of the mechanics of computers.

Mastro Pizza—Demonstration of the mechanics of pizza-making.

New York City—A simulated helicopter ride around a scale model of the city, which contains more than eight hundred thousand buildings, including a twelve-inch-high Empire State Building. Ten cents.

Santa Maria—An authentic reproduction of Columbus's flagship, anchored in Meadow Lake. Authentic background music. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

Sinclair Refining Company—Nine life-size prehistoric beasts, including an animated brontosaurus.

Space—The Chrysler, Missouri, Texas, and United States Space Park exhibits contain actual or lifelike space capsules, booster rockets, and so on.

Underground Home—An attempt to depict the delights of modern living underground, with pseudo-sunlight. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

Vatican Pavilion—Michaelangelo's "Pietà."

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—Continental circus assembled by John Ringling North in the Amusement Area. Several shows daily. Admission $1 (adults and children).

Hell Drivers—Thirty reckless drivers bumping, criss-crossing, spinning, crashing, and hurtling cars around a specially designed track in the Transportation Area. Four shows a day during the week, eight on weekends and holidays; $1 to $1.50.

Hollywood, U.S.A.—A replica of the façade of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, with a handprint of Robert Moses in the cement forecourt, plus an exhibit of sets from "The Fall of the Roman Empire," and "Cleopatra," and a museum containing relics of the filming of "The Ten Commandments." Adults $1.25; children fifty cents.

Ice-Travaganza—The theme of the ice show in the New York City Building is said to be "the pleasure in leisure," and the cast includes a girl representing a light bulb. Several shows daily; $1.05 to $3.35.

America, Be Seated—A topical, integrated minstrel show in the Louisiana Pavilion, produced by Mike Todd, Jr., and starring Ronny Graham. Twice an evening, three times on weekends; $1.80 to $5, for a golden ringside table.

Monorail—A one-mile circular tour of the Lake Amusement Area in trains suspended from tracks forty feet above the ground. Eighty cents.

To Broadway with Love—Selections from a hundred years of American musical comedy. Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion, at 3 P.M., 7 P.M., and 9:30 P.M. $2 to $4.80.

Walters Wax Museum—Herbert Hoover and the head of St. John the Baptist are among the wax figures on display. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

Wonderworld—A mammoth stage show, with music by Jule Styne and choreography by Michael Kidd, including an underwater night-club setting and dancers dressed as fire hydrants. Several shows daily in the Amphitheatre; $1 to $3.25.

Wisconsin Pavilion—What is said to be the world's largest piece of cheese (seventeen tons) is on display. Free.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one restaurant; Spain, in fact, has three. The following are a few that at least *sound* good.)

Danish Pavilion—Danish breakfasts, lunches, and dinners are served at the Restaurant of Denmark, and *smörrebrod* at the Kattegat Inn. Danish beer and akvavit at both.

Century Grill—A restaurant in the Transportation Area serving charcoal-broiled meat prepared according to international recipes.

Festival of Gas—A stream runs through this restaurant, where Restaurant Associates hope to prove the excellence of food cooked with gas.

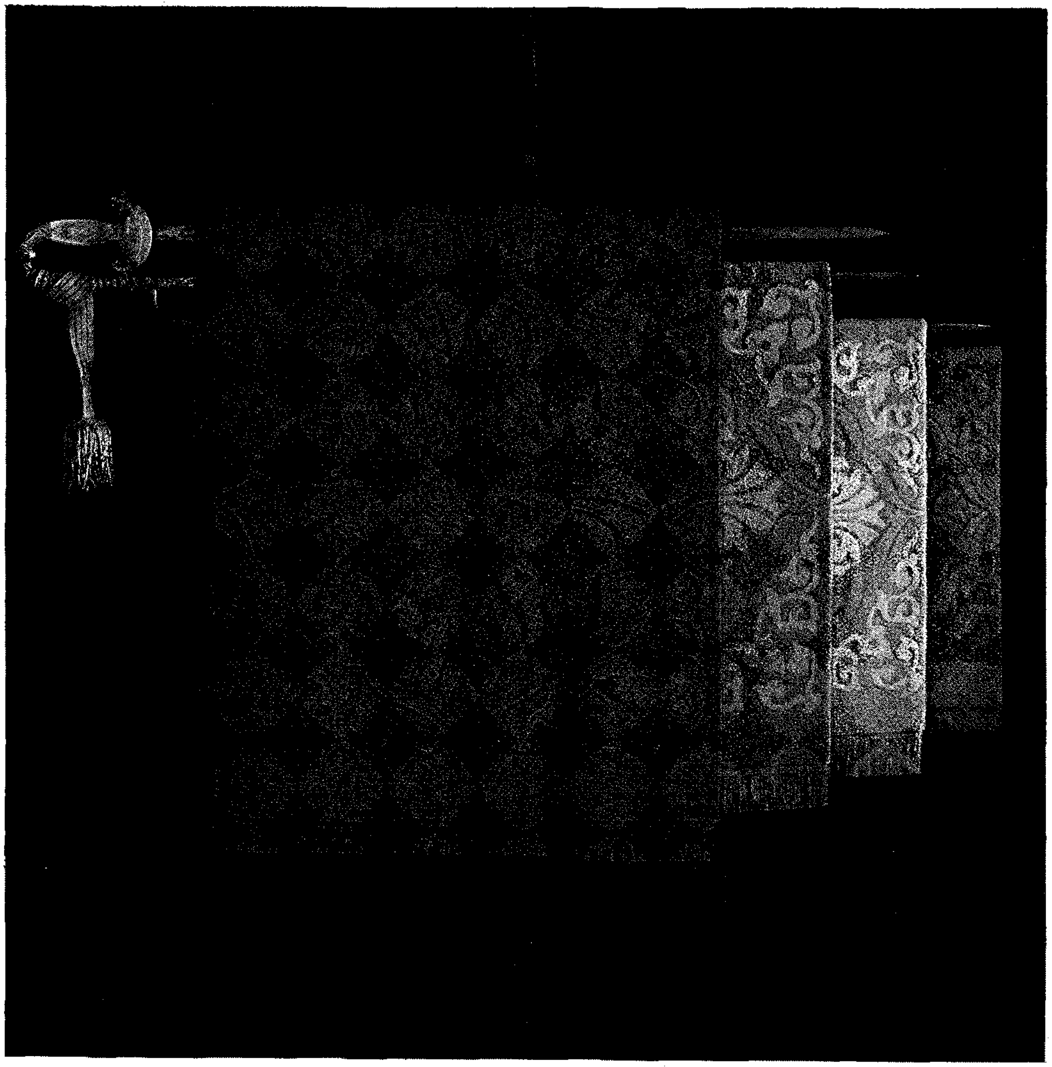
Lebanon Exhibit—An open-air Oriental snack bar will be serving native snacks.

Maryland—A restaurant and a fresh-seafood bar are situated beside a pool.

Pavilion of Paris and French Industry—There will be a French restaurant at the Fair.

Top of the Fair—A large restaurant with a large bar and a large menu in the Port Authority Heliport, overlooking the entire Fairgrounds.

Note—International sandwiches will be sold at the 7-Up exhibit in the Industrial Area, and thirty-cent hot dogs and forty-cent hamburgers will be available at stands throughout the Fairgrounds.



This is Callaway's "Grand Salon." We believe it is the most beautiful towel in the world. Available in eight unique tri-colored combinations at B. Altman & Co. and other fine stores throughout the country. Callaway Mills, Inc., La Grange, Ga.

How the great engineers of Borg-Warner helped keep this baby alive.

In 1961, Lutheran General Hospital near Chicago came to Borg-Warner's Research Center. The doctors had heard of a new method, developed in Holland, in which the patient was kept under pressure in a hyperbaric chamber. Could Borg-Warner design such a chamber for them? Read what happened next and what's happening in the world of hyperbaric medicine today.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1962, a "blue baby" came to Lutheran General Hospital with an estimated forty-eight hours to live.

His parents had heard about an experimental chamber that was built for Lutheran General by the engineers at Borg-Warner—a pressure chamber that increases the oxygen level in the blood by as much as 15 times.

The doctors agreed with the baby's parents to try this chamber as a last-ditch effort.

The Chicago papers picked up the story, and for weeks the people of Chicago anxiously followed the baby's progress.

Twenty days later, the baby died of heart failure. It was a sad day.

In New York, the parents of another "blue baby" heard about the work being done by Lutheran's doctors. They flew to Chicago. Their baby needed an operation, but wasn't thought strong enough to survive it.

He did survive. The chamber helped him gain weight and strength, and when the operation was performed, it was successful. Our picture shows you how that baby looks today—eighteen-month-old James Patrick Angus of Long Island, N.Y.

James Patrick Angus became the go-ahead for a full-scale hyperbaric facility.

Supported by the John A. Hartford Foundation, the doctors of Lutheran General went back to Borg-Warner. Could the engineers of the Research Center design three large hyperbaric chambers and the machinery to make them work? Could the engineers at Borg-Warner's York Division build the new facility?

You bet they could.

The new facility is now in operation at Lutheran General, helping doctors learn the extent to which high pressure oxygen may help patients suffering from gas gangrene, carbon monoxide poisoning and certain kinds of shock.

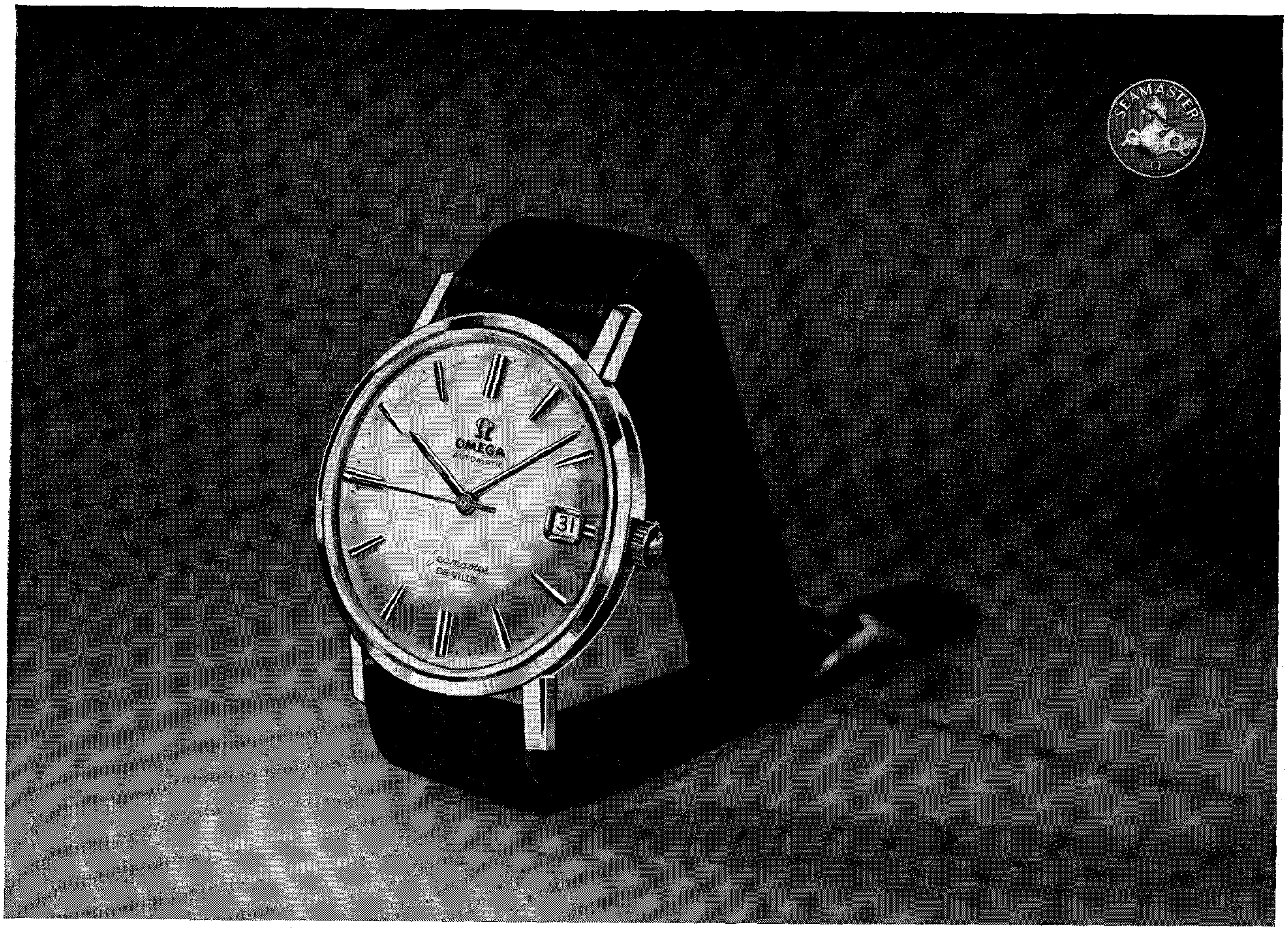
And they plan additional research to evaluate its effect on heart attack victims and patients suffering from strokes and from impaired circulation of arms and legs.

The great engineers at Borg-Warner are pleased to have been a part of all this. And just tickled silly about young James Patrick Angus.

BORG WARNER
The great engineers

◀*This is the hero of our story, James Patrick Angus, today.*

Borg-Warner Corporation, 200 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60604 ©1964, B-W Corp.



SEAMASTER MODELS $95 TO $460. DATE-TELLING MODELS FROM $120.

Gravity-powered, self-winding Omega Seamaster®... tells both date and minute at a glance

Outmoding single-function watches, the Omega date-dial Seamaster combines the best features of 4 watches in one . . . winds itself . . . tells the date . . . sports-watch sturdiness . . . dress-watch elegance

The most constant source of power . . . the force of gravity . . . activates the mechanism of the Omega Seamaster. As you wear it, each little movement of your arm and the never failing "down-pull" of gravity turns a pendulum-like rotor, winding the mainspring to fullest efficiency. Unlike watches which depend on power-cells requiring periodic replacement, the automatic Seamaster will run for years as long as you wear it. Off the wrist it continues running for hours, re-powering itself instantly when you put it on again.

To its time-tested self-winding mechanism (proven by millions of proud owners), Omega now adds the convenience of a calendar dial. Each midnight the next day's numerals appear automatically. Only 5 times per year (in the months with less than 31 days) need you touch the date-setting stem. Today, the calendar Seamaster is a businessman's "must" for freedom from date-remembering as well as watch-winding. A revolutionary one-piece case design gives slim-silhouette distinction to the Seamaster De Ville series without sacrificing ruggedness. The seamless case eliminates the bulky and conventional screw-on back which characterizes many waterproof watches. At once, the Seamaster achieves maximum protection from the hazards of water, dust, and grime. The crystal is armor-ringed and pressure-fitted for similar protection.

From blueprint to final assembly, every Omega Seamaster undergoes 1,497 separate inspections. Even the oil used to lubricate the highly polished parts costs $2,000 a gallon . . . to make sure that friction (the enemy of accuracy and long life) is reduced to the barest minimum. No wonder the Omega Seamaster is preferred even by watch experts as the most carefree of watches. Sold and serviced in 129 countries, you will find Omega watches only in fine jewelry stores and watch departments . . . selected because of their technical facilities and high integrity. The complete Omega watch collection includes a large variety of distinctive models for both men and women, priced from $65 to over $10,000, Federal tax included.

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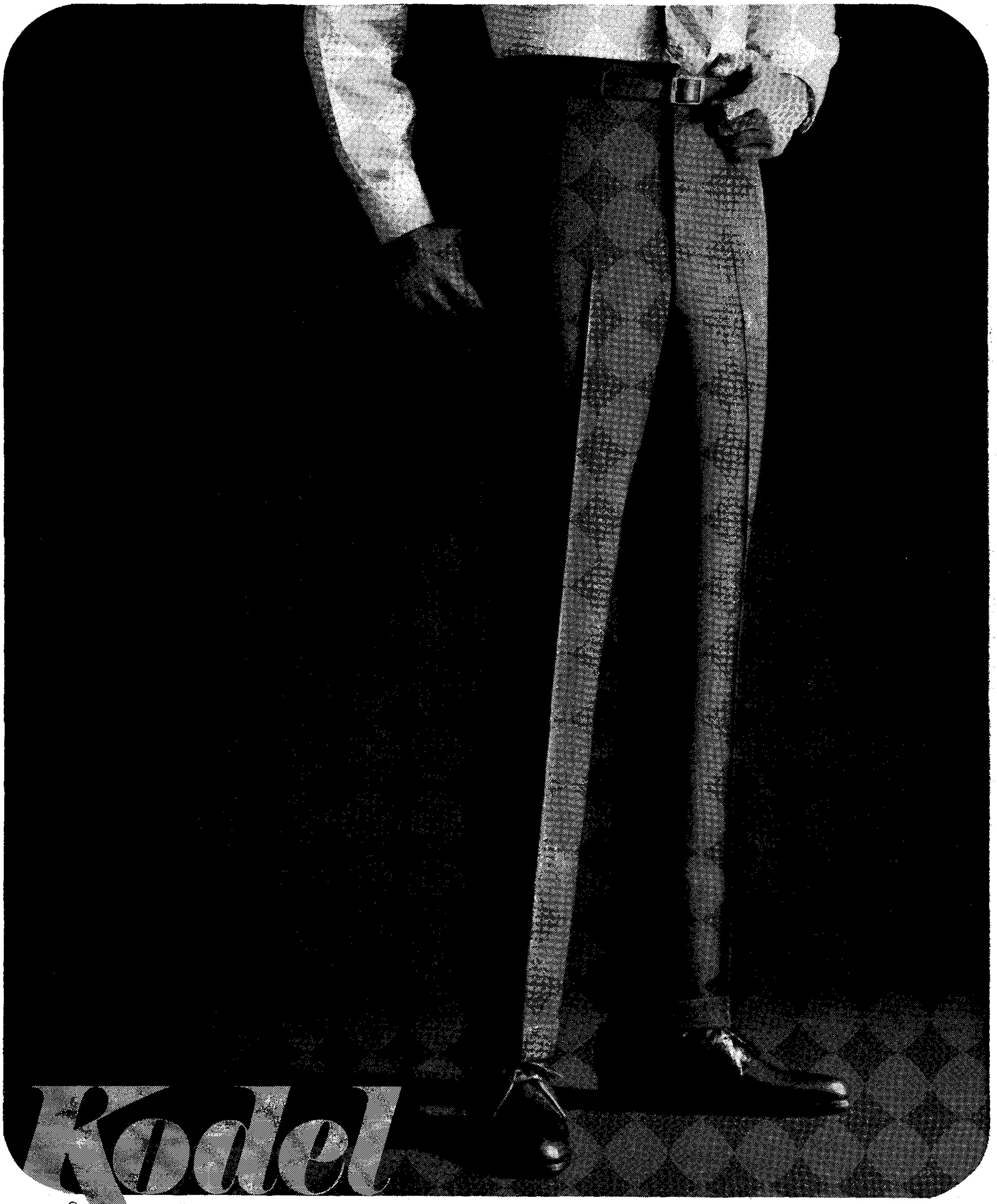
See the Omega Exhibit at the Swiss Watch Pavilion of the N. Y. World's Fair. For free watch style brochure, write Omega, 375 Park Ave., New York 22



it's vital for trimness that lasts

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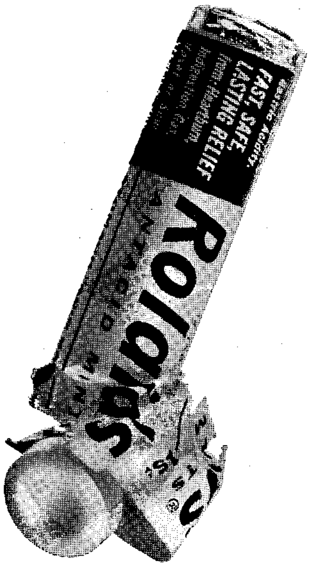
Are you working like a dog to get to the top? Shake hands with Avis.



Welcome to the club.

When you're not top dog, you try harder. You work more hours. You worry more. You eat much too fast.

You go through the same thing Avis is going through. We're only No. 2 in rent a cars.

We have to knock ourselves out to please people.

By not giving them anything less than fine cars like lively super-torque Fords. By worrying that one of our people might forget to empty an ashtray. Or clean a windshield. Or fill a gas tank. We try harder. But you'll never know how hard we try until you try us.

Walk up to our counter.

And give us some growing pains to keep our stomach pains company.

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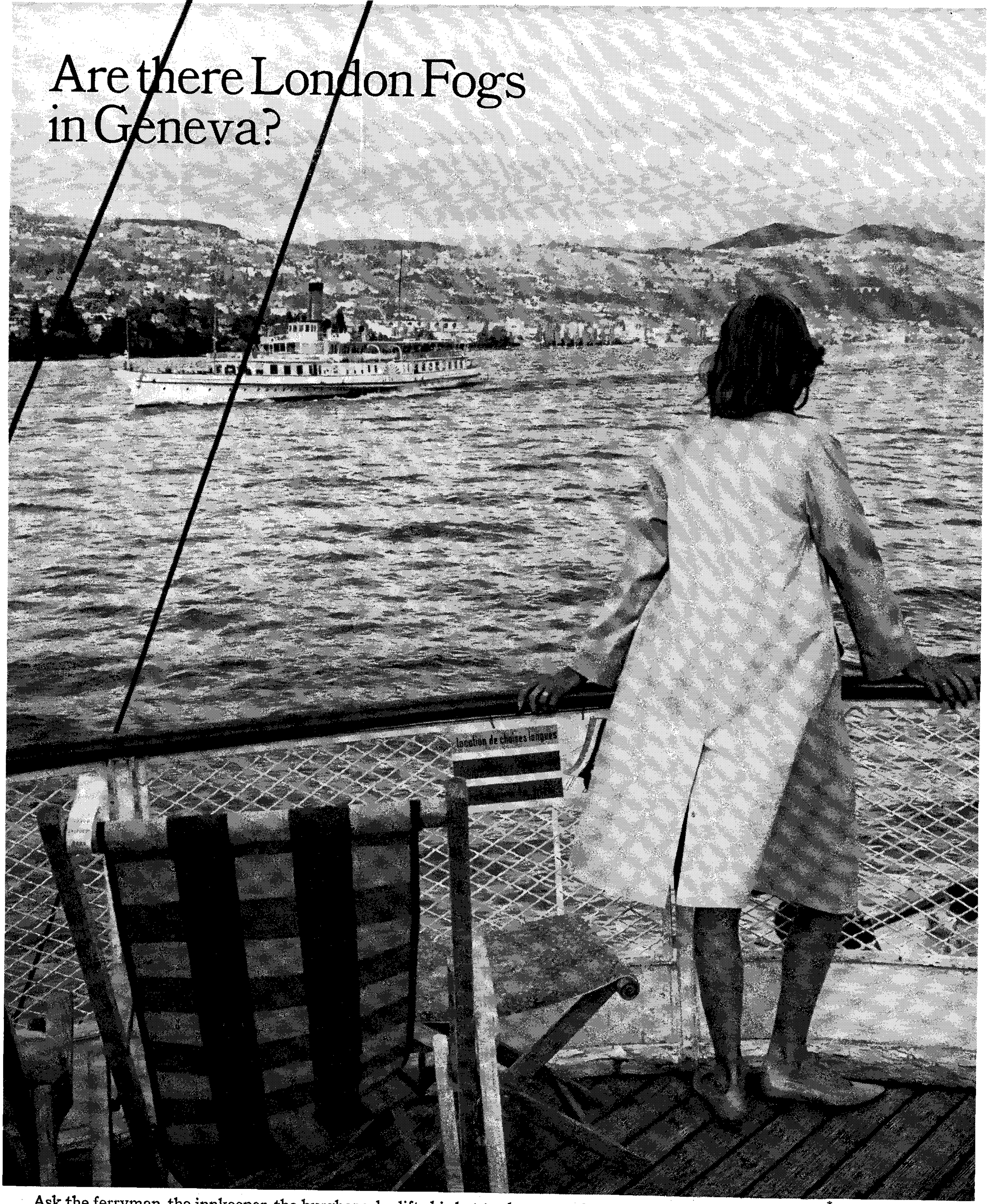

Are there London Fogs in Geneva?

Ask the ferryman, the innkeeper, the burgher who lifts his hat to the pretty American.
Or quiz the tall tanned Swiss who sips Kirsch with her until curfew.
Links arms with her in the rain.
And leaves her alone in her London Fog when she's feeling a bit misty.
Wherever a girl goes, so does her Maincoat—the right coat, come rain or come shine.
Live in a London Fog too.
Up in the Alps, down under in Australia, wherever the four winds blow.

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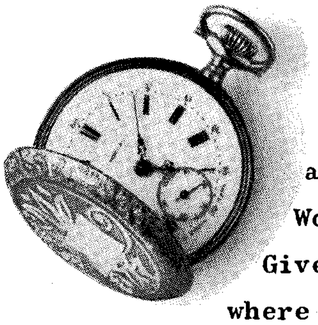
can protect your complexion
against time.

Only a sensible, effective method
of skin care can help.

The Paradox principle
is sensible and effective.



The Paradox Principle of cleansing, moisturizing, and conditioning takes just 6 minutes a day. Works continuously... all day, all night. Gives extra protection to complexion areas where age first shows.

Helps prevent dryness around eyes, mouth and throat... helps maintain moisture balance without irritating skin.

It's that simple. And no single "miracle" product can do what the three Paradox essentials can do for your skin.

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Moisturizing Lotion
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Crème Cleanser
Moisturizing Lotion
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Pure contemporary in its bold color play. Pure classic in its clean, uncluttered lines. And Vanity Fair's great little Checkerboard Shift throws in comfort as a bonus. Opaque nylon tricot, in three outrageously becoming color schemes: gold to red, pink to green, blue to blaze. S, M, L. 12.95
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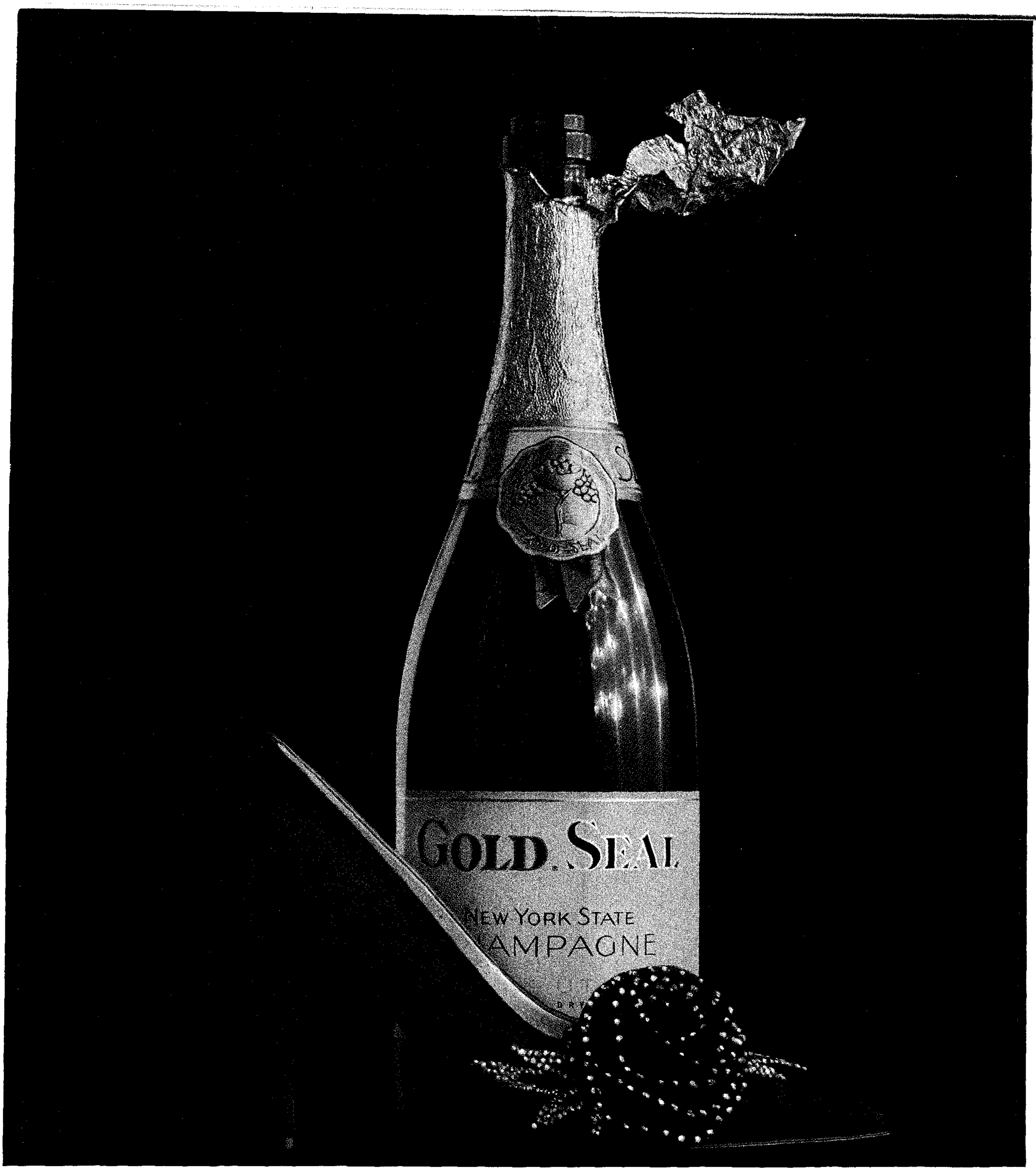

At your next party, spotlight Gold Seal Champagne,
get a dance partner and watch the evening
waltz away with itself! Each glass of Gold Seal
provides enough soft lights and fizzy music
to turn a get-together into a Gala.
Party-goers will applaud your entertaining idea.
For this is the celebrated New York State
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under the artistic management of
Gold Seal's European wine masters.
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the above slipper—don't. Our experts
would stalk out, and so would your girl. On one shoe.
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"shall we?"

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A guest prepares his own flambé aboard a happy ship of the Holland-America Line.

Sailing First Class to Europe?

Ask Steward Joe van der Horst about "Gezelligheid."

Steward Joe van der Horst, of the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam, is an expert on First Class.

"Of course, Holland-America First Class service is very good," he says. "We try hard to make it the best. Our meals are absolutely magnificent. I know—I've been serving them for years. And I don't think any ships offer more comfort and luxury.

"But what I think is best about Holland-America First Class is our gezelligheid."

May we translate?

Gezelligheid is a special Dutch word for a special Dutch feeling. Gezelligheid means *warmth, affection, friendliness.* It also means *enjoyment, pleasure, relaxation.* It's not an easy word to translate—but it's the right word for Holland-America's "happy" ships.

"Happy" is a nautical term for a ship's *personality.* It's the ship's atmosphere. It's the feeling that pervades everything and affects everyone—from the Captain to the crew to the passengers.

On a "happy" ship, First Class is just as elegant. But it's more *relaxing,* too. There is more informality, more parties, more festivities than you might enjoy on a month-long holiday. There is more warmth, more pleasure, more—well, *gezelligheid.*

This is the difference in Holland-America First Class. We believe it's important. If you'd like to know how important, ask people who have traveled on a ship that isn't "happy."

Choose Holland-America, and you'll enjoy all the comfort, luxury, and splendor you expect. But we *think* you'll remember Holland-America best for all the *fun* you had aboard.

Ask your travel agent about accommodations—First Class, One Class or Tourist Class aboard the s.s. Rotterdam, Nieuw Amsterdam, Statendam or other happy ships—sailing to Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam, Cobh, Galway or Bremerhaven. And mail this coupon right now for very interesting literature about ships, Europe, and you.

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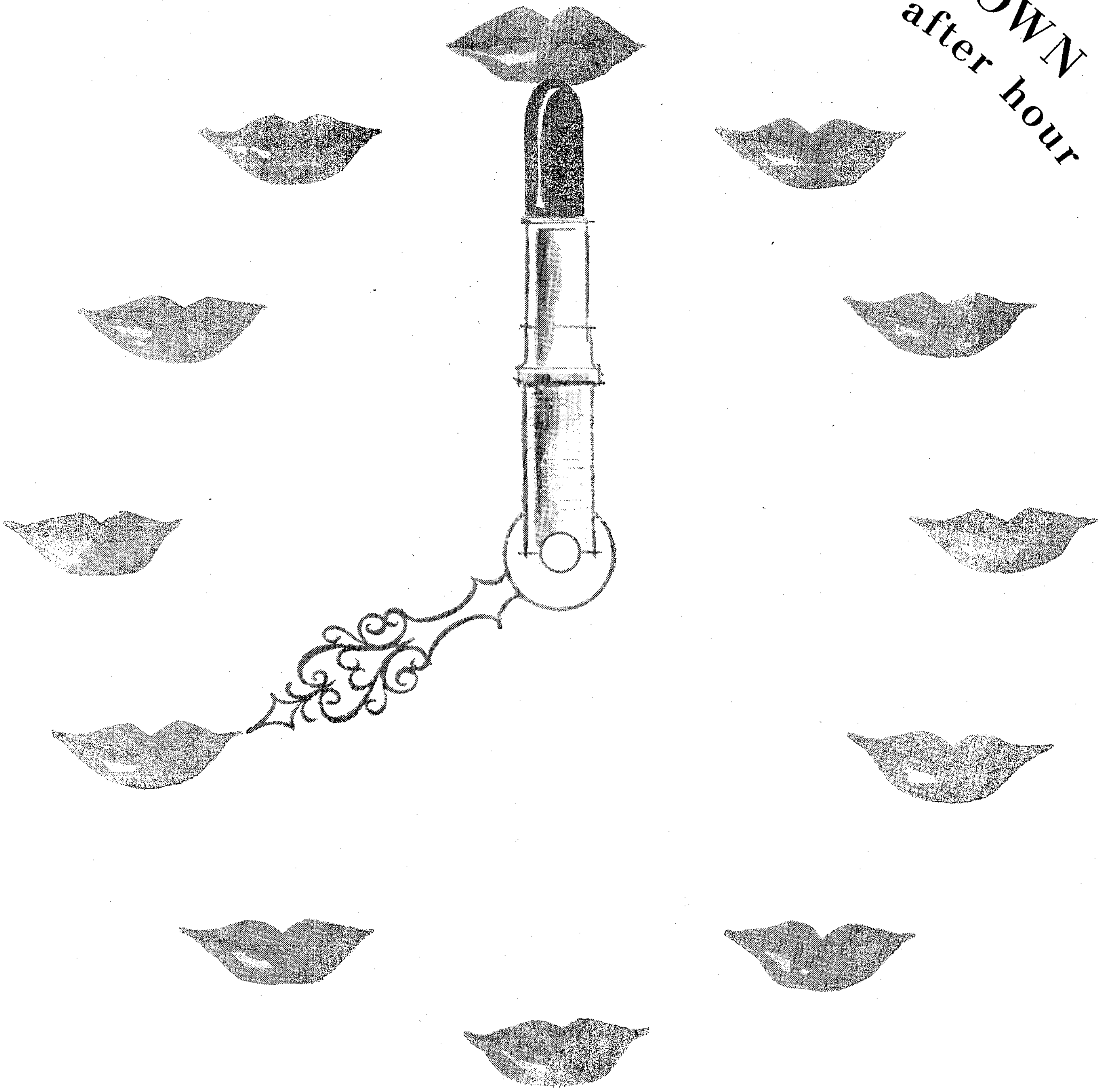
Make sure you see it on the label.
If you don't, stomp off.
Or see the manager.
Be a real pain in the neck.
You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see •SANFORIZED• TRADE ® MARK
You can't be sure of the best wash-and-wear performance unless you see •SANFORIZED plus• TRADEMARK
Right there. On the label.
Don't fall for a glib "It's the same thing."
If it is, why doesn't it say so?
You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".
Get them.

NO LIPSTICK LETDOWN hour after hour after hour



Here, at last, a lipstick with not a trace of stain or indelible dyes — yet, a lipstick with color that remains true and unchanging as long as you wear it. Gone, at last, such beauty-marring irritants as pigment particles, untested perfume and all tendency to "turn" or streak. To these distinctive benefits Dermetics® adds texture imparting the moist look of youthful softness. In fashion's newest shades. In a silver and gold Florentine finish case. 3.50 (plus tax)

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Lipsticks**

dermetics®
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HALF-PINT GIANT!

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F N C
MEMAR F:2.8 f=25mm
HALF PINT

(ACTUAL SIZE)

New Memo II Automatic Camera

There's only one thing small about this new camera: size. And that makes it a giant of convenience. An automatic exposure control and motorized film advance make it a giant of simplicity. Has automatic settings for flash exposure, too. Just snap the shutter—PRESTO! You've taken a picture like a real pro. And you can take twice as many on any standard 35mm film because the Memo II is a new "single-frame" camera. You get full-size prints—or slides that fit all standard projectors; that's another giant-size feature. And so is its fast f/2.8 lens. In fact, everything about the new Memo II is giant-like except size. Priced at less than $70 including soft fine leather case and wrist strap.

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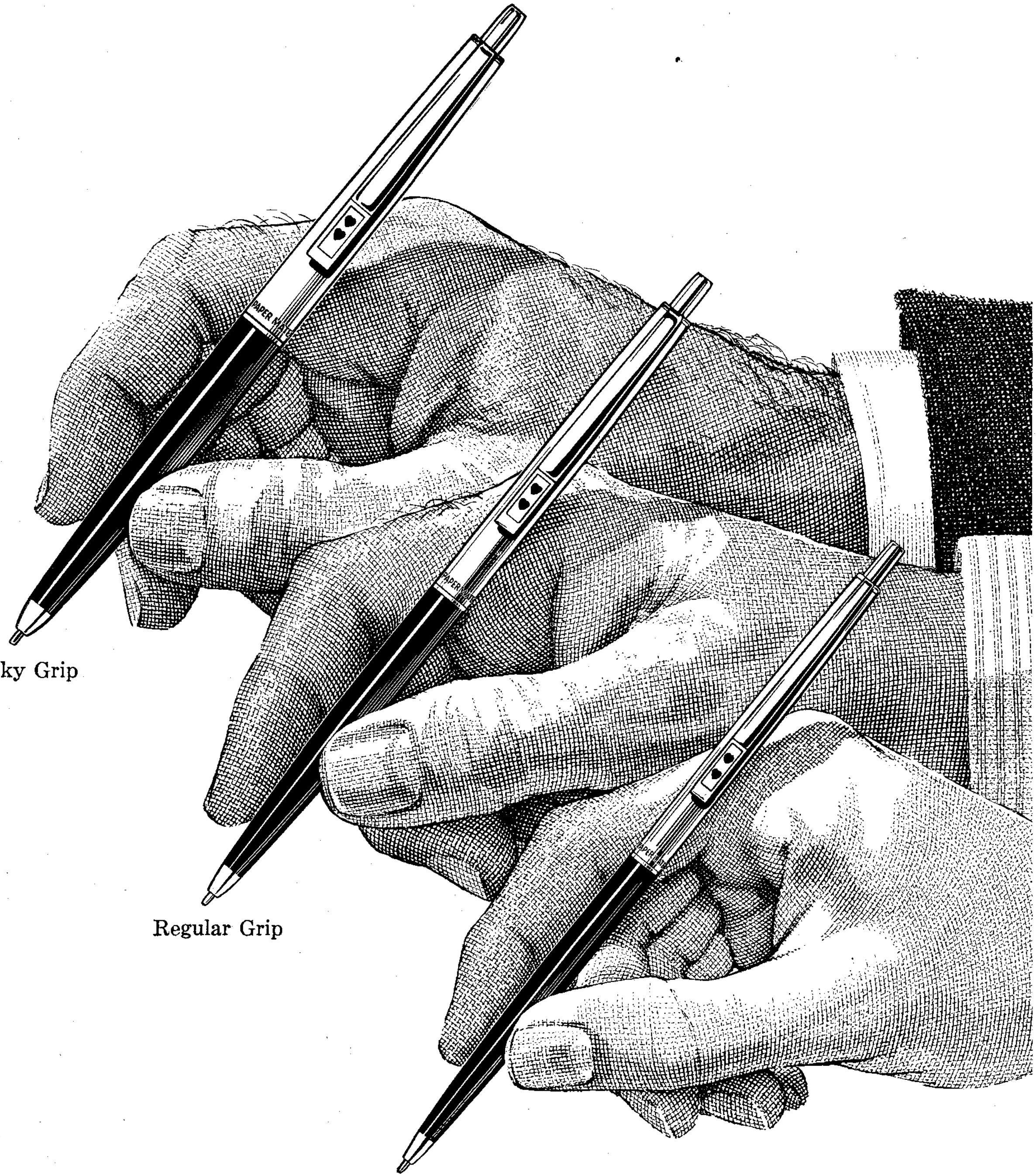
Just made for boys, and vice versa—Donmoor shirts

Boys come in all sizes, shapes and weights. But one thing they have in common—a marked allergy to peace and quiet. Donmoor cotton knits are made to run, climb, fidget, jump and stretch with the boy who wears them. And they manage to look very handsome doing it. Freshening up his Spring wardrobe? See this stripe-happy collection.

Donmoor® is a trademark for knit shirts that make boys look good and feel great.

NOW! PICK THE PEN TO FIT YOUR GRIP!



THE NEW
PAPER:MATE
PROFILE TRIO

In writing, the *grip* makes the difference! Now Paper Mate brings you three different pens—one designed to fit your grip. Choose the *Husky Grip*, a sturdy pen with real heft and weight. Pick the *Regular Grip*, the popular pen with weight and grip most people want. Or, decide on the *Slim Grip*, a slender pen with a trim look and feel. See the new Paper Mate Profile Trio—the most exciting new pens in years! Each pen, just $1.95.

Vista-Cruiser by OLDSMOBILE

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORP.

Destination: New York World's Fair
Transportation: World's newest Station Wagon!

Leave it to Olds to put extra fun in fair-going! Leave it to Vista-Cruiser to prove the point! Here's a wagon that's brand new from Vista-Roof above to vanishing road below! *Up front,* it's all action with up to 290 horses! *Down under,* it's all ride with a 10-foot wheelbase and four coil springs! *Inside,* it's all space . . . over 100 cubic feet in both two- and three-seat models (third seat faces forward, too!). *And in the rear?* Just miles and miles of highway you've left behind! Look to Olds for all that's new . . . drive the new Oldsmobile Vista-Cruiser . . . soon!

'64 OLDS WHERE THE ACTION IS!

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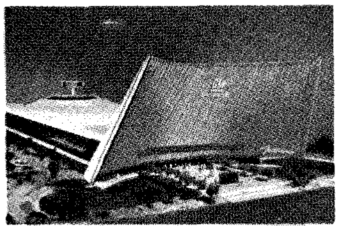
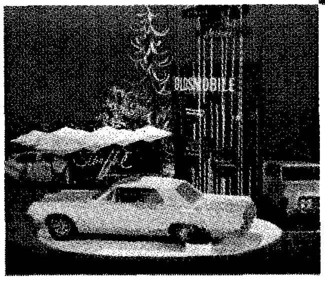
4:49
General Motors





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Wallflower.

Angela was a wallflower at twelve. She wore a simple jumper and plain patent pumps to dancing school. And spent the whole time sitting with Humphry Farber, Esq. (nicknamed Humpty). Humpty was a rounded 4′11″. Angela was a stringy 5′6″.

Things didn't get better in high school. (Angela was 5′9″.) She wore simple black and pearls to the soph-hop. Her sights were set on Chester Sandman, basketball forward. But Chester never took his sights off a tiny freshman.

And then an amazing thing happened. She met Stanley. A regular Svengali, Stanley. Since his ambition was to be a couturier, he was full of suggestions. "Wear your hair up. Look proud. Capitalize on your height by wearing what nobody else can wear." And it worked! Angela is now a famous model and Stanley is now a famous couturier. Angela never wears anything simple anymore. She wears brocade muu-muus, sable-lined raincoats, and spectaculars like this dress. It's made with Fortrel which makes it even more spectacular. Fortrel keeps the shape in—the wrinkles out. Through a whole evening of admiration. By Silvano for Heiser in Stoffel's batiste of *Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon.* 6-14. About $90 at Studio 3, B. Altman & Co., N. Y.; Helen Caro, Philadelphia; Leon Frohsin, Atlanta; Marie Leavell, Dallas; Robinson's, L. A.

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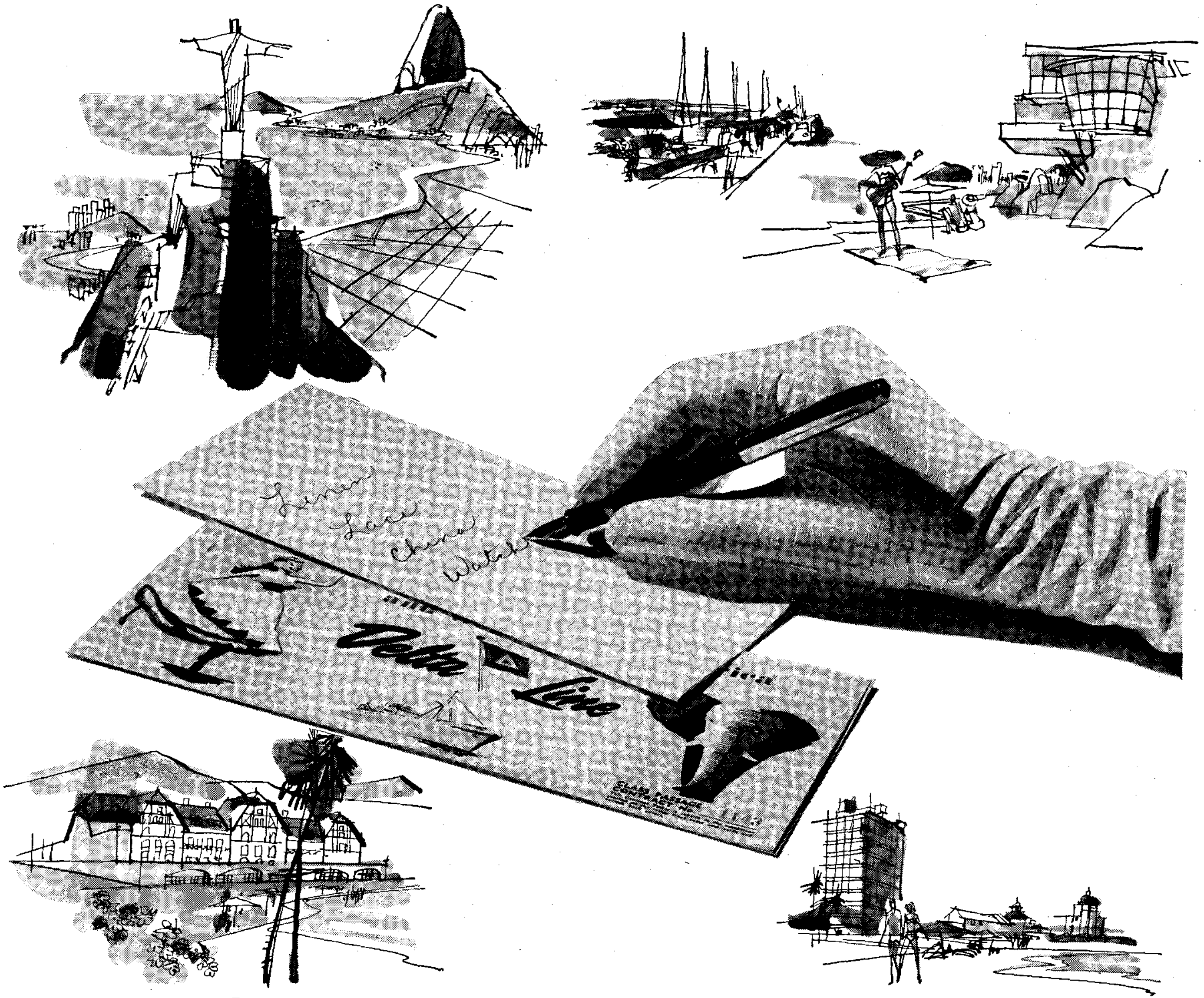

Leave your troubles at home . . . but take along your shopping list!

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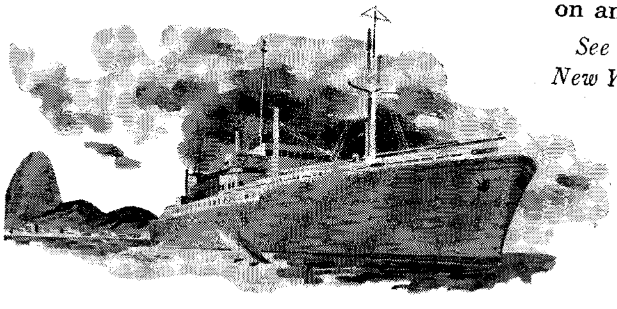
There's a big bargain too in Delta's low Thrift Season rates in April and May when the climate's best in South America. Enjoy the full cruise to Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos, Barbados and Curacao. If you're pressed for time, you can work out a two or three week cruise on an air-sea combination trip.

See your Travel Agent now, or contact Delta Line in New York at 17 Battery Pl. (Phone DIgby 4-8277).



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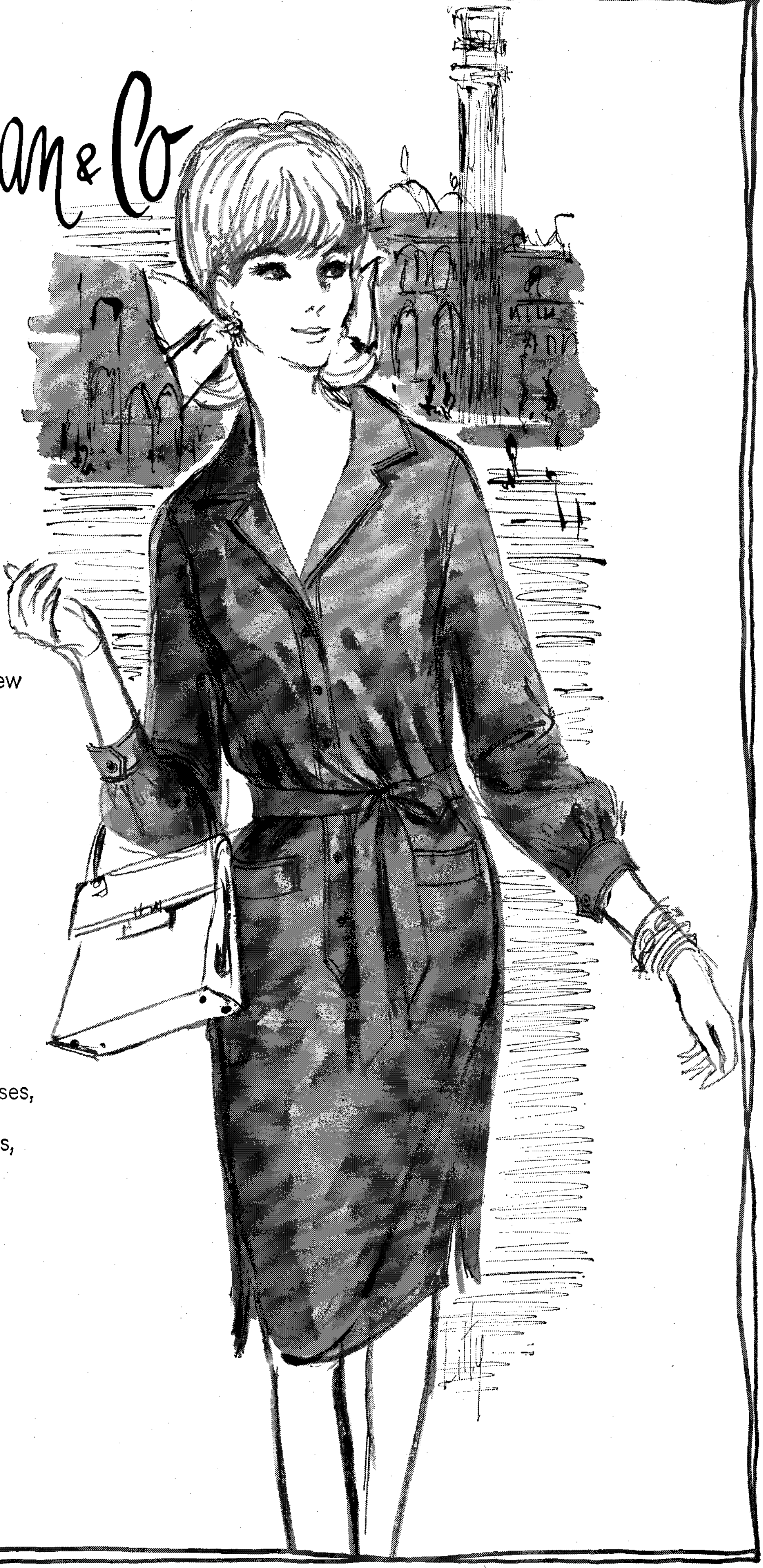


B Altman & Co

The oriental candidate!

Altman's nominates the new silk shirt-shift, made in Hong Kong . . . and silk lined throughout . . . royal blue with lime, olive with pale aqua, or bone with bone. 8 to 18. Third floor spectator dresses, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **45.00**

THE NEW YORKER

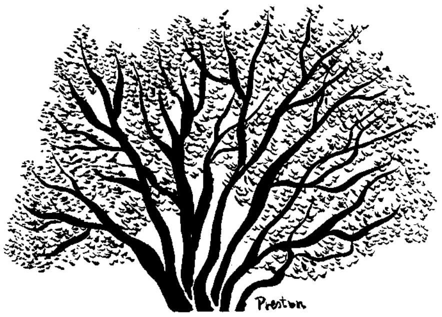
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A BANNER headline in the *World-Telegram* early last week said, "THE OLD SOLDIER IS HOME." Old soldiers, of course, often have no conventional homes. General MacArthur was born in Arkansas of a Massachusetts father and a Virginia mother, and he resided, in our kaleidoscopic recollection of him, just as much in Manila or in Tokyo as here in New York. (His legal residence, we were surprised to learn after his death, was Stamford, Connecticut, formerly the headquarters of Remington Rand, of which he was chairman of the board.) Even though he was physically in our city for most of his last thirteen years, we never really thought of him as a New Yorker. After a ticker-tape parade in his honor in 1951, he holed up in the Waldorf Towers, and he just stayed there, a permanent transient who, though he was one of the authentic heroes present in this adulatory town, rarely seemed to take part in its affairs. We always had the impression that the only functions he attended were those held in his hotel—those he could get to without going out-of-doors and sniffing the winds that blow the city this way and that. But it was the Old Soldier's own wish that he come here to lie in state, and New York seemed pleased.

The Seventh Regiment Armory, at Park Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, was the ideal setting for MacArthur's last local appearance. The place opened in 1880, the year of his birth, and the regimental rooms through which the hushed visitors filed were of heroic proportions and were furnished with old-fashioned elegance. The chamber that the General lay in had a lofty ceiling, polished-oak panelling, and a massive fireplace, which was all but obscured, on Tuesday, by wreaths. The air was richly scented with flowers. The First Army was in command. By First Army decree, all the servicemen who took half-hour turns in the honor guard were between five feet ten and a half and six feet tall, weighed between a hundred fifty and a hundred eighty, and had waistlines of no more than thirty-five inches. The dignitaries bade the General goodbye first, and one of the very first of them was Jim Farley, without whom no important New York funeral would be complete. After him came the other names and faces one associates with New York funerals—David Sarnoff, Lucius Clay, Lowell Thomas, Governor Rockefeller, Governor Dewey, Senator Javits, Cardinal Spellman, Ambassador Stevenson, John McCloy, William Zeckendorf, and a scattering of United Nations diplomats and consuls—and then a leathery-faced sergeant, who wrote in a red leather guest book, "WWII Photographer to the General." When the sergeant got abreast of MacArthur's catafalque, the cameramen in the room were ready for him, and eagerly photographed the photographer rendering a final salute.

Tuesday afternoon, leaving the Armory, we walked up Park Avenue in the rain toward the rear of the waiting line. The queue stretched north to Seventy-second Street. School was out by then, and children carrying books were skylarking up and down the unbarricaded portion of the sidewalk. We got in line—people three abreast—five and a half blocks from the Armory, and headed back. It took about ten minutes to cover a block. At Seventieth Street, one of those street orators whom New York indulges approached at a trot, haranguing us loudly. All we could catch as he rushed past, with Demosthenean fury, was ". . . fluoridation! Think it over!" We have no idea whether he was pro or con fluoridation. At one side of us marched a Puerto Rican in his fifties, who had served under MacArthur in Korea, and at the other an Australian woman, age indeterminate, who remembered when the General had his headquarters in Brisbane. At Sixty-ninth Street, the Puerto Rican asked a policeman how many people had visited the General up to then. "We got other things to do besides count the people," the cop said. The rain came down harder.



Wednesday wasn't a nice day, either—at least not at seven-forty-five in the morning, when, in another downpour, we encamped gratefully beneath an apartment-house marquee across the avenue from the Armory. The cops around were wearing raincoats, but the servicemen stationed along both sides of the avenue had no outer garments, and were drenched. The air was still. The flag at half-mast at the summit of the Armory clung limply to its pole. The massed colors out front, where the black horses and the caisson were waiting, were motionless. Traffic had been halted not only on the avenue but on the side streets leading to it. The traffic lights blinked red and green, unneeded and unheeded. At seven-fifty-five, a siren wailed in the distance, but save for that and the rain drumming on the marquee there wasn't a sound. In that oasis of damp pageantry, the whole city seemed to be silent. At eight on the dot, a blaring bugle startled us and everyone around us. With ruffles and flourishes, the casket, now closed and flag-draped, was borne out to the caisson. Five minutes later, the parade to Pennsylvania Station began, and at the very instant that a West Point cadet, his sleeves streaked with chevrons of authority, cried out a confident and carrying "For-ward *harch!*" a breeze came up and all the lethargic flags were stirred into a fluttering farewell.

Not long after that, the city went back about its business, and before the morning that had begun so mutedly was over, the presses of the *Journal-American* and the *World-Telegram* were noisily churning out the strange confidences that the General had supposedly entrusted to a couple of reporters ten years earlier.

Little Books

THE number of things that can be dispensed by vending machines increases apace—candy, cigarettes, sandwiches, hot drinks, cold drinks, even money itself. Now, not a moment too soon for all true amateurs of arts and letters, books have been added to the list, thanks to the ingenuity of a direct-mail-advertising man named Willard R. Espy, who is compact, dapper, and fifty-three. Mr. Espy granted us an interview the other afternoon at his apartment, on East Fifty-seventh Street, and almost the first word he uttered was, so he said, the key to his success. "The public has always been fascinated by min-i-a-tur-i-za-tion," he told us, spacing the long word out with loving pauses. "Years ago, there were the Haldeman-Julius Little Blue Books and the Little Leather Library; they were miniature books, and they were printed in very small type, because in those days the concept of condensation was still largely unexplored. Through the years, I developed the notion that miniaturization might be combined with condensation to produce a book that would be small enough to slip into your shirt pocket and yet be printed in type big enough to keep you from going blind reading it. Then I started wondering about distribution. It dawned on me that king-size cigarettes had led to the production of new and bigger vending machines, so I snooped around and discovered that there were about a hundred thousand of the old regular-pack machines standing in warehouses; I also discovered that they could be cleaned up and fixed to dispense books for about seventy-five dollars apiece, whereas a new machine would cost about three hundred dollars. I decided then and there to invent a book that would fit the old machines."

With the help of some friends at Connecticut Printers, in Hartford, where the Espy books are designed and printed, Mr. Espy founded a concern called Charter Publishers. The first little books came off the press early last year and were fed into vending machines in subways, hospitals, supermarkets, cafés, bus terminals, and laundromats here and in the suburbs. Since then, the operation has steadily expanded, and at the moment three hundred and fifty machines are dispensing thirteen titles, with sales averaging fifteen hundred books a day. Each book is priced at twenty-five cents, has a cardboard cover, and contains approximately seventeen thousand words, set in nine-point type, which is slightly larger than newspaper type. Most of the titles are nonfiction, because Mr. Espy believes that it is easier to condense than fiction. "So far, we've condensed humor, biography, adventure, and self-help books, and a collection of short stories," he said. "We pay an advance and royalties to the hard-cover publishers, just like any other paperback company, and our condensations have to be approved by the publishers. The condensing is done by free-lance writers, most of whom have worked for the *Reader's Digest* at one time or another. Among our best-selling titles so far have been 'Turning Your Ability Into Cash,' 'Getting More Out of Marriage,' and 'Elephant Bill—Man Against Beasts in the Burma Jungle.' Eventually, I'd like to develop our own material—a book on civil rights, say, or a book on how to make people like you. At the moment, our best market is in the subways, but I expect to see us selling just as well in church vestibules someday. The market for little books at a low price is unlimited."

As for how Mr. Espy happened to develop an interest in books, big as well as small, that goes back to his youth, in the village of Oysterville, Washington, which was founded by his grandfather and was represented in the state legislature by his father, a mining engineer. "In Oysterville, when I was a boy, there wasn't much of anything to do but milk cows and read," Mr. Espy said, beginning to make a good, strong Martini. "I'd plodded through the Bible twice by the time I was eleven, and I gobbled enough books to graduate from high school at fourteen."

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THE Dan Kirschenbaum Income Tax Service, of Los Angeles, has as its motto "Knowledge Is Not Our Most Important Asset."

The Soup

OUR chronically peculiar mail threw up a red card proclaiming "Cocktails à la Discothèque at Il Mio Club, Delmonico's Hotel. . . . Introduction of New Foolproof Soup Drinks. Host: Campbell Soup," so over we went, to find ourself in a dimly lit, recorded-music-playing room where five red-coated bartenders were presiding over as many different iced-soup drinks. "The idea is to have a non-alcoholic drink that appears to be an *alcoholic* drink, for people who want to look as though they were drinking when they're really not," we were told by a young lady who identified herself as a representative of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, agents for the Campbell Soup account. "Have a Soup and Soda." She handed us a highball of condensed beef broth and soda, said "It looks like whiskey," and, after we had downed it, plied us with a Madhattan—beef broth and V-8, with a cherry. We tossed this off, and she led us down the garden path to a Red Eye—condensed tomato soup, water, lemon juice, and soda. We paused for a steadying canapé before going on to a Beef and Bitters, and wound up with a Slow Soup Fizz—condensed tomato soup, water, and 7-Up, with a lemon twist. A sip of this sufficed us, and we reeled into a handclasp with a large man wearing a lapel sticker that identified him as William P. MacFarland, of Campbell Soup. "I'm product-marketing manager for soups," he said. "Eight or ten of us have come up from Camden, New Jersey, to introduce these soup counterparts of popular cocktails and mixed drinks. They've been developed by Joan Miller, manager of our home-economics department." He handed us a Scotch-and-soda, which looked like Campbell soup, and introduced us to Miss Miller, who said, "We tried out twenty combinations—all beef and tomato soup—to get these five. We mixed some with apple juice and ginger ale, but they seemed too sweet. You may be familiar with our previous success with Soup on the Rocks and Frisky Sour. We have a trade panel of specialists for our experimental tastings. Oh, the things you can do with tomato soup! It's our most versatile item. It's excellent as a base for *gazpacho*, it gives a nice pink color to cake, and it's become a classic ingredient of salad dressing."

Mr. MacFarland seized a microphone, welcomed the assembled guests, and introduced Mr. Lester Lanin. "We're going to present a new dance, called the Soup," the noted orchestra leader said, and two young men and two young women proceeded to jiggle around in front of the Red Eye station. According to the B. B. D. & O. lady, who had rejoined us, they were Tanya

Everett, an actress, who will open with Zero Mostel in "Fiddler on the Roof" in September; Gail Gladstone, another actress, just back from a year's run with "Mary, Mary" on the road; Howard Elliot, an interior designer, who likes to hoof around; and Charles Moulton, a dancer, who runs the *discothèque*. "The Soup should really be danced by a group of twelve," the B. B. D. & O. lady said. "They should create a circle, to signify a soup bowl."

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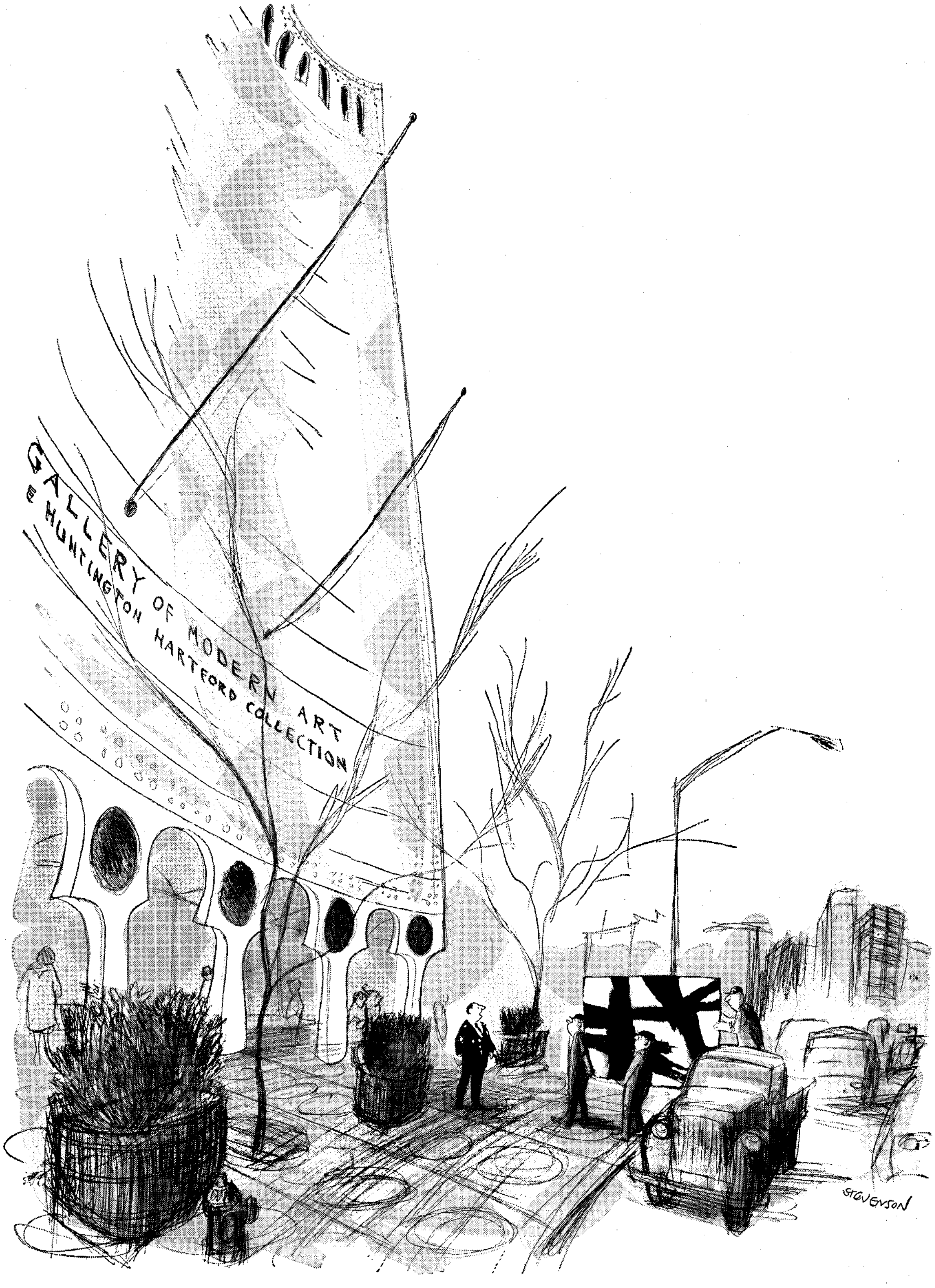
OVERHEARD in the Village, heavy wool sweater to dirty raincoat: "He doesn't want to go to an analyst, and he doesn't know why he doesn't."

Our Man on the Settebello

TO our lasting regret, we never managed to get aboard the Orient Express during its heyday, but we have at last chalked off another long-standing ambition—to take a trip on Il Settebello, Italy's famous streamlined train that makes the three-hundred-and-ninety-two-mile run from Rome to Milan (and from Milan to Rome) in slightly more than six hours and, over the years, has earned memorable tributes from many case-hardened travellers, including Cyril Connolly, who described it as "one of the beautiful trains of the world, with unhurrying anapaests." The Settebello, which is run by the Italian State Railways, is an extra-fare train—fourteen thousand lire, or approximately twenty-three dollars, for a one-way ticket. The Ministry of Transport thoughtfully arranged to have one of its employees, a knowledgeable young man named Dr. Fausto Cincotti, accompany us on our trip, to answer any questions we might want to ask. The Settebello is scheduled to depart at ten-thirty-two every morning from Track 1 of the Termini Station in Rome. We arrived there shortly after ten, and found Dr. Cincotti, with an identifying carnation in his buttonhole, awaiting us. He apologized for the weather, which was overcast, and together we proceeded through the gates, along with a surge of other passengers. "It is always so crowded, this train," Dr. C. said. "It has seats for a hundred and sixty passengers. They are all reserved, and they are always filled."

Walking along the platform, we discovered that the Settebello consists of seven gleaming gray-green-and-white cars, so neatly connected as to look almost like one. The car at the front of the train is constructed exactly like the



"You've got the wrong address, Mac."

one at the rear; at the end of each is an oval, glass-windowed observation compartment—or “drawing room,” as Dr. C. called it—and above this is, also in the official terminology, the “command cabin,” where the engineer and assistant engineer are seated. The name of the train is printed on the sides of the front and rear cars, and next to the name is a diamond-shaped design containing nine playing cards, the largest of which bears seven gold-colored diamonds. “That card with the seven golden diamonds is called *‘il sette bello’*—literally, ‘the beautiful seven,’ ” Dr. C. explained. “In the popular Italian card game Scopa, this card has a value superior to that of any other. Now you understand why this train has seven cars.”

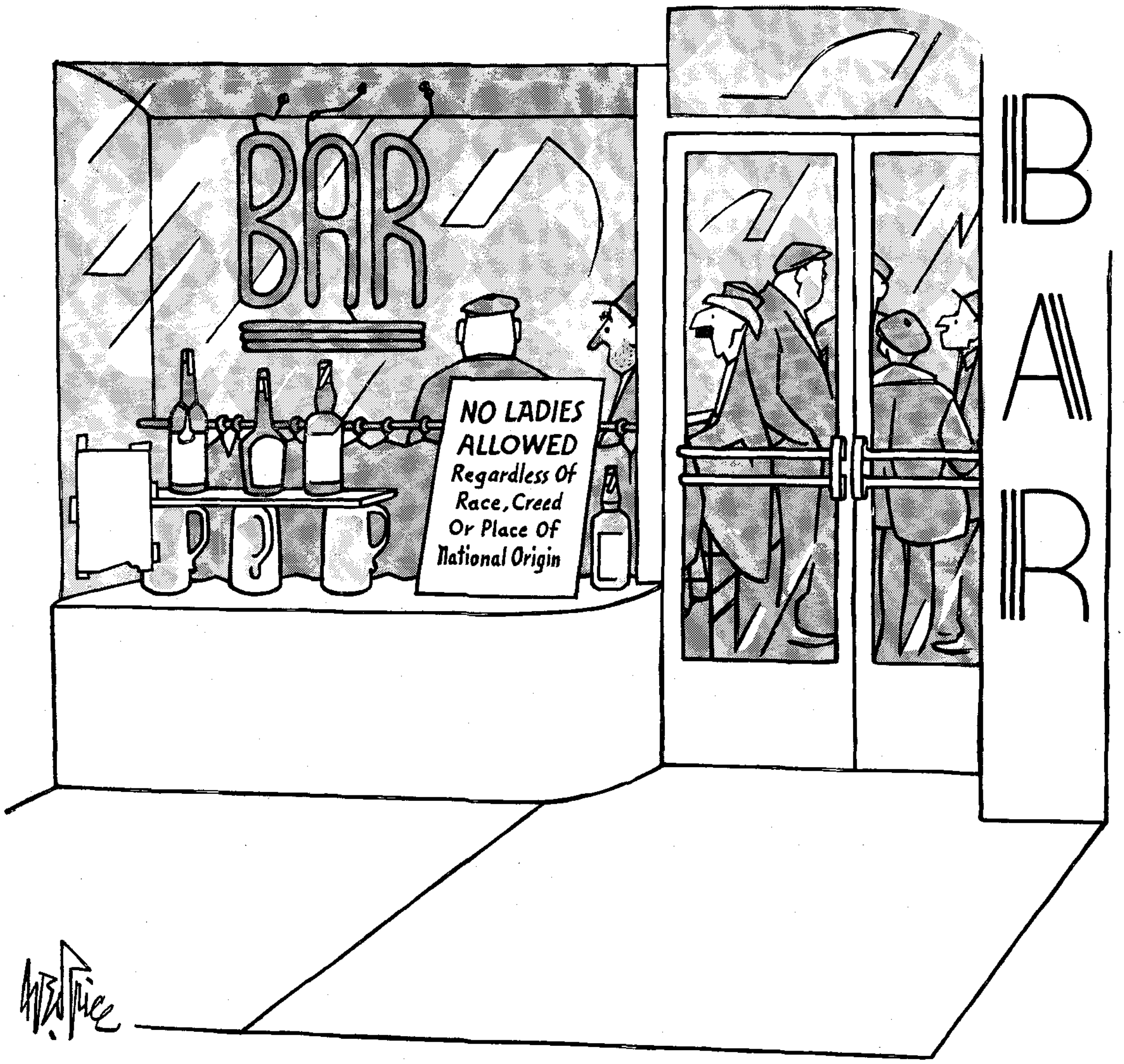
Departure time was drawing near, and passengers were still streaming through the gates. A great many were carrying briefcases and appeared to be prosperous businessmen. Also hurrying to get aboard were two silent Oriental Roman Catholic monks wearing brown habits with white sashes. They were followed by two rather elderly American couples, who continuously admonished their porter to make greater haste with their luggage, which was voluminous. Then came a young woman with jet-black hair, who wore a white fur coat and dark glasses of wraparound design, and, as the last warning to get aboard was broadcast over the public-address system, a tall, long-striding priest, who wore a blue beret and carried a battered-looking satchel. We followed him onto the train. Standing in the passageway, we watched the deputy stationmaster, who was imposingly decked out in a long blue coat and a red cap with much gold braid embroidered on the visor, wave a green metal sign at the engineer. At precisely ten-thirty-two, the Settebello rolled noiselessly out of the station.

As we headed for our compartment, we noted that the interior of the train, no less than the exterior, is designed along clean, light, aeronautical lines. The doors and partitions between the corridors and the compartments are glass from floor to ceiling—a feature that makes it easy for passengers to look out of both sides of the train. The compartments are unusually roomy; in fact, Dr. C. informed us that they are twice as large as the first-class compartments of other trains. The Settebello compartments have blue walls and furnishings, gray carpeting, fluorescent lighting, and wall cabinets with sliding doors to hold baggage. Each compartment seats ten passengers—three on davenports at each side and four in individual armchairs in the center. Among the passengers in our compartment were the elderly American couples with the vast collection of luggage.

We decided to go sit for a while in the rear drawing room. Dr. C. went along, and when we’d found a pair of chairs next to three men from Naples who were talking business, he told us that the Settebello has been in service for thirteen years, that it is the best revenue producer of any Italian train, and that it makes only two scheduled stops between Rome and Milan—at Florence and at Bologna—though on the way north it will stop to discharge passengers at Piacenza. “The train is electrified over the entire route,” he continued, “and it could maintain a speed of a hundred and fifty kilometres—or ninety-three miles—per hour if the roadbed were straighter. Unfortunately, it was laid out years ago and has a very great many curves. However, the suspensions on the Settebello are designed so that even when the train is travelling at high speed around curves, the passengers have a very smooth ride. *Un viaggio dolce*, as we say—a sweet trip.”

Dr. C. broke off his discourse abruptly and grabbed the sides of his chair as the train rounded a curve at high speed. We did likewise, and so did the Neapolitan businessmen. Then, with becoming nonchalance, Dr. C. turned to gaze out the window. The landscape was green and brown and gently rolling. Nearby, a farmer was plowing a field with a pair of white oxen. Atop a hill in the distance stood a medieval castle, and around it was a cluster of stone buildings in soft shades of tan, orange, and red.

Turning at length from his observation of the landscape, Dr. C. invited us to have an espresso with him in the bar, which, we found upon repairing to it, occupies one end of the dining car—or restaurant, as he called it. Standing at the bar


BAR
NO LADIES ALLOWED
Regardless Of Race, Creed Or Place Of National Origin
BAR

"Are you sure this species has never faced a camera before?"

were two men, who were drinking coffee, and the brunette in the white fur coat, who was having a whiskey. Running alongside the windows opposite the bar there is a narrow wooden counter with several small stools. Three of these were occupied by rather slight Italian men, who balanced themselves expertly as the Settebello tackled one curve after another. They seemed to be having *un viaggio dolce* every mile of the way. Not so the brunette, whose stiletto heels compounded her equilibrium problem, or an American woman in a long mink coat, who was holding on to the counter with one hand, trying to maneuver a cup of tea with the other, and muttering all the while.

Presently, the conductor, a young man wearing a black uniform and an engaging smile, came around to take tickets.

"Young man, would you please tell the pilot we're getting a hell of a lot of turbulence back here?" the woman in the mink coat said. "Ask him to take it easy around these curves. I'm getting so bruised and contused I'll look as if I'd been hit by a truck."

The conductor flashed her a big smile and wished her a sweet trip.

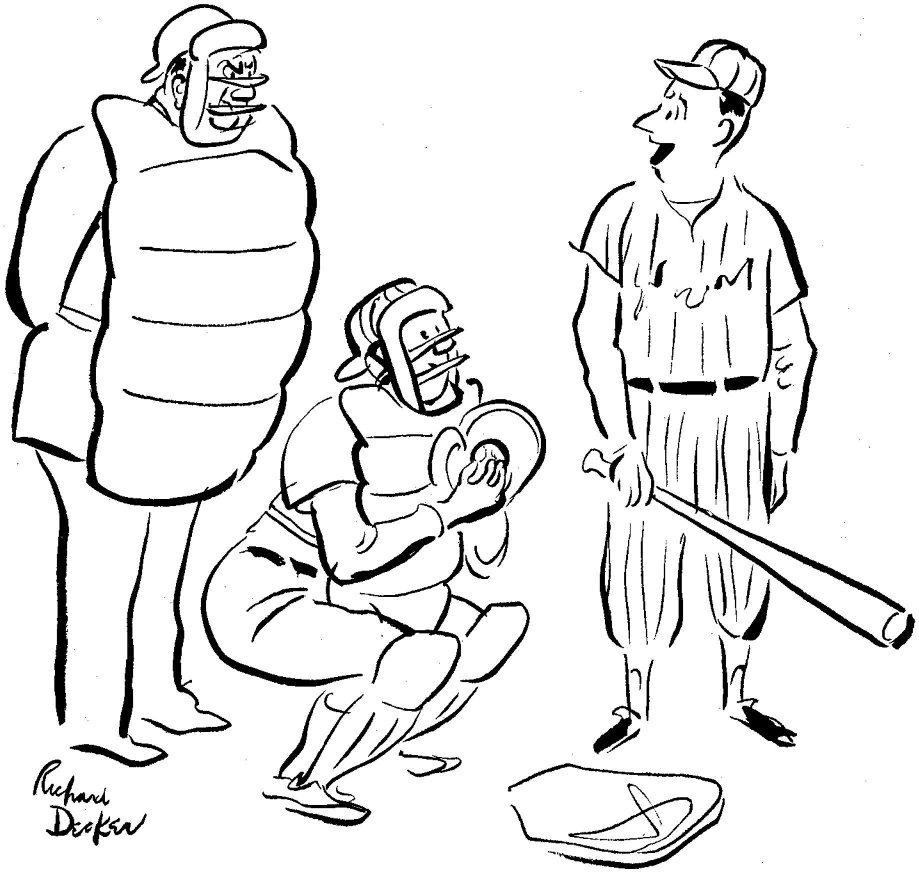
* * *

"The Settebello must go quickly, because of the competition," Dr. C. remarked. "Otherwise, there is no reason for this train to exist."

Having finished our coffee, we followed Dr. C. through the diner and into the next car, where he introduced us to the *capotreno*, or chief of the train, who sat in a cubicle-type office off the corridor. A thin-faced, easily smiling man, he told us that he had worked for the railroads for twenty-five years, and that for the past eight he had been "escorting" the Settebello. The train requires a crew of nine, he said, and that does not include the bar and restaurant, which are operated as concessions by Wagons-Lits and are staffed by an additional nine-man crew. "The Settebello has never had an accident that I know of," the *capotreno* said. "And it almost always runs on time." He took out a substantial gold pocket watch and looked at it. "Twelve-thirty-two," he remarked. "We should be passing Lake Trasimeno. A big battle was fought there between Hannibal and the Romans." Everybody in the *capotreno's* cubicle looked out the window. We were passing Lake Trasimeno.

Continuing our inspection trip, we made our way, with our companion, to the drawing room in the first car. The only other occupants were a heavyset man and a large woman in a blue dress, who were grumbling because they had not been seated at the first serving of lunch. There are three servings of lunch, Dr. C. told us, beginning at noon and each lasting an hour and a half. We had reservations for the second. Meanwhile, we watched the curves go by.

A light rain began to fall as the Settebello, now following the Arno, sped toward Florence. We had reached the outskirts of the city and were racing past one lovely sand-colored villa after another when the second serving of lunch was announced. The restaurant car, which has light-yellow walls, a white ceiling, and sturdy, swayproof chairs, seats fifty-two passengers. They are served by three waiters, who are built like halfbacks, and whose coördinated performance, we discovered, is a study in speed, grace, and agility. For lunch the day of our journey, Chef Vitobelli, whose name was printed at the top of the menu ("That lets everybody know who is responsible," Dr. C. explained), recommended prosciutto,



"Surely you jest?"

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capricciosa salad, rice with mushrooms, veal cooked in white wine, zucchini, cheese, fresh fruit, and espresso. We decided to go along with the chef, and so did Dr. C. He also selected a 1959 Italian red wine, which turned out to be very pleasant.

At the table ahead of ours, three American businessmen, each of whom had been served a heaping plate of spaghetti, were tucking napkins under their chins and audibly estimating the calories set before them. The table opposite theirs was occupied by two well-dressed American couples, who appeared to be in their late thirties. They were discussing various purchases that they had made in Paris and Rome.

As the two American conversations continued, touching on most of the familiar topics, including restaurants, hotels, and tipping, the Settebello, having left Florence behind, was climbing into the Apennines. The countryside, bathed in the continuing soft rain, became ever more handsome and fascinating; we sped past canyons, mountain streams, and distant villas perched on rocky peaks. Then the whole panorama was suddenly blacked out as the train entered a tunnel, which, Dr. C. told us, was approximately twelve miles long. During this stretch, he added, the Settebello runs at just under a hundred miles an hour. Not long after streaking out of the tunnel, we began to see a succession of metal cranes, the familiar sign of construction—apartment houses, in this case.

"We'll soon be in Bologna," Dr. C. remarked. "Every Italian dreams of coming to Bologna to eat well and to make love." He paused and looked out the window. "After Bologna, the Settebello makes very good time," he continued. "Perhaps then you would like to visit the command cabin."

We said we would, and after paying for our lunch, which cost the equivalent of four dollars (Dr. C. insisted on paying for his, saying, "That's Roman style"), we rose, excused ourself as we brushed past the businessmen ("One thing the Swiss are very good on is velours," one of them was saying), and headed for the front of the train.

Up in the command cabin, we met the engineer, a well-set-up man with graying hair, gray eyes, and a fine Roman nose, and the assistant engineer, who got up and kindly invited us to sit in his place—a comfortable leather chair that is on the right side of the train, next to the engineer's chair, and is reached by a narrow three-rung ladder. In front of the engineer is a bank of controls, dials, and gauges, the largest of which is a speedometer. It showed that we were then making a speed of a hundred and thirty kilometres an hour.

"The Settebello is authorized to go up to a hundred and sixty kilometres an hour, but I never exceed a hundred and fifty," the engineer said. "I like to have a margin for safety. From Rome to Florence, we run at top speed for only about twenty kilometres. There are too many curves. There is a big plan to straighten the route by eliminating many of them. That will cut seventy kilometres from the run."

We asked when the project would be completed.

"In ten years, maybe," he replied, and laughed.

It was now raining quite heavily. The engineer, who had lighted a cigarette in a long black holder, stepped up the speed of his windshield wipers. At three-thirty-eight, we highballed through Parma at a hundred and thirty kilometres. After that, the engineer gradually increased the speed to a hundred and fifty, which, he said, he would be able to maintain almost all the way to Milan. Soon we were racing through Fidenza, where the only sign of life on the station platform was a lone woman standing under an umbrella. Then we were speeding over the Po on a bridge nearly three-quarters of a mile long. Fog, which had set in around Parma and become steadily thicker, now shrouded the landscape. Almost before we knew it, we could distinguish the outskirts of a city, and at four-fifty—on schedule—the Settebello glided to a stop in the glass-and-black-iron station at Milan.

Warning

A FRIEND of ours who lives in Washington, D.C., attends St. Mark's Episcopal Church, on Capitol Hill, which President Johnson also attends, on occasional Sunday mornings. Several problems have arisen since the appearance of the distinguished worshipper, our friend informs us, not the least of which is indicated in the following excerpt from the church's weekly newsletter:

> When it is convenient for the President and his family, they join us for coffee at the coffee hour. Those who have already met them are asked to carry on as usual, and for those who would like to meet them, please speak your name clearly. Children who have not already met the President but who are eating sticky candy, please wait until you are through and have washed your hands. Thank you.

1109 KLINGENSTEIN

Howard Lesser knew that if he finally reached his father's bedside it would be like this, a scene by David, full of tricky light and ardent gestures: His father, always an admirer of views, would tell him to look out of the window—he is not actually a patient, you see, but a guide disguised, Howard not his visitor but on a tour of the hospital. Below, Howard would see a dull portion of Central Park at nightfall. "I used to take you sledding right there when you were a good deal younger," his father would say. His mother would be boiling water for tea with an immersion heater; she had taken the crosstown bus, tangerines and tea bags in her pocketbook. "Do you remember?" she would ask. "Yes," Howard would say, but he wouldn't, for it was other slopes. Why must his father endow the scenery with an imaginary benevolence? He had not, after all, forsaken him. He taught him to sit up at the table, to use the dictionary freely, to save the useful cardboards that came with laundered shirts, to dry his palm on his trousers pocket before shaking hands; and, if you had nothing complimentary to say about your fellow-man, to keep silent.

Howard saw himself pretending to be enjoying the view; he would be searching for his father's reflection in the dark panes. He would find him smiling at the recollection of Sundays in the snow. Then, as Howard watches, the smile fades, and is replaced by a look of horror. He has discovered that he was mistaken, that he had never taken his son belly-whopping on that hill, and that his son is aware of this. Howard observes him looking quickly at his wife to see if she has noticed his change of expression, but Mother is intently dipping the tea bag in the cup, as though sounding a familiar but changeful passage. Howard desperately seeks the image of his father's eyes. For a moment, meeting, their eyes seem to share a covert glance of love and admission. "Dad likes his tea weak," his mother says, addressing the ignorant and invisible stranger who always attends her. Howard recoils at his mother's performance. Then he will see, as she turns toward the window, that his mother is weeping. So they all know his father is dying.

"Do you know," his father would say, averting his face as he squeezes the lemon into his tea, "that last night, while I was chatting on the telephone with Sidney, I heard very faintly, in the background, as it were, a fellow presiding over what must have been a bingo game. I could distinctly hear him saying, 'B-fourteen. One-four. G-fifty. Five-O.' And so forth. The damnedest thing. 'Does anyone have a winner?' he kept repeating. How do you imagine that happened?"

"Sid was up to see Dad just before you came," his mother says hopefully. "He's been one of Dad's most loyal friends and greatest admirers down through the years."

"Sidney's a grand guy," his father says. "Not only is he a first-rate dentist but he is a wonderful human being." He speaks as though he is composing an epitaph. "Sidney heard him, too."

"Heard who?" his mother asks, smiling at the unseen stranger, attempting, by the force of her smile, its overwhelming sweetness, to modify or enfeeble her husband's inevitable reply.

"That fellow on the phone I was telling you about only a moment ago, Mother. I called Sidney's attention to him and we listened together. A great many numbers were called, but as far as we could tell, Sidney and I, no winner came forth."

As Howard Lesser, completing the first stage of his reluctant pilgrimage to his father's private room, walked through the Los Angeles International Airport, the willed illusion of a partial face—closer, larger, and more rapt than any lover's—loomed over the apparition of his own. He beheld a noble and venerable ear, irradiated by sunlight, and beyond it—almost, in fact, *through* it, as if it were stained glass—the memory of an idle lady, now, of course, dead, at a window high in a residential hotel on the other side of Broadway, watching him, year in and year out, having his teeth filled. By rights, the hovering face should have been the dentist's, Uncle Sidney's, but it was his father's, its intimacy without purpose and oppressive—hadn't he long ago ceased trying to solve the mystery of their estrangement? Lesser had confused Sidney with his father before. He recalled, feeling as abashed as he had at the time, thanking Uncle Sidney (rushing over to him!) for the gift of a dog—his father had always told him to express gratitude. He had come home and found the unaccountable dog, his father, and Sidney in the living room. Had he embraced his knees? Although he didn't know why Sidney would give him a dog, he knew that his father wouldn't. He was mistaken. Sidney had laughed, but, Lesser realized now, *he* had given Sidney a gift he had no right to bestow, and by that donation had irremediably altered, to one degree or another, the relationship between his father and his father's best—or was it oldest?—friend. Why had he thought Sidney had done it? Sidney was his dentist, a partial face, a classmate of his father's at Townsend Harris Hall, and since he almost always paid his sudden visits after Howard had gone to bed, Howard would only learn by overhearing his parents in the morning that Sidney had been there at all, had stayed a short while, restless and embarrassed, and abruptly left—and that there was, evermore, trouble in Sidney's home. However, Lesser reflected, if he had been unfair to Sidney, Sidney, by his ambiguous presence in the living room that afternoon, had unjustly trapped him, too, so they were equally blameworthy, and his father became their joint and haphazard victim.

Even before that episode, at Swan Lake Manor, his aunt's boarding house in the mountains (the house and the locust trees that obscured it all burned to the ground now; the insurance money swindled from his aunt; she, too, gone now herself), he had raced to his mother across its lawns, then drifted with the locusts' sweet blossoms, shouting, "Daddy's coming! Daddy's coming!"

"Daddy's coming?" she said, bewildered. Howard had admitted that although there was a father arriving from the city, it wasn't his but a playmate's, a father he had not previously met and now no longer remembered meeting, and he burned, then and now, with shame.

Will their positions be reversed, Lesser wondered; will it be, instead, the aimless son who will be looming above the father, over the soundless mouth of the ear's dark, involved tunnel?

On the concourse, Lesser unenthusiastically followed the arrows to Baggage Claim, his raincoat draped over his left shoulder like the blanket roll of a private soldier in some obscure and indecisive war a century or two ago, but his passage was not regulated or emboldened by a regimental band or even the faint measure of a fife and drum; he was accompanied by a string orchestra, whose recorded and lamentable strains flowed from loudspeakers, and he was conspicuously out of step. Indeed, his progress was uneven and regretful, as it had been when he had returned to his play through the fallen blossoms, a ghostly woodpecker drumming on what was soon to become the black ghost of a locust, or when he had turned hopelessly in the living room (Sidney laughing) toward his father.

As he went, Lesser sang nearly under his breath, and to whatever tune was being broadcast, "1109 Klingenstein. 1109 Klingenstein." The night before, in Honolulu, he had received a cable: "DAD UNDERGOING EXPLORATORY SURGERY. ROOM 1109 KLINGENSTEIN, MOUNT SINAI. PLEASE COME HOME. LOVE, MOTHER." He had dutifully got the 8:15 A.M. jet and was in Los Angeles at 3:15. Lesser had once made the crossing, in the opposite direction, in a small boat. Looking down at the unremarkable sea, he had tried to recall that tedious voyage, but, he discovered, it could only be reconstructed in dreams, where whales broached and bitterly sighed in the dark. What did his father dream about? Lesser imagined his dreams were peopled with allegorical figures in cheap robes who made speeches.

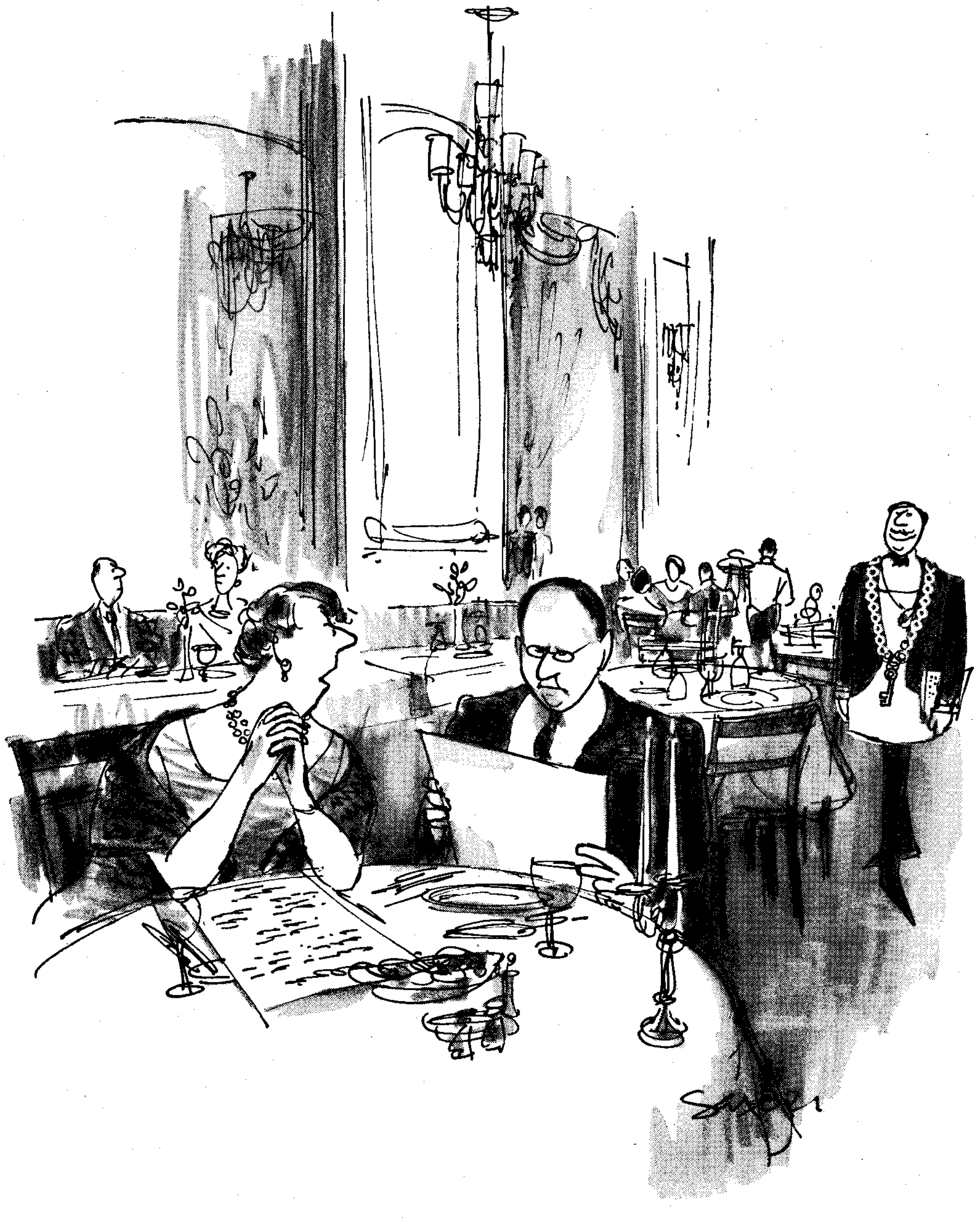
How many times, Lesser thought, have I gone through this airport, the old one before this one was built, other dim and reverberant terminals, with the same hesitant, apprehensive tread, retracing, as upon those two upheaving afternoons long ago, my heedless, departing steps?

The goal was always Baggage Claim, where he would await, without anticipation, the arrival of his familiar and unwelcome belongings. The adjustable razor (grown quite green now) set forever, and arbitrarily, at "7;" his worn and favorite tie, which displayed a pattern of naked boys holding hands (for Gemini); his bathing suit, faded by more than seven seas; "The Case of the Shapely Shadow" and "The Case of the Runaway Corpse": If they were missing, could he begin all over again, run yet another time across distant lawns where spiders hung—swum upon the air!—below the locusts (but what would he cry now?) and, without error, go to his own father in a lost living room?

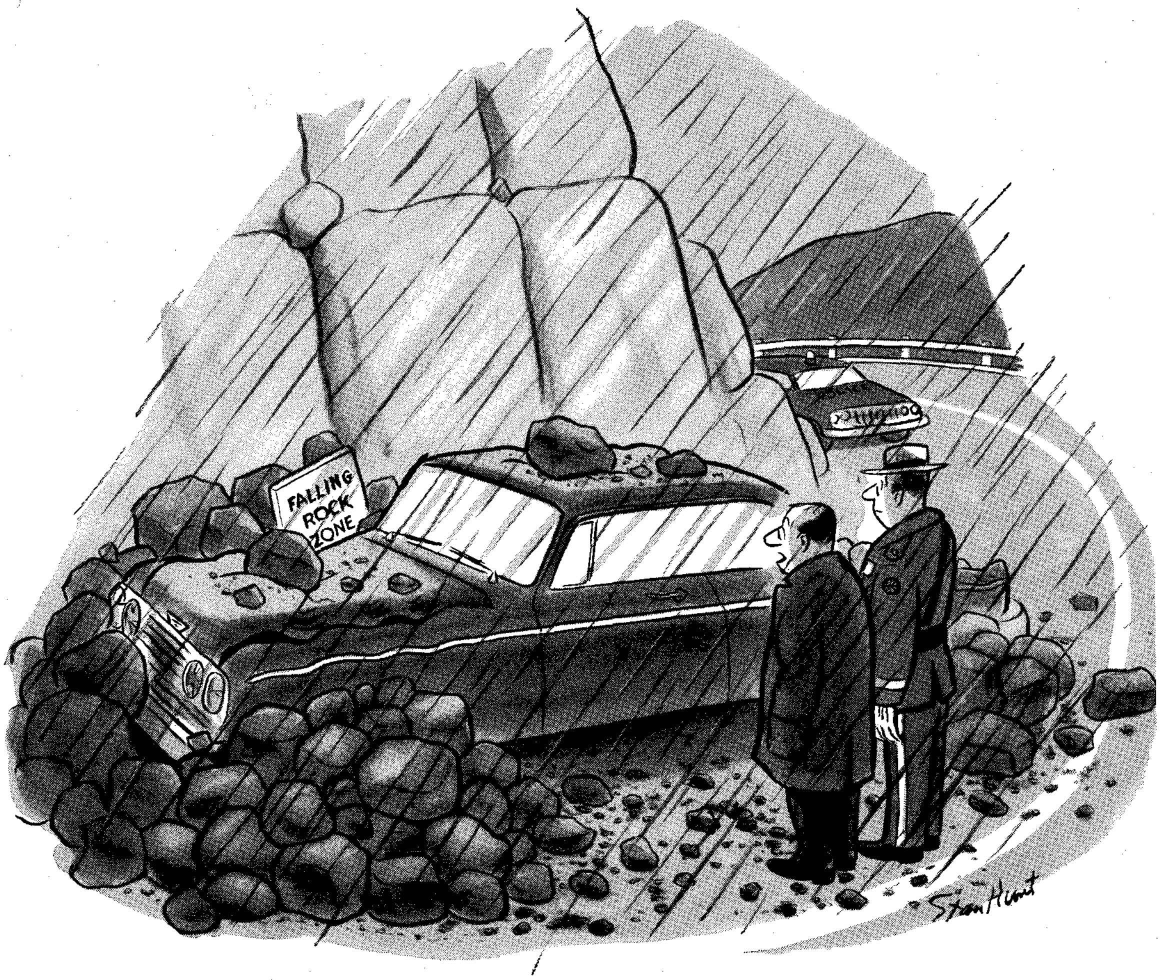
After he claimed his suitcases, Lesser rented a car and drove out Sepulveda. If he took the next plane to New York, he would arrive when visiting hours were over. He would leave later on that night and get there in the morning.

Lesser knew a girl in Manhattan Beach, which was his destination. He had met her in the Outer Islands, after having got a glimpse of her thighs when she danced on a piano bar. She had told him that she once tried to swim the Molokai Channel in a sharkproof cage; she had snapshots in an album showing her setting forth at night, on account of the tides, the shore operatically lit by torches. There were also several pictures in her collection of a large, powerful man standing on his head on a beach, sipping Lucky Lager through a straw. The girl said he played defensive end for the Rams. "Ha! Ha!" was indiscriminately written, in her hand, in white ink beneath the photographs of the football player and of her unsuccessful and gallant swim.

She lived, when Lesser last saw her—which was more than a year ago—on one of the steep side streets by the Pacific. There was no sign of life when he rang her doorbell. He tried looking in the windows, but the blinds were drawn. Lesser walked down to the beach. There was a cold wind, it was almost dark, and he could smell the oil in the sea. Beyond the breakers, a few boys wearing rubber suits sat patiently on their surfboards in the incantatory light like saboteurs. After a while, Lesser climbed back to her apartment, but again his ring was unanswered. He remembered a high white chest that stood inside her door. It was ornamented with many carvings—Chinese scenes. Lesser regretted that he had never troubled to find out exactly what all the



"Brace yourself."



"Thank goodness I had the ultimate tires, engineered to meet the unexpected."

• •

tiny Chinamen were up to. Her bedroom was full of stuffed animals from night-club checkrooms: kittens and pandas, rabbits, tigers, and giraffes—mute and peaceable, as though they had senselessly taken refuge there from a fire or a flood. He had once made love to her on her bathroom sink, staring reflectively past her ear at his portrait in the medicine-cabinet mirror.

Suppose she was hiding in there with one (or more) sulky Mexican bantamweights—or perhaps she had moved, her animals packed in cartons from Food Giant. Lesser tried to picture his father and a strange woman, with a nasty bellhop carrying a suitcase full of bricks or lawbooks and a fifth of Four Roses, slowly ascending in an openwork elevator to a room with a view of the Palisades, and succeeded only novelistically. He thought of writing the girl a note, but what could he say? Lesser had been wholly impelled and made impatient by lust and curiosity—with how many others, in what different rooms? (in Miami, while inexplicable monkeys swung in the tangerine trees; in Cannes, as a dance band played beneath a balcony; in the Tuamotus!)—and all that came to mind to leave her was "Ha! Ha!"

When, at last, Lesser called the airlines, he found to his relief that he could not get a seat until morning. He called Mount Sinai and asked for 1109 Klingenstein. The operator told him that the room did not answer and asked him whom he was trying to reach. Lesser hung up before she had completed her question. Would there be a record of his call? He drove to a motel near the airport and, lying along one edge of a triple bed as though it was also occupied by restless strangers who might suddenly and violently awake, he read a mystery until he fell asleep.

He dreamed he was choking his unconceived child. The boy was about eight and wore Lesser's old wool helmet. Outside the narrow window, the sky was red and full of snow. The paper bag that contained his son's school lunch lay on the floor where he had dropped it in his fright. Lesser awoke, terrified and ashamed. "God protect me!" he cried in the splendid room.

He searched for the girl in the phone book, but she wasn't there; she had vanished, like her contemporaries from the directories of other cities. He called Mount Sinai. The operator told him that it was too late to ring the private rooms. Combing his hair, Lesser left the room.

He stood at the top of the flight of three stairs that led down into the motel's cocktail lounge. It was exceptionally dark, and empty save for three men sitting at the oval bar, each separated from the other by two vacant stools, as though some kind of complicated party game were about to begin. In the center of the bar, a middle-aged lady was playing a small electric organ. The three men were singing an interminable and vastly sentimental college song, an alma-mater, and they knew all the words. The years, Lesser gathered, were shining and no one was pining for days gone by, for all their tomorrows would be free of sorrows and sighs. The organist was accompanying them with difficulty, as if she, as well as Lesser, had never heard the song before. At one point in their recital, the three men got off their stools and stood, their hands over their hearts. Every so often, the great whine of a departing jet penetrated the cocktail lounge and threatened to drown them out, but they raised their voices, which were surprisingly true, so that by the end of the song they were singing with incredible force. Lesser saw that they were older than he had realized—really three old men whose collars were too large, whose lapels were too wide, fettered together by an ancient and common chain like galley slaves, and on the verge of tears. He had a feeling that the college in the song was no longer in existence, that it had been torn down for a shopping center or a new subdivision.

As he stood on the brink of the cocktail lounge, Lesser thought he had never seen a more dismal picture, and he turned away in embarrassment. Had his father ever awakened like these old men, like himself, in a motel room, unable to bear or fathom the impositions of loss, deferment, and surrender, and been forced to give a mawkish recital in the dark? No: his father had exemplified, freely declaimed the natural virtues—Prudence! Justice! Temperance! Fortitude!

Lesser had a fleeting vision of the girl, sick and floundering at night in the Molokai Channel, unable to keep up with her towed cage.

OR, perhaps, Lesser thought, it would be like this: The Young Men's Lyceum would have held their final meeting at his father's bedside. The Lyceum was (it is!) a social and literary club of which his father is one of the founding members. "Twice a year we would have a function," his father would tell him from the high, mechanical bed that is not unlike a throne. "In the winter we would hire a hall for our annual banquet. One of the boys was artistically inclined and he did up the programs for our affairs; each one was different, drawn by hand, and generally comical in theme. In the summer, we would charter a motor launch and cruise upon Long Island Sound. I suppose we would take a picnic lunch along and go ashore at one place or another where it was agreeable. Now, of course, a good many of the boys have got older; most of them have died off. That's what happens with the passage of time. It all deteriorates. Who is left? Bob Weiner, Fritzie, Leo, fellow named Harry Dubrow, an attorney in Miami. He's come up once or twice for funerals."

"The Young Men's Lyceum was of very high purpose," his mother says.

"We used to have some lovely times," his father says.

"You should get together with the boys more often."

"Ah," his father says disparagingly. "You know we haven't met for years now. These days, we only come across one another at funerals. That's the way these things happen. You drift apart. You drift apart. Unfailingly."

"Fritzie came all the way in from Leonia, New Jersey," his mother says.

"You asked the boys to come up, didn't you, Mother?"

"Why . . ." His mother would turn to the anxious stranger as her witness. "Why . . ."

"I remember one of the banquet programs this fellow with the artistic bent rendered in India ink. I can't seem to recall his name. It depicted me bereft, a Valentine's heart . . . For one reason or another, Bernard once showed me, in one of his medical texts, an illustration of a human heart. Bernard was a wonderful physician and a lovely guy. After he died, Mother and I had charge of his effects. He had no family and, curiously, lacked what must have been the courage to get married, although he was engaged upon numerous occasions, generally to waitresses in the dingy neighborhood restaurants where he would eat alone, ordering identical meals. When I would talk to Bernard on the telephone in those days, there would be increasingly frequent periods of silence on his part. I finally learned that he had had one or two mild strokes, which he had concealed, and that one of them had cost him some of the power in his right hand, and the receiver would fall into his lap, although he kept on talking. I suppose it was a matter of pride, or disbelief. At any rate, there were, of course, all of his diplomas on his walls. What do you do with diplomas? Can you throw them away? The human heart that Bernard showed me, years ago now, appeared to me to resemble some great barnacled creature that dwells, or reposes, at the bottom of the sea, feebly contracting, and untrustworthy. I suppose our common salinity—the body's, that is—and the perplexing sea's . . . This Valentine's heart was conventionally cracked, and suspended in one of those gentle, cumulous balloons. . . . I'm lost, Mother."

"Heart."

"I don't get you."

"The annual banquet of the Young Men's Lyceum."

"Ah, heart. In this balloon he had lettered—he was a damned fine letterer, too . . . It was a kind of rebus. The broken heart represented a failure in love, thus I was less her. Get it? Lessher. Lesser. Our name! I said they were on the comical side."

"I thought you'd like to see them all again," his mother would say.

"It was a very decent gesture. His name was Perry Julian!"

"Whose was?"

"The boy who did the programs for our banquets. He had really an extraordinary talent. He got a job with the New York Central System, which was quite unusual for a Jewish boy at that time. He eventually went to work in their Chicago office. We lost track of him over the years. That's sort of a pun, isn't it? I heard he died several years back. He never did a blessed thing with his wonderful talent, Perry Julian, which is a shame, a damned shame, for of all the boys in the Young Men's Lyceum he had the greatest chance to make a name in the world."

BECAUSE Lesser had failed to reach him, it didn't mean at all that his father had died. Perhaps, like explorers who had sought the fountain of youth and found only embowered and sulphurous but otherwise undistinguished springs, the surgeons, expecting in effect the dismal swamp, had discovered once again the broad and unexceptionally silty loops or meanders of age; or the operator had rung the wrong room; or the cable had been garbled; or it was intended for someone else. He would call again, but it was too early, and, besides, it would be his turn now to be the object of his father's hopeful and extravagant praise. "You know, Howard," he was bound to say, "Mother and I are both very proud of you and all that you've done. You are a credit to us." Lesser longed not to hear those sentences from the lips of this virtuous and coherent man. —GILBERT ROGIN

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LOOKING UP

Shall we now talk of the stars?
They are plentiful, God knows,
As if sprayed from a fire hose
Upward—the aperture
Widening till the shine
Of stars takes up the sky
From horizon to horizon.

There is tonight immense
Working upon the sky,
And who knows from what lens
God looks out with his eye
Cocked to a needlepoint,
Or maybe a thousand eyes,
Each a vibrating squint?

One fades out, one comes on,
A flashlight failing. One
Is falling suddenly down
Unbelievably from the sky
So fast the eye cannot follow. . . .
Too late, you have missed it now.
When the dark is this intense,

We see stars all at once,
That is, the ones we see;
But daylight soon will douse
Those comfortless, cold fires
That never can make us warm.
Come in, come in to the house,
To the fires that are not stars.

—HOWARD MOSS

IN THE SUN

"OH, heavens!" said Deirdre Wallace, stepping out of the car with some of her Moroccan trophies—a water carrier's hat from Marrakech hanging on a string from her wrist, a native basket, and an ugly stamped-leather bag.

Her husband, Bunny, snatched at a crumpled chiffon scarf as it loosened from her shoulders in the wind from the sea. He was a soldierly-looking little man with receding hair; had gone bald very early; now was in his fifties. "So *English*," the other visitors at the hotel would be bound to say—not only because of his clothes, but on account of every stalwart movement he made.

Deirdre, before stepping into the coolness of the hotel, looked about her in dismay. She preferred something more Arab—an old sultan's palace, for instance; or some ancient house inside a medina, with broken mosaics, and wrought-iron lanterns casting fancy patterns on the walls. So far, she had had an instinct for finding such places. This hotel looked as if it might be their first mistake.

Beyond a bougainvillaea hedge, people were actually playing tennis in this broiling sun. Scarlet Thames Valley geraniums bordered the drive—though more brilliant than any in England and exuberantly climbing the trunks of trees.

Driving through the town, Deirdre had remarked how very much it was in the style of the departed French, with its boulevards, *ronds-points*, shuttered villas named "Les Mimosas," "Les Rosiers," "La Terrasse." There were more bicycles than in Oxford (where the Wallaces lived). Arab women in djellabahs and yashmaks looked absurd riding them, Deirdre thought.

Despite the *palmeraie* near which it was built, the new white hotel looked very European. "It might be anywhere in the world," Deirdre complained, "from Nice to the Bahamas—or Torquay."

Beside a peacock-blue swimming pool, sunbathers were spread out like starfishes, on brightly cushioned furniture. Limbs stirred occasionally, but hardly a word was spoken. One lone swimmer stood as if bemused on the diving board; then suddenly flung himself with a deep, crashing sound into the water. The shock of this interruption subsided into peaceful blowing noises, gentle splashes, as the swimmer surfaced, shook the bright water from his face, and then, as if once more bemused, began to swim slowly, aimlessly about the pool. No one opened an eye to look at him.

A porter, wearing a somewhat fancy-dress version of Moorish costume, took the Wallaces' suitcases to the lift. A man and woman, in beach clothes, carrying sunbathing paraphernalia, stepped out of it. "English," Deirdre murmured to Bunny, as they stood side by side in the lift, ascending.

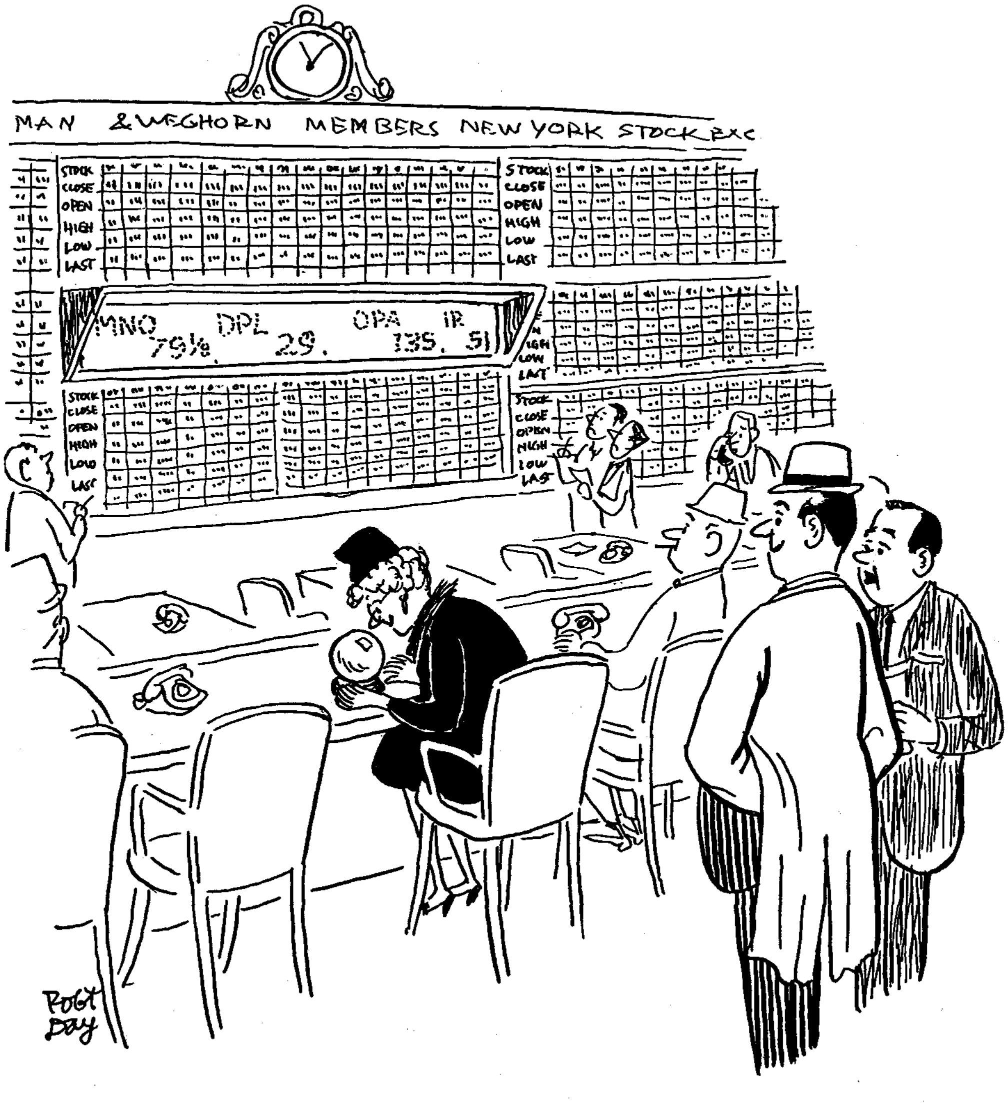
Bunny was secretly, guiltily, a little glad to see someone from his own country. His French was not as good as Deirdre's, and he spoke it and listened to it under a sense of strain. It would be a relief to chat in his own language—in the bar before dinner, perhaps.

"Very *luxe*," Deirdre said, but not in a tone of satisfaction, as she glanced about the large, cool bedroom. Bunny wound up the shutters and stepped onto the balcony. The pool, with its colored umbrellas, was below him. No one was around it now, but wet footprints at the edges were drying quickly. They vanished one after the other on the hot concrete.

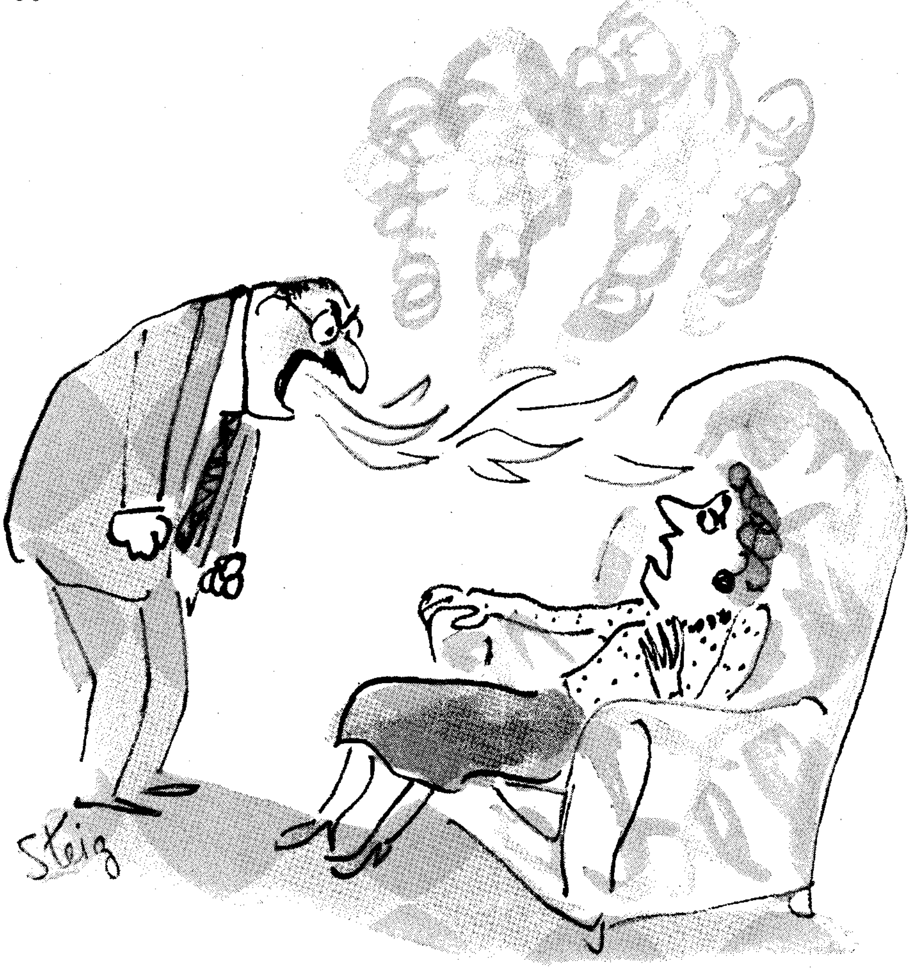
The English couple were arranging themselves, ready for their afternoon's sunbathing. They removed their wraps and lay back in their deck chairs—a stout pair, already well on with their tanning. The sun beat down. Arabs, at this time of the day, were squatting in the shade, or safely indoors.

While she was waiting for Bunny to change into his swimming trunks, Deirdre wandered out into the stone-paved corridor, moving slowly along from window to window, looking at the distant hills, the pink-and-paprika landscape. The heat seemed to move, to rise and fall, making the dusty air whirl giddily.

A commotion beneath one of the windows made her lean out. A smell of rotting fruit rose from below. This was the back of the hotel, and a rough road ran close to it, leading to the cemetery. As she leaned out of the window, Deirdre could see beneath her a swarm of children picking over a cart of refuse, disturbing the flies. The sight of this



"Don't laugh. Did you buy Control Data at eight?"



"You're getting me pretty damn angry!"

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quite sickened her. "Oh, it is quite *upsetting*," she told herself. Especially was she moved by one little girl standing apart from the others, tearing pieces off a crust of bread. She was barefooted, as they all were, but wore a crumpled party dress of violet-colored velvet. This, too, had probably come off a rubbish cart, Deirdre thought. It was threadbare, like some old banner hanging in a chapel.

"It was so upsetting," she told Bunny, describing the refuse cart as they went down in the lift. "The back of the hotel might be in a different sphere from the front."

THE company about the swimming pool was still somnolent. The large couple the Wallaces had seen in the lift had been joined now by two other people—a man and a woman—and a lazy conversation had begun.

Deirdre took Bunny's wrap and went to sit in the shade, under a blue umbrella. Very smartly, Bunny stepped onto the diving board, sprang outward, and did a belly flop into the still water. The French visitors cried out with good-natured shouts of anguish. Most of the English pretended that nothing had happened. Bunny came up through the water with a crimson chest. Deirdre blushed.

THE Troughtons and the Crouches had struck up a desultory holiday friendship. They chatted when they met in the hotel, and joined one another for drinks before dinner, but did not yet go on expeditions together. The Troughtons, for that matter, very rarely went on expeditions. They had come here to get a tan, and seriously developed it from breakfast until the moment when the sun suddenly dropped out of the sky at six o'clock.

"Yes, they were getting into the lift as we got out," Mrs. Troughton told Mrs. Crouch, who had turned her attention to the newcomers on the other side of the pool. "So English," she murmured. "Simply couldn't be anything else."

Bunny flailed about in the water—a splashy, disorganized crawl—and Deirdre sat under the umbrella in her white blouse, her flowered dirndl skirt, a book in her hands, which she read with so little attention that she had not turned a page. Her fond, dreamy gaze was more often upon Bunny. Admiringly, she watched him—now quietly floating on his back, the little hairy patch on his chest exposed to the sun, his eyes closed.

When at last he came out of the water, Deirdre handed him his robe. Something about her devoted attitude irritated Mrs. Crouch. She doubted if they were married to one another, she said; but Mrs. Troughton could not think why else they would be on holiday together.

Other people greatly engaged Mrs. Crouch, and her husband shared her interest—a rather unmanly trait, Mrs. Troughton thought. Her own husband was not, on holiday, interested in anything. Separated from the stock market, his mind became a vacuum. A paperback thriller was part of his sunbathing equipment, but he had not so far opened it. His hands were always covered with Ambre Solaire, and for much of the time he dozed.

"Doesn't she remind you of Miss Simpson, Daddy?" Mrs. Crouch suggested to her husband, gazing across the pool at Deirdre Wallace.

"*He* reminds me of someone," Mrs. Troughton said, thinking what awful company one sometimes fell in with on holiday—and often, through proximity and one's tolerant holiday spirit, became quite absorbed in their lives. "Someone I've seen somewhere or seen a photograph of," she added.

"Miss Simpson was Janice's music mistress," Mrs. Crouch explained. No need to explain who Janice was. The Troughtons knew all about Janice, who was training to be a nurse. They knew about the hospital, too—the matron, sisters, patients. Mrs. Troughton thought she could find her way blindfolded about it. (Poor staff nurse found crying in the sluice; old Mr. Norwich's registrar kicking up a rumpus in Casualty.) She would also be quite at home in the other Crouch girl, Carol's, office, and in that house (or "home," as Mrs. Crouch always referred to it) in Guildford, with its frilled nylon curtains (at seven-and-elevenpence a yard), its sun lounge and bar (quilted plastic décor done by Mr. Crouch, Leslie, Daddy, himself).

Well, they were a nice home-loving pair, Mrs. Troughton thought, though this "Daddy" business grated rather. The world would be better with more such peaceable, easily pleased creatures in it.

"Don't you think so, Daddy? The image of Miss Simpson."

He looked at Deirdre over the top of his spectacles and agreed. Part of Brenda Crouch's unflagging interest in other people lay in constantly finding likenesses between them. She had at the very beginning—last Saturday—decided that Ralph Troughton was a younger, shorter General de Gaulle, and that his Peggy might have been an identical twin to their doctor's wife back home in Guildford.

That was how Mrs. Crouch had introduced herself to them, sitting at the bar before dinner. "Oh, you must think me terribly rude," she said to Mrs. Troughton. "I just found myself staring at you. It quite took my breath away when you walked in. You're so like our doctor's wife back home—we live in Guildford—I thought for a moment . . ."

Mrs. Troughton was easy, benign, friendly. She smiled. Here we go, she thought. It will be like those Tillotsons in Majorca and the funny couple in Corfu. She was quite prepared to be genial for a fortnight. Her placid disposition was never disturbed by other people. At home, in London, she protected Ralph from such intrusions; on holiday it was unnecessary, since he was not really there.

Mr. Troughton now stirred himself, slapped a fly away from his ankle, got stiffly up and stretched. "Time for a drink," he said. "Last dip," he added. He had few words to spare.

He dived in expertly from the side of the pool, swam powerfully across it, and hauled himself out. The others, feeling rather dazed and enervated from the sun, began to collect their belongings.

AFTER dinner, the Wallaces drank coffee in the hotel courtyard. Light fell from Moorish lanterns and printed scrolled shadows on the white walls around them, together with the shadows of giant leaves. A fountain dribbled water back into a pool. An orange dropped from a tree.

Next to them at dinner had sat a young American and his Moroccan wife—perhaps on their honeymoon, it was thought. Deirdre had been amused by his inadequacy and dependence. His wife dealt deftly with every situation, speaking in Arabic, French, or Spanish. She was as curt with waiters as she had earlier been with the rug-sellers and beggars who hung about the entrance to the hotel. Her shift was of a pale lime-green silk and clung to her, showing her beautiful, wide-apart breasts.

Now she and her husband were sitting across the courtyard, under a climbing rose tree. She was feeding a thin gray cat with popcorn. Deirdre, who loved cats, had tried to make this one come to her, but it had edged away at her touch. The popcorn made it thirsty, and it kept pattering off to the fountain pool in the middle of the courtyard to have a drink. A boy had hosed the paving stones. Although they had dried at once, there was still the delicious smell of wet stone.

Deirdre refilled Bunny's coffee cup and then sat back. He was glancing too often at the young Moroccan woman, almost staring at her at the moment, and to underline his inattention to her Deirdre twisted her fingers in her lap and looked fixedly down at them. The message was received. With a little start of confusion, Bunny said, "I was just remembering when you had a dress that color."

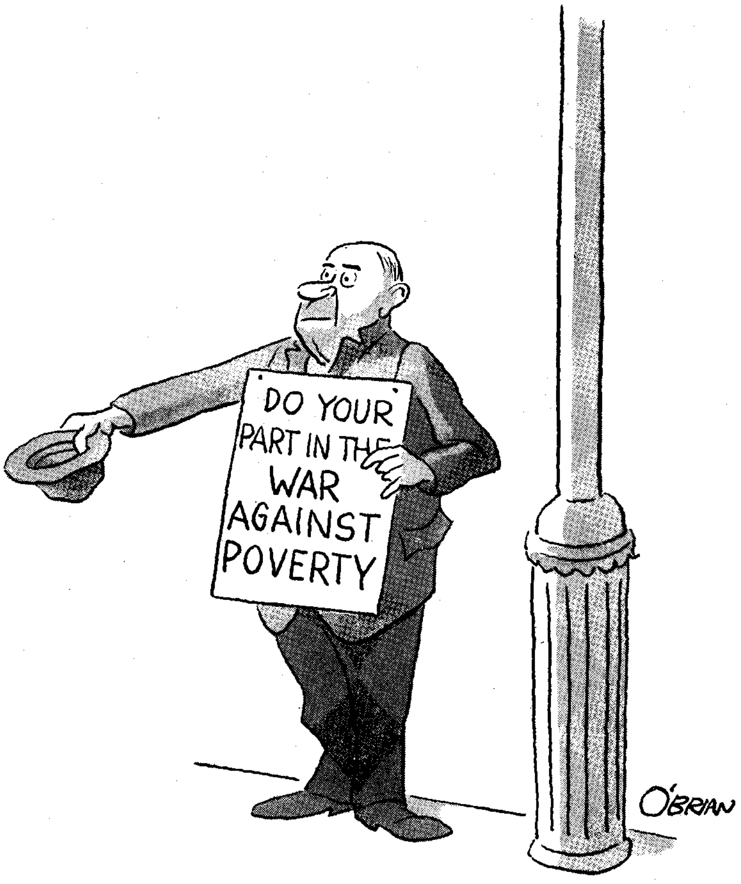
"What color?" asked Deirdre, glancing round the courtyard.

"That yellowish green."

"When?"

"Oh, I can't remember. Probably years ago."

"Not *that* color, I'm quite sure. It wouldn't suit me in the least."


DO YOUR PART IN THE WAR AGAINST POVERTY
O'BRIAN

"Oh, well . . ." he said vaguely, taking up his coffee cup, his eyes anywhere but on that lime-green dress under the roses.

"But," she persisted, "what on earth was it *like*?"

He regretted mentioning it. He had made a mistake, and she was beginning to think it was some other woman's dress he had remembered. It had been a difficult evening. In the bar before dinner, she had looked huffily at the other visitors, as if cross with them for being English, then had turned away to chat in French with the Arab barman.

"Until we reached here," she told him, "we hadn't seen a single English person since we left Ouezzane."

When they reached home after their holidays, she liked to tell people that hardly a word of English had offended their ears from start to finish. Now she would not be able to—for she would not exaggerate, or tell a lie.

Bunny had smiled and said good evening when Ralph Troughton came into the bar, and Ralph nodded back quite genially, sitting down on a high stool and helping himself to olives. It was soon plain, however, that Deirdre was annoying him, monopolizing the attention of the barman as she was, asking him what was the Arabic for "peanuts," for "cherries," for everything she could see around her.

"Large Scotch," said Ralph, when he could get a word in.

Deirdre turned her eyes to him, and then away.

It was always the same, Bunny thought wistfully, and without bitterness. She drove people from him, shooed them off, as if he were private ground. Sometimes he longed to have a conversation with someone else, another man—this one drinking whiskey, for instance.

At dinner, they had found themselves sitting next to the Crouches. The Troughtons, an hour or two earlier established in the hotel, had a table by the veranda, overlooking the swimming pool and, beyond that, the dark seashore.

Deirdre recognized Mrs. Crouch as the one who had stared so much at them that afternoon, had been talking about them, had murmured to her companions—Deirdre thought—when poor Bunny did his belly flop. To punish her, when she was overheard remarking to her husband how strange it seemed that the scarecrows in the fields should be dressed as Arabs, Deirdre put her tongue in her cheek and smiled, giving a glance under her lids at Bunny.

The food was extremely boring, but Mrs. Crouch was either hungry or easily pleased. That her chop should be tender was enough for her, and several times she told her husband how tender it was.

"Do you remember the *tajine de poulet aux amandes* in Fès?" Deirdre asked Bunny, leaving most of her own chop, putting her knife and fork together. He could see that she had taken a great dislike to Mrs. Crouch.

Now, sitting in the courtyard, listening to nightingales, carefully not looking at the Moroccan girl but through leaves at the stars, they both felt tired, tired by one another. Deirdre was exhausted by trying to interest him and keep him happy, striving, in fact, to make up for all the rest of the world, to be a world in herself.

"Shall we hire a *calèche* and drive round for a bit?" Bunny suggested. The Crouches and the Troughtons had come out into the courtyard, and were settling down at a nearby table. He had written them off. They were not for him.

"Oh, I should *love* to," said Deirdre. She seemed in ecstasies at the idea and hurried upstairs to select one of her many stoles.

The air was beautifully soft and smelled of orange blossom, as they drove in the *calèche* down the boulevard, across the *rond-point*, and into the old part of the town. Under the walls by one of the gates into the medina, a circle of men were sitting on the ground, wrapped round in their djellabahs, listening to an old man who was reading to them from a large book. Light from a paraffin flare waved over the pages, over their intent faces. They were absorbed, like children, and did not lift their eyes to Deirdre and Bunny jolting by in their *calèche*.

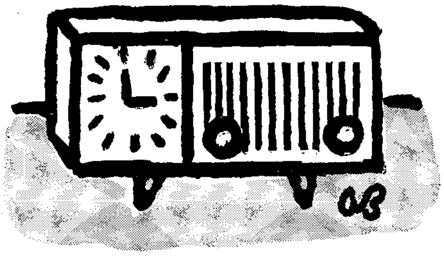
"It is so beautiful," whispered Deirdre, taking Bunny's hand.

They drove round the walls, and when they came back past the gateway the circle of Arabs had broken up; the men were dispersing in silence, going their own ways, thoughtfully, through the quiet streets, still under the spell of what they had heard.

"It is what we came to see," Deirdre said, with a sweep of her hand at the white walls, the tower, beyond them, of a mosque topped with a stork's nest. "Not that boring new hotel, not all those tiresome English people. We can have plenty of them at home."

Yet don't, thought Bunny sadly.

It was becoming colder and the fronds of the trees in the *palmeraie* clashed softly together. The moonlight was bright enough to read by. It blanched Deirdre's face as she lifted it to look at the stars; it glinted on some metal threads woven into her stole.



The streets were quiet. The only sound was of the horse's hoofs on the road, the creaking of the *calèche*, and then, as they drew near, dance music coming from the hotel.

The Troughtons and the Crouches were just setting out for a stroll before bed. They felt drowsy from the day's sun and non-exertion. As they went down the steps of the hotel, they saw Bunny helping Deirdre from the *calèche*, her radiant smile as she took his hand.

"Of *course* they aren't married," Mrs. Crouch murmured as she and

AN EXPEDIENT—LEONARDO DA VINCI'S (AND A QUERY)

(WITH THANKS TO SIR KENNETH CLARK, DR. HENRY W. NOSS, EDWARD MACCURDY, AND IRMA A. RICHTER)

It was patience
protecting the soul as clothing the body
from cold, so that "great wrongs
were powerless to vex,"
and problems that seemed to perplex
him bore fruit, memory
making past present,
"like the grasp of the gourd,
sure and firm."

"None too dull to
be able to do one thing well. Unworthy
of praise, an orator
who knows only one word,
lacking variety." Height deterred
from his verdure any
polecat or snake that
might have burdened his vine;
it kept them away.

With a passion,
he drew flowers, acorns, rocks—intensively,
like Giotto, made Nature
the test. Imitation—
Rome's taint—did not taint what he'd done.
He saw as treachery
the all-in-one-mold.
Peerless, venerated
by all, he succumbed

to dejection. Could not
the Leda with face matchless minutely—
that leaves one resistless—
have lightened the blow?
"Sad . . ." Could not Leonardo
have said, "I agree; proof refutes me.
If all is mobility,
mathematics won't do,"
instead of, "Tell me if anything
at all has been done?"

—MARIANNE MOORE

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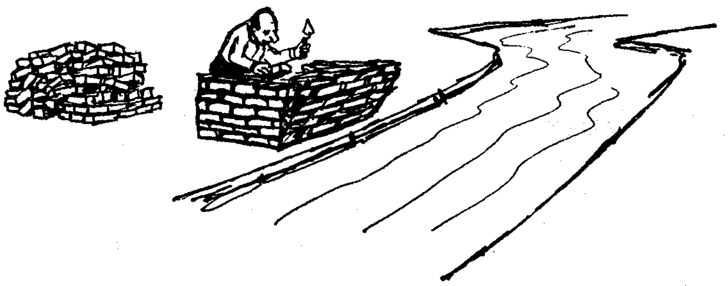
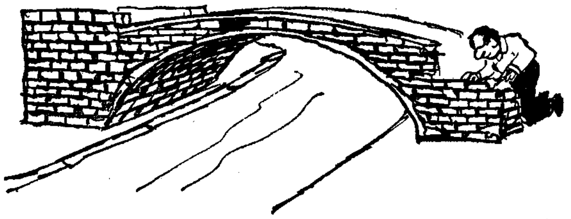




Mrs. Troughton fell into step together.

"*I'd* like to go in one of those, Ralph," Mrs. Troughton said, over her shoulder. But she didn't suppose they'd ever bother.

Peggy Troughton sat up in bed and drank her coffee, *croissant* crumbs scattered on her sunburned chest.

"And his name is Bunny. Isn't that wonderful?" she asked her husband, who was pottering about, getting into his swimming trunks and sandals, ready for the day's lying out in the sun. He was rather irritable in the mornings when he was on holiday, having slept most of the day and so not slept at night.

"What do you think he does?" Peggy Troughton went on.

"Does? What do you mean 'does'?"

"I think he travels in lingerie. Or he might own a launderette. It's obvious that *she* had the money, don't you think?"

"What money?"

"Well, for this sort of holiday, for instance, and all those moonstones and seed pearls and garnets she wears in the evening."

"Poor sod, whatever he does," Ralph said. He found Deirdre's airs and graces intolerable. Her pale-blue eyes, baby hair, and crushed scarves irritated him. Not that she ever talked to him, but she talked *at* him.

"Very henpecked," Peggy agreed. "His accent isn't *quite* right. A bit too much of a good thing."

"He might be something to do with the Boy Scouts."

She put her breakfast tray aside and got heavily out of bed. When she had pulled off her nightgown she stood in front of the long mirror; turned round slowly, trying to look over her fat shoulders at her sunburned back. Between the top of her thighs and the lower part of her breasts her flesh was as white as lard.

"Ralph, I'm not peeling, am I? Don't tell me I'm peeling. I am itching all down my spine."

He came across the room and peered at her, as if he were making up his mind about a joint of meat, not looking at a woman, his wife. The red skin across her shoulders was puckered and creased from the crushed-up nightgown.

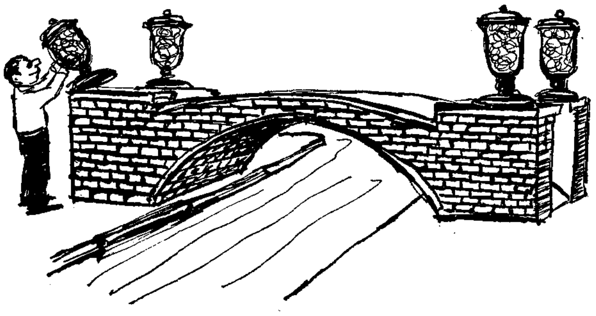
"Looks a bit angry," he said. "I should give your back a rest today."

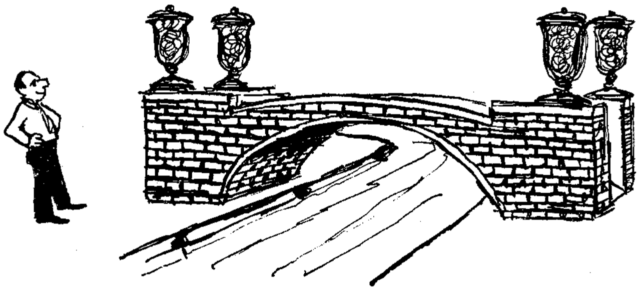
But she could not bear to waste a whole day; and what else was there to do?

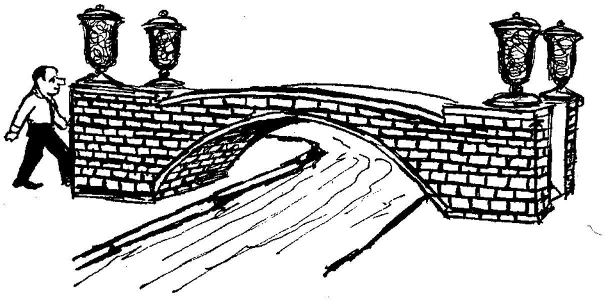
Going into the bathroom, she said, "And the way she drags him off to those mosques. And all that shopping, and going into those smelly sooks."

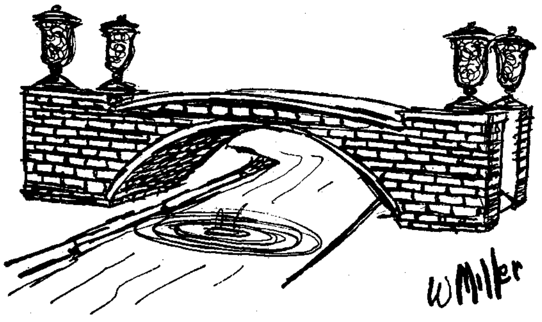
It was another world that these Europeans briefly made—nothing to do with the country they were in, and little to do with the one from which they had come. Everything was centered on the sun cult and its rituals—the oiling, the turning, the rules for exposure and non-exposure, the setbacks (particularly blisters), the whole absorbing process.

They were mostly middle-aged married people who lolled about the swimming pool all day. The young French girls—the bikini brigade, as Leslie Crouch called them—went to the shore and lay about on the sands, where a group of straw umbrellas was planted above tide level.









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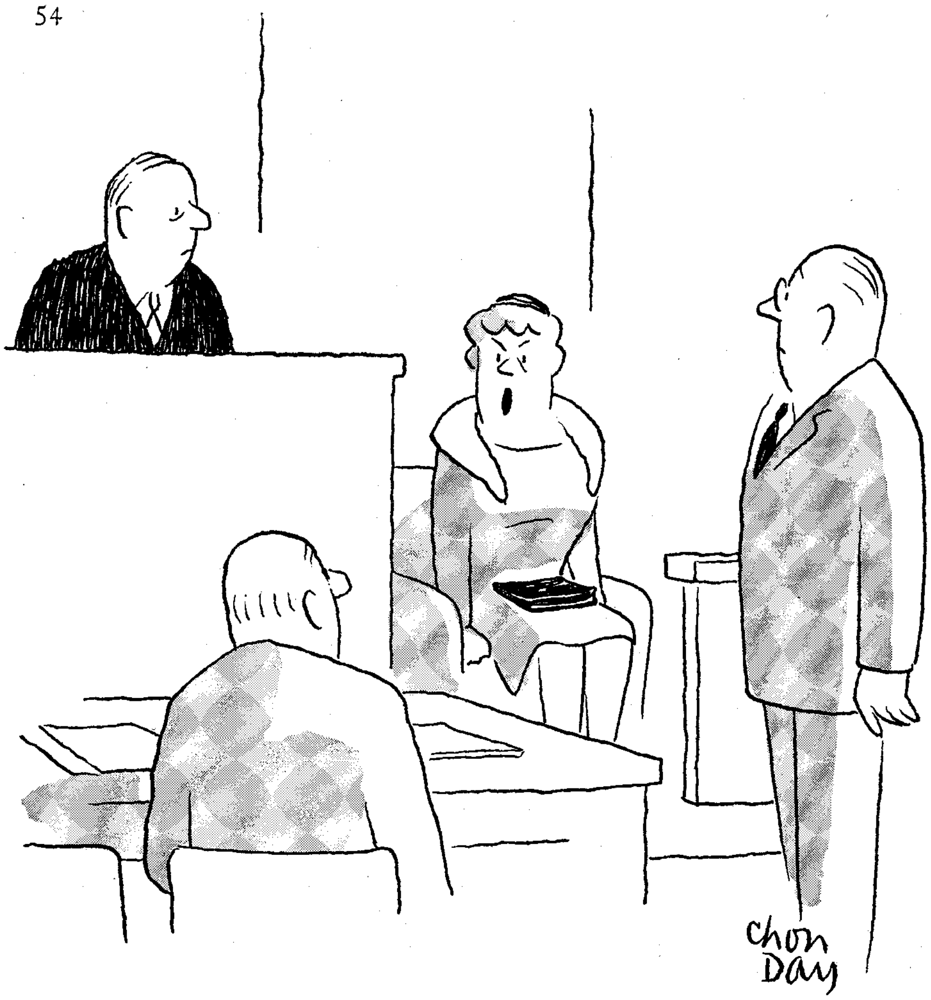
Deirdre was rather relieved when Bunny decided to swim in the sea for a change. There he would have to wade out and she would be spared the anxiety of the dive in.

She went with him, taking her book. She would not bathe herself. The last time she had put on a swimming suit, she had felt absurd, too thin—not the kind of thinness of the young bikini girls but a wide flatness, which looked ridiculous or pathetic; and her skin, which never tanned, looked almost mauve. She suffered, deprived of her floating stoles, her floppy hats.

On their way, they passed Mr. and Mrs. Troughton. She was oiling his



"What do you mean, no questions?"

• •

back, finishing with an affectionate little pat. Then, sternly turbaned and wearing her sunglasses, she opened a book and began to read to him. She had pulled down the straps of her sunsuit, and all that showed of her large bosom was reddish brown. The morning air smelled heavily of Ambre Solaire.

"A very large lobster," Deirdre whispered to Bunny when they had passed by. "She only needs a dollop of mayonnaise."

They made their way through some dusty oleanders, across the shore road and onto the beach. When they had taken off their sandals, their feet sank deeply into the sharp, hot sand. They plodded slowly through it, down toward the water's edge.

Bunny's forehead was peeling, so he wore a white jockey's cap with a long peak. As he strutted, very upright, arms swinging, on the hard-ribbed sand they had come to, he resembled some kind of bird. Deirdre had thought Mrs. Troughton looked amused as they passed by, but it was difficult to be sure. Sunglasses take so much expression from the face.

"People come out here," said Deirdre, glaring at the bodies about her, "and bake themselves all day, only glad if they can go back home the color that they punish other people for being."

"So true," said Bunny.

Without discussing where they should sit, they moved apart from the others and spread towels out on the sand. Bunny removed his hat and shirt, and went trotting down to the sea, his crooked arms jerking back and forth like a long-distance runner's.

Languid, shallow waves came in, gathering little crests of foam, spilling over and fanning out on the sands. After quite a long time, Deirdre could still see Bunny wading out, not even knee-deep in the water.

Quite close to where Deirdre sat guarding his towel and shirt, two young girls came and flopped down on the sand. They were smoothly brown, slim-waisted. One had a pale appendectomy scar showing above the little triangle of bikini. She rolled her almost bare, oiled body over to switch on her transistor set and a French song blared out.

Not entirely because of this, Deirdre gathered up her things and moved away, into the shade beneath an umbrella. She sat there primly, reading, and sometimes glancing at the sea, her shiny, white legs tucked under her flowered skirt. When she saw Bunny coming out of the water, she stood up and waved to him. He altered his course and came toward the umbrella.

"Some shade," she explained, handing him his towel. "And that awful transistor set. They oughtn't to be allowed."

He patted his wet, sunburned face with the towel and glanced toward the two girls and then quickly back at Deirdre.

"You look very pretty sitting under this umbrella," he said. "I wish I had brought the camera."

On Friday, it was their last evening. The Crouches and the Troughtons were leaving, too, and seemed to be in an especially festive mood. Trying to make less of their jollity, Deirdre worked hard at her own. She was animated, smiling at Bunny and raising her wineglass to her lips, as if at some deep and secret understanding between them. She gave her dazzled attention to every word he said—as if his fascination for her was endless.

"What *can* she see in him?" Mrs. Crouch asked her husband, exasperated by curiosity.

"Or *he* in *her?*"

"No, but I mean, to keep it up like this? She must be very new to the game. Don't tell me any woman can find her husband as enthralling as that all the time. Or any man his wife, for that matter. Well, the novelty *has* to wear off."

"I can't see why she has to try so hard. Don't look now. She just tapped him on the hand as if he'd said something risqué. Naughty, naughty."

"Perhaps she has to try so hard because they're not married. She may be in a very insecure position. He may have a real wife somewhere."

"We shall never know."

"Well, they've kept themselves to themselves so much," Mrs. Crouch complained.

"*She's* kept *him* to *herself*."

When they had had coffee in the courtyard, Deirdre went upstairs to tidy her hair. The hotel lounge was being arranged for dancing, the chairs pushed back and the rugs rolled up.

She did her hair, put on an extra necklace, then went out onto the balcony, feeling suddenly limp, headachy. The dance band had begun to play. From below, she could hear the rhythmic beat that depressed her so much and made her feel nervy. She wished that the evening were over, or that they might go away from the hotel, on another drive in a *calèche*—just quiet, and she and Bunny on their own; but she had not liked to suggest it.

At last, she went downstairs, and rather self-consciously made her way to the lounge. Bunny was dancing with the American's Moroccan bride, who was again wearing the lime-green shift. He looked miserable and embarrassed when he saw Deirdre hesitating by the door, and seemed to be trying to send a message to her, as if to say, with his anxious expression, "Wait, I shall come to you as soon as ever I can."

But she did not wait. She turned and went out into the deserted courtyard and sat down, shivering, beside the fountain. Bunny found her there, nursing the little gray cat, for warmth and consolation.

"DID you *see* her face?" Mrs. Crouch asked her husband, as they reversed nattily out of the way of the large, bulldozing Troughtons. "He's obviously not allowed to dance with other women."

"Certainly not with the second most beautiful woman in the room," said Mr. Crouch, gazing down at Brenda's faded hair.

"I COULDN'T avoid it," said Bunny.

"Avoid what?" asked Deirdre faintly.

"He came up to me at the bar and insisted on buying me a drink. She was with him. We stood chatting. They are on their honeymoon. Then the band struck up. He said he didn't dance."

The fountain dribbled. A nightingale was singing. She lifted the cat and kissed its fur.

"I'd like a cat of my own," she said.

"It was the least I could do," he went on. He could not say how grateful he had been that someone had spoken to him at last.

"Will you come and dance with me?" he asked.

"I'd rather not."

"To *please* me," he implored.

Carefully she put the cat down, brushed her lap, and went before him to the lounge.

Bunny was quite deft at all the old-fashioned dances. Deirdre was taken into his arms as if into a stranger's embrace. She had no sense of rhythm. Stiffly she shuffled, stumbled, blushed. He smiled gallantly and held her tighter, guiding her as adroitly as he could.

To make up for everything, she smiled. She smiled until her cheeks ached. Then she whispered, "After this, can we go for a walk?"

ON the next day, on Saturday, the new, pale intake from the north began to arrive. The porter kept bringing down luggage for departing guests and piling it up in the hall—suitcases and loot, such as camel saddles, rolled-up rugs, and brass trays.

The Crouches and Troughtons came in from their last sunbath, and there were the Wallaces in the hall, ready to depart. At this moment, the American came leaping up the steps with an armful of lilies, and just as Deirdre was going through the hall door, he put them into her arms and said, with the most beautiful smile, "In homage!"

Mrs. Troughton took off her sunglasses and stared at him. He had gone down the steps and opened the car door for Deirdre, and Bunny wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it through the window.

"In *homage!*" Mrs. Crouch repeated unbelievingly.

None of them had talked to the American before. His honeymoon state seemed to have insulated him; but when he came back into the hotel, Mrs. Crouch could not contain herself. "Everyone departing," she said dramatically, throwing wide her arms. "After lunch, we're off ourselves."

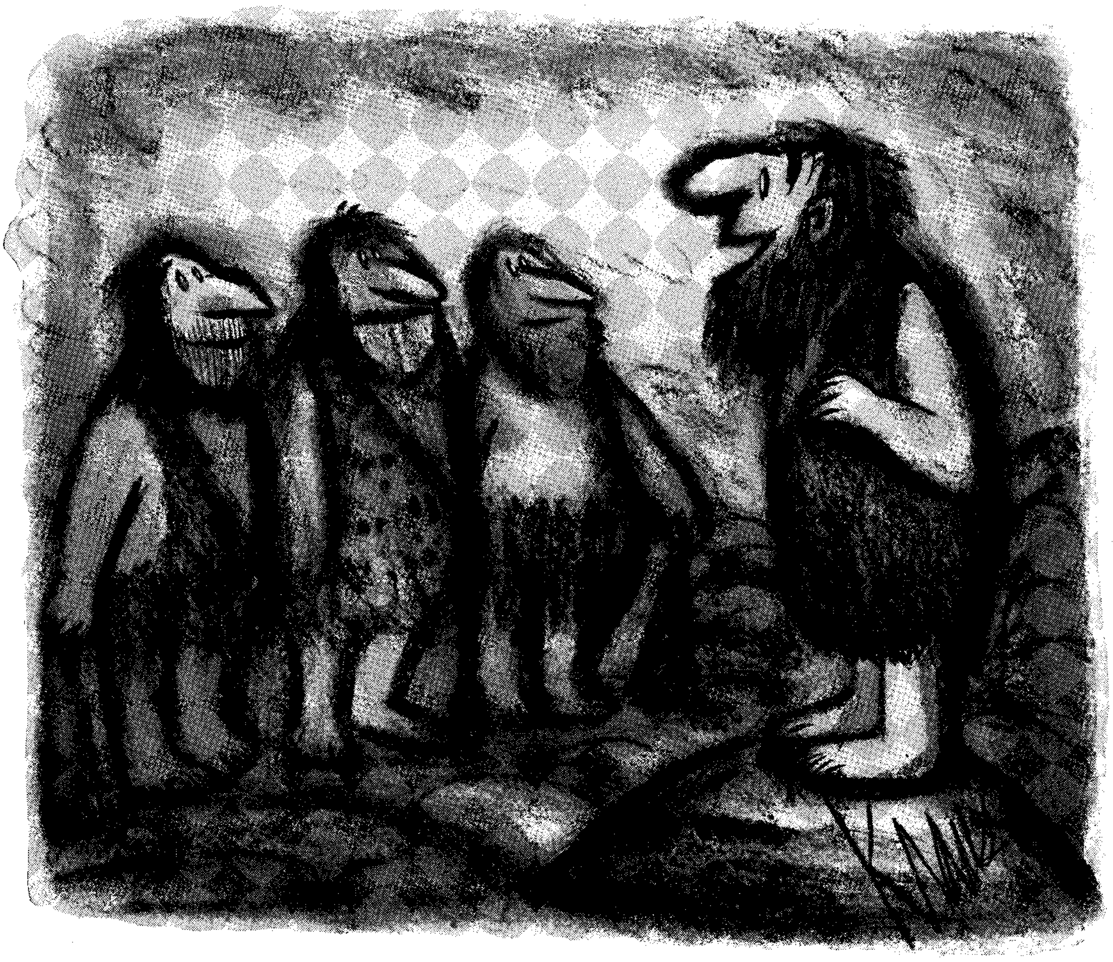
"I hope you have a good trip," he said politely. He was still holding the piece of paper in his hand. "Kind regards, George Wallace, Morocco '64," Mrs. Troughton, a little behind him, read.

"For my young brother," he said, waving the paper. "He'll sure be thrilled. I got up my nerve last night and introduced myself. Probably he's fed up with people doing that, but he was nice even so—very nice."

"George Wallace," Mrs. Crouch said faintly. "But how did you know?"

"Well, there's the face in the photographs, and the name."

"*George* Wallace!" Mrs. Trough-



"And I thoroughly understand the problems of the caveman, because I'm a caveman myself."

ton said, when the American had left them. “Well, really! That ‘Bunny’ business put us off the scent. To think that Ralph’s been reading his book all the holiday—carrying it around, anyway! Where is it, my love?” She took the paperback and looked at the photograph on the cover. “*That* must have been taken at least fifteen years ago. All that hair! Well, who would have thought it? How can that man have recognized him?”

“Well, he did,” said Mrs. Crouch rather snappily. This was the nearest she had ever been to a celebrity, and she had let him slip through her fingers.

At lunch (since it could not now create a precedent, the Crouches were invited to join the Troughtons at their window table) they could talk of nothing else.

“I wish *I’d* asked for his autograph,” said Mrs. Crouch, the most incredulous of them all. “Oh, the girls would have been *fascinated*, *intrigued*. Of course, Janice has got Sir Malcolm Sargent, you know. I could *kick* myself.”

“It’s awfully odd, really,” said Mrs. Troughton. “Such a mild, henpecked little man writing all those exotic stories.”

“How does he get off the chain to find out about the underworld—all that violence?” said Ralph Troughton.

“To think it’s the last meal,” said his wife, gazing out of the window at the familiar scene, so soon to be a thing of the past.

“All those *spies* and loose women, Buenos Aires and those sorts of places. Casablanca, Monte Carlo.”

“We didn’t get to Casablanca after all, Ralph,” said Mrs. Troughton.

“International harlots,” said Mrs. Crouch, flushing with excitement.

“The last dates,” said her husband, putting a few upon his plate.

“Well, we *have* tripped up,” his wife said, in a more resigned voice. Then, as if suddenly she couldn’t get home fast enough, she put down her napkin and asked, “Have we time for coffee?”

She was back in Guildford in her mind, all the tiresome travelling suddenly over, and she was saying to the girls, and her daily help, and her friends at the bridge club, “Now, you’ll never guess who we met on holiday. Staying in the hotel.” They would never guess, and when they were told, they would crowd in eagerly with questions that she would be able to answer.

“You’ve got our address,” she said to the Troughtons. “And we shall never forgive you if you don’t drop in any time you’re in Guildford.”

Mrs. Troughton let it go. Dreamily, she peeled an orange. She knew that she was unlikely to be in Guildford, whereas everybody was in London at some time or another—especially in the part in which she and Ralph had their flat.

The Crouches went upstairs to finish packing, and Mrs. Troughton smiled at her husband as if to say, “What odd people! But it’s over now.” They would certainly go out to see them off in the car, before they got ready to leave themselves—but really the Crouches had already changed into shades, like the Tillotsons in Majorca and those people, whose name they had forgotten, on Corfu.

GUILDFORD was gloomy, an anti-climax. The sun lounge was dark and the large windows streaming with rain. The girls were glad to see their parents, and they listened dutifully—even appreciatively—to the holiday stories. This was a most united family.

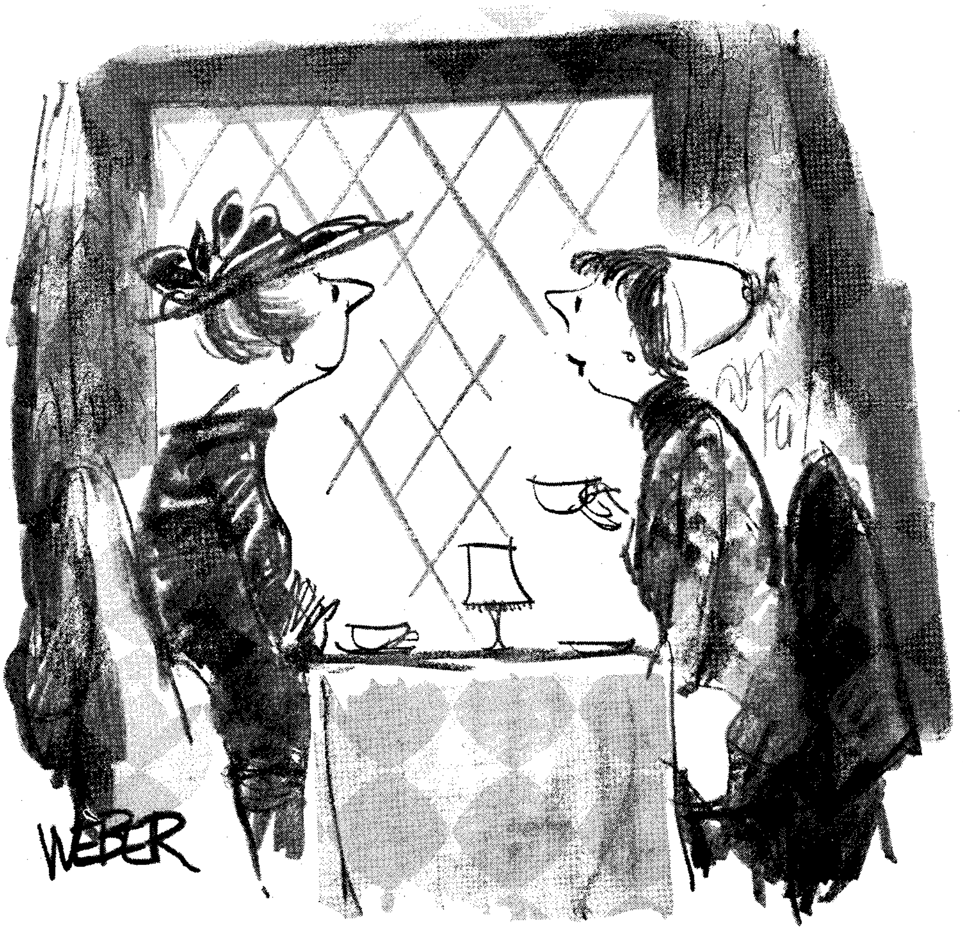
The very next morning after their homecoming, Mrs. Crouch went out to the public library to look up George Wallace in *Who’s Who*. “Wallace, George Ian. Author; b. 3 July 1912.” Looked older, thought Mrs. Crouch. What a long list of books. European War—dispatches three times. Who would have thought it? We were as wrong as could be, Mrs. Crouch decided, peering at the rather small print, her finger underlining it. So very wrong. It was twenty-seven years ago that he had married Deirdre Imogen Burnett—his one and only wife.

Mrs. Crouch left the library, put up her umbrella, and picked her way through the streets to the coffee shop.

Her friends, who were waiting for her among the horse brasses and the copper warming pans, said enviously, “Goodness, how brown you are! Did you have a marvellous time?”

She sat down and drew off her gloves, smiling as if to herself; then she raised her head and looked round the table at her friends’ pale faces and “Guess,” she began, “Guess who . . .”

—Elizabeth Taylor



“Herb reads ‘Fortune’ and ‘Sports Illustrated,’ and I read ‘Time’ and ‘Life.’ That way we get the over-all picture.”

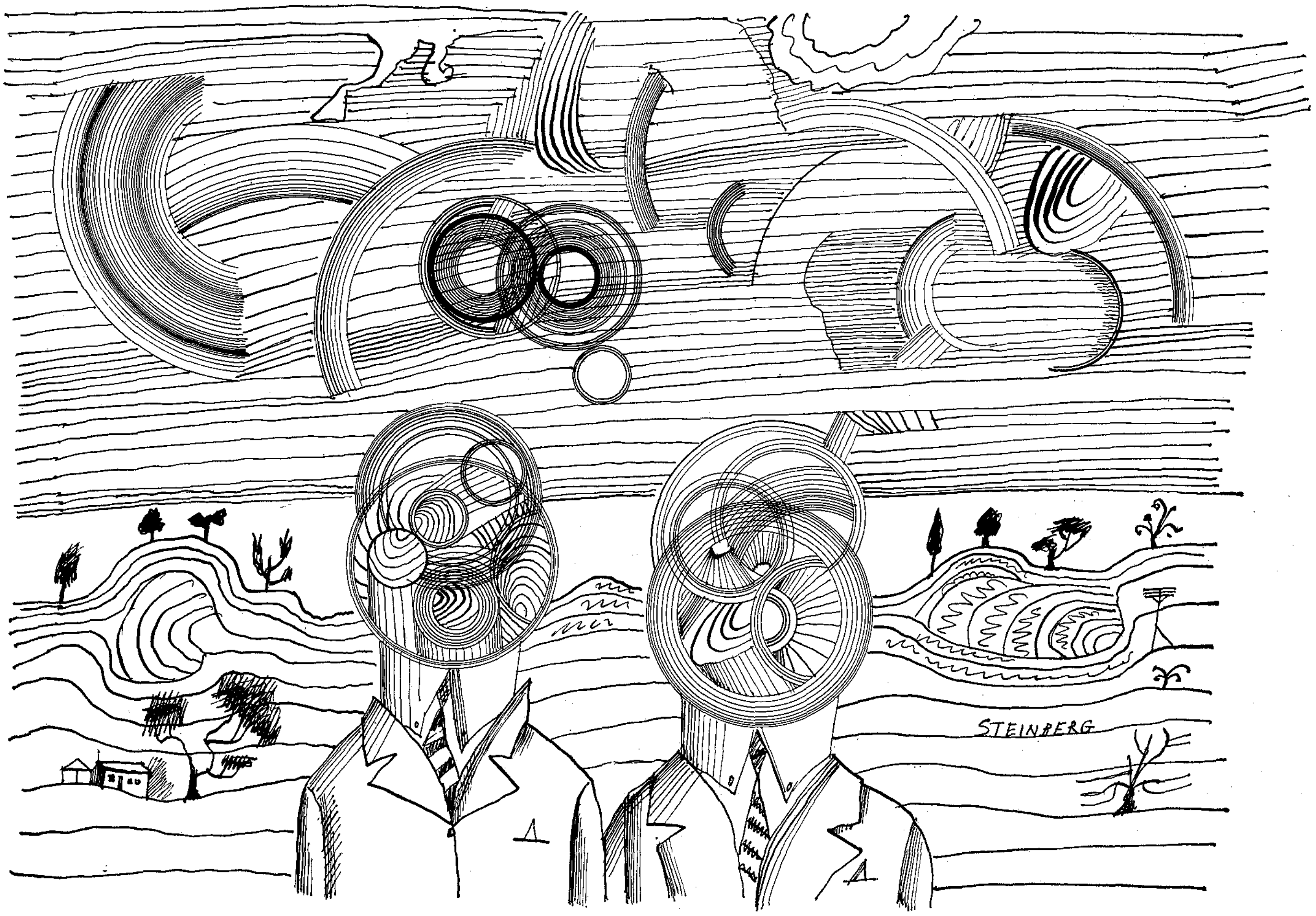
* * *

Flagrant infractions of discipline by students, particularly those involving drinking and relations between the sexes, usually demand presidential participation.—“*Governance of Colleges and Universities*,” *by John J. Corson.*

After all, a man mustn’t lose touch.

PROFILES

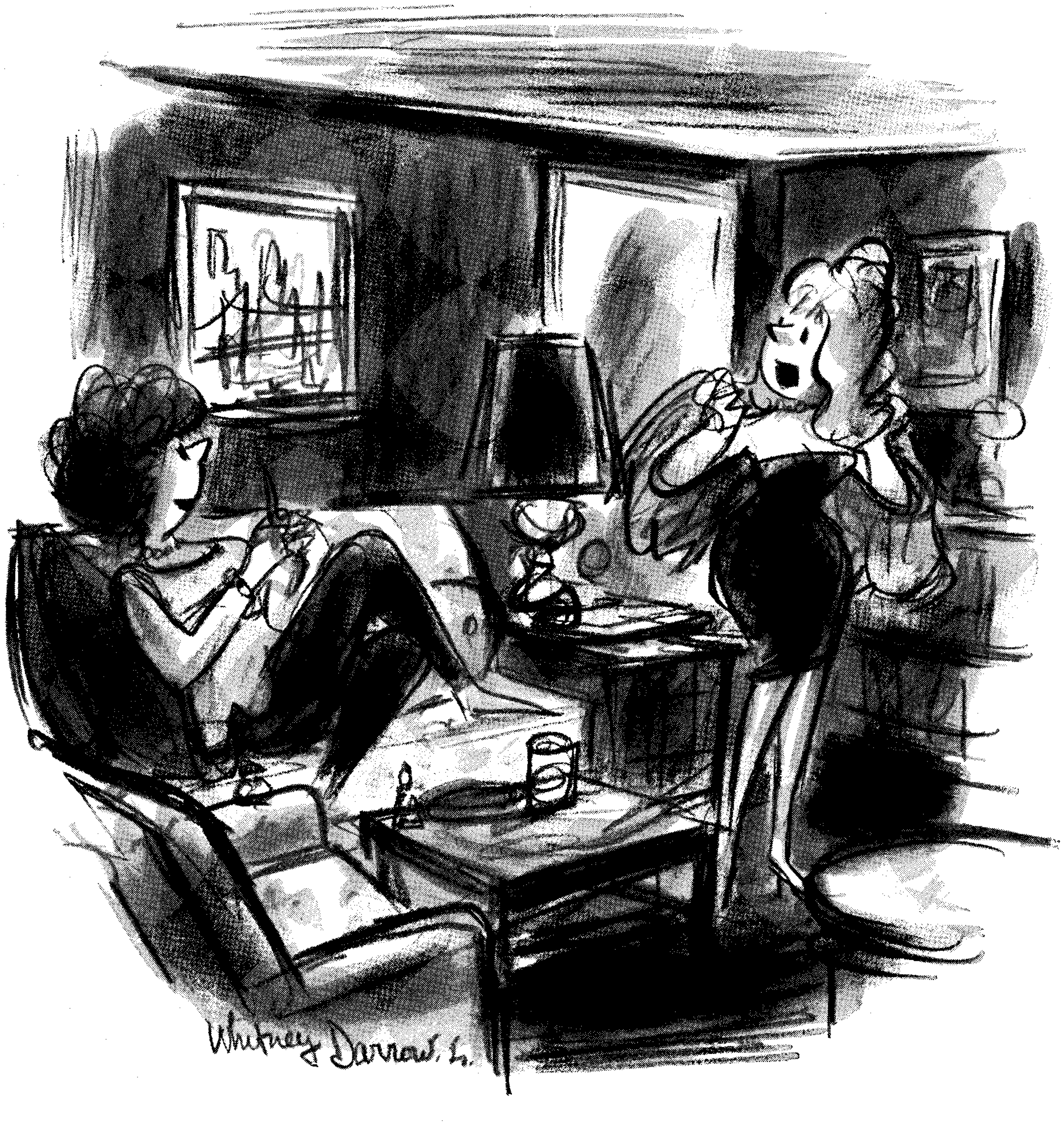
CENTER OF A NEW WORLD—II



CAMBRIDGE, Massachusetts, is in the midst of a renaissance that is based on its having become a focus of both global and technological interests. In discussing the cast of characters in this renaissance, one must not overlook computers, which have entrenched themselves in parts of the academic world and become indispensable there. When I lived in Cambridge fourteen years ago, near Harvard Square, I heard vaguely of a Professor Norbert Wiener, down at M.I.T., who was said to have a thinking machine engaged in something called "cybernetics;" otherwise, I was not aware of computers at all. Today it is different; Wiener died a few weeks ago, and the word "cybernetics" is fading from the jargon here, but computers as a race have arrived. Both Harvard and M.I.T. have big computer centers, into which scholars feed problem after problem, working out new marriages between machine calculation and American thought. The scholars are teamed up with the computers rather as Erasmus was teamed up with the printing press—the great innovation of *his* day—and are getting a comparable increase of power thereby. With computers' help, they are designing things and studying things on a scale not dreamed of in the past. One can almost see the computers—blessed as they are with detachment, veracity, and other scholarly virtues—as a subcaste of the academic community. There is much discussion in Cambridge about the machines, their natures, and their place in scholarly life. Dr. Nathan Pusey, Harvard's president, has stated cautiously that they help to conserve and advance knowledge, which he recognizes as a university function. Others say, more boldly, that they impose a useful discipline on academic thought by refusing to handle problems that are presented to them too loosely. It is no exaggeration to call computers junior partners in much of the work being done here. Professor Walter Rosenblith, of M.I.T., has said, "The combination of man plus computer bids fair to be the equivalent of a jump in the evolution of man's nervous system." Professor Rosenblith speaks with authority, for man's nervous system is the very thing he is using computers to explore.

Both Harvard and M.I.T. claim the credit for originating computers. History hasn't settled this question, but it is true, at least, that men from both institutions—like Professor Howard Aiken of Harvard, and Professors Wiener and Vannevar Bush of M.I.T.—contributed greatly to the effort, which has also benefited from the defense money spent in Cambridge, especially at M.I.T., during the Second World War and since. As a computer center, Cambridge is now rivalled by only a few places in the world (including northern and southern California, and perhaps Yorktown Heights, on the Hudson, where I.B.M. has its headquarters). M.I.T. and Harvard, the two great Cambridge seats of learning, have somewhat different approaches to computers, as to most things. Both places are doing work on machine translation, for instance, but while Harvard's courses in this field are listed in its catalogue under "Linguistics" and "Applied Mathematics," those of M.I.T. are listed under "Linguistics" and the more activist title of "Electrical Engineering." Harvard is relatively pure-science in its thinking about computers; M.I.T. is relatively mindful of their use in industry and defense. M.I.T. is also much more involved in the further development of computers themselves. In December of 1962, Harvard founded a new computer center, with considerable help from I.B.M., that serves all parts of the university and is sometimes compared to a library in its relationship to the whole. M.I.T. has long had such a center (also in collaboration with I.B.M.), but it is now moving into a new phase. Engineers are putting what are called "extension consoles" in various parts of the M.I.T. premises, and these will be wired into the computer center, so that people all through the Institute can use it without leaving their laboratories or offices. One hears this arrangement compared not so much to a library as to a public utility, such as a telephone system. The arrangement is also linked with dreams of the future; some people at M.I.T. believe that whole cities, if not whole nations, will eventually be wired up to central computers. Meanwhile, it is expected that many more of M.I.T.'s own faculty and students—inspired by the extension consoles—will learn to program and use the equipment; it is even predicted that every graduate leaving the Institute after 1964 will know how to program. It is also expected that the center will handle much more business in the future, because computers themselves can calculate so fast; it is the programming and console work, now about to be diffused, that make for bottlenecks. The whole development (which is being supervised by Robert Fano, an M.I.T. professor) is seen here as a step toward a more thoroughly computerized society.

MUCH of the computer work in Cambridge is done in engineering and in the "hard," or "quantifiable," sciences, like physics and mathematics—the machines calculate the orbits of satellites, say, and the stresses in new bridges. That is a fairly old story. What is newer is the use of computers on the more quantifiable aspects of the "soft," or social, sciences. I know one Harvard scholar, for instance, who has been writing a book on Populism and has used a computer to analyze a mass of census material and voting records accumulated in Minnesota in the late nineteenth century. Another scholar claims to have learned from a computer that the slave traffic, contrary to general belief, was a profitable business in the ante-bellum South; his procedure has been to comb through old Southern market records and other documents for hints about the traffic, and then to use these as computer fodder. A Cambridge couple—Professor Sheldon Glueck (of the Harvard Law School) and his wife, Eleanor—have begun studying crime and juvenile delinquency by computer analysis of figures they have been collecting since the nineteen-thirties. Someone else has calculated word frequencies in twelve of the Federalist Papers as a means of assigning their authorship to either Madison or Hamilton; Madison was declared the winner. And last winter a visiting psychologist did a computer study of a nine-session psychotherapy undertaken by a psychiatrist several years ago and recorded by him verbatim in book form. In this study, the text was fed into a machine programmed to count various word usages of the patient and the psychiatrist throughout the nine sessions—and also to calculate changes in the frequency of these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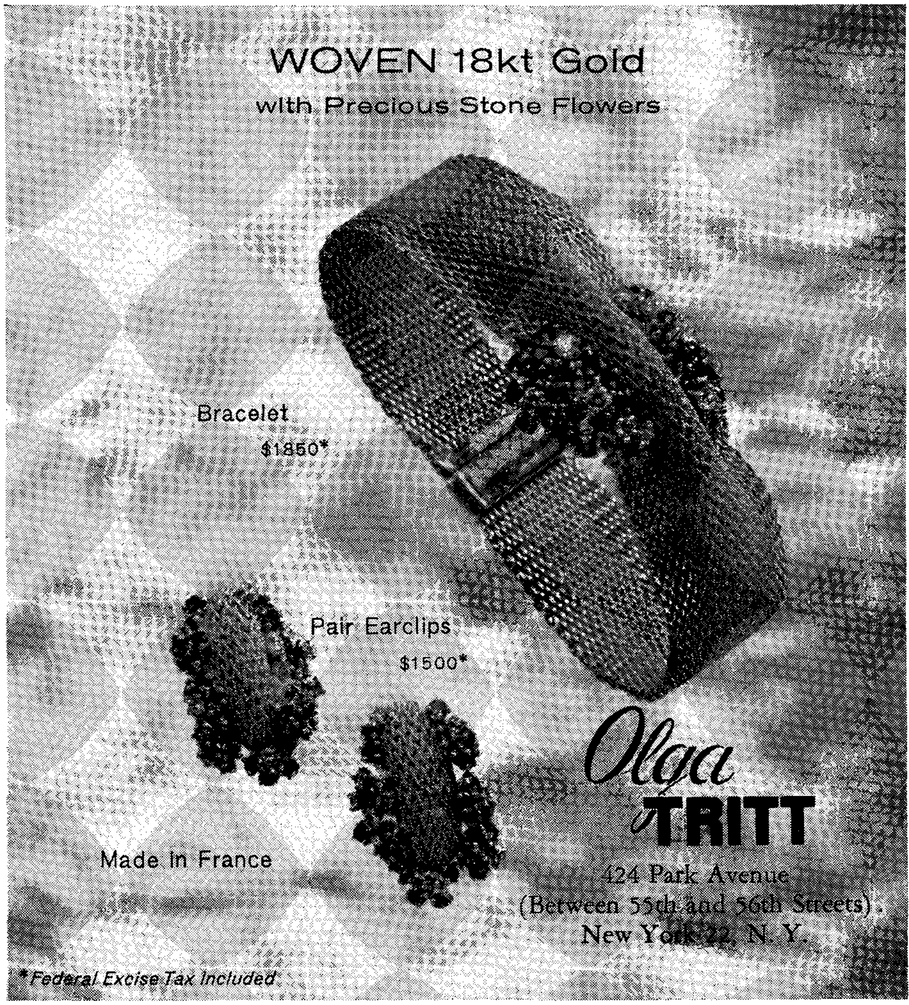
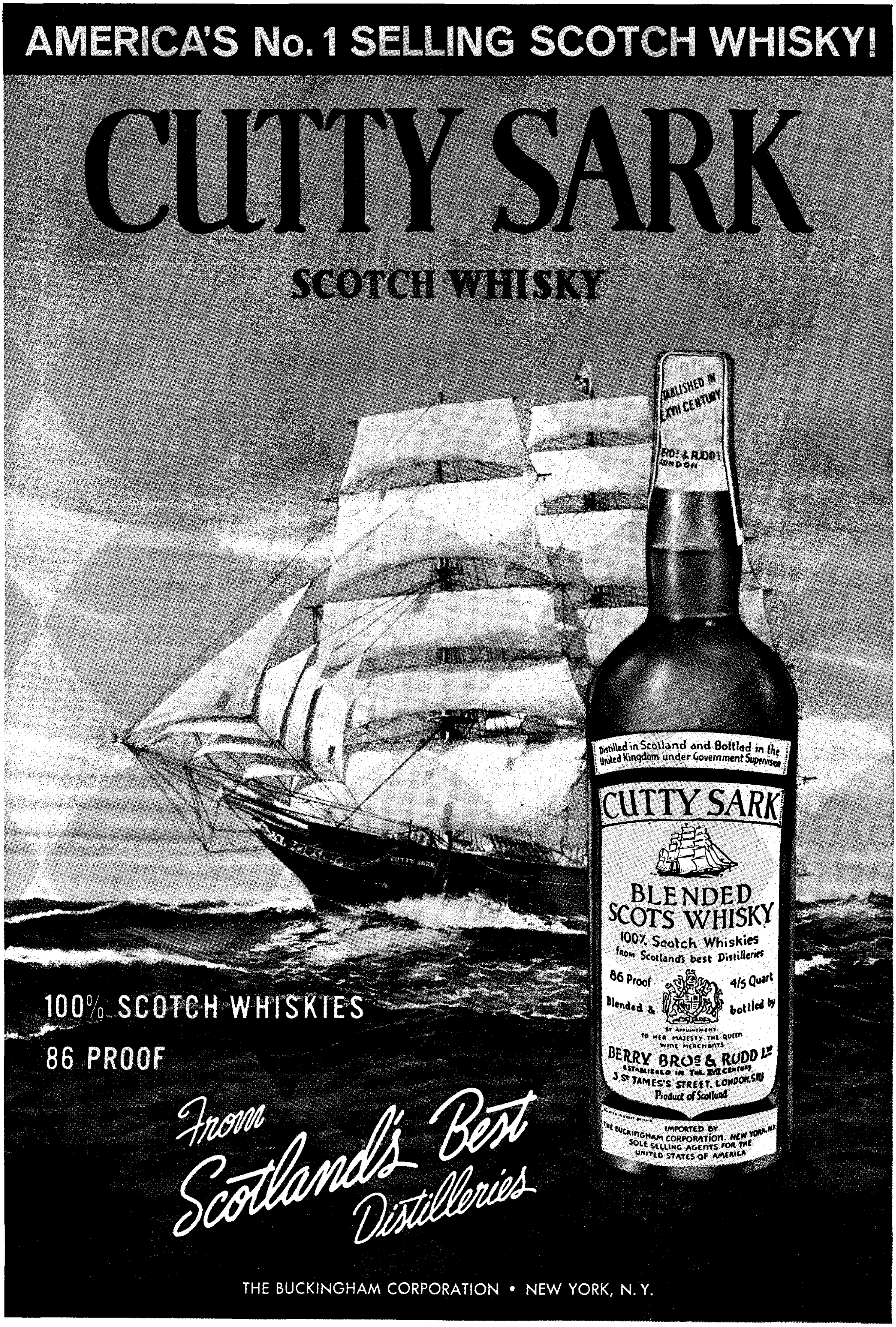
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



usages as the sessions progressed. The machine plotted, for instance, the frequency of the articles "the" and "a" in the speech of each party as time went on, as well as changes in the frequency with which they used certain conjunctions. The investigating psychologist believed that these small points of word frequency would serve as indices to the therapy's progress, and at the end he claimed to have charted its course reliably by analyzing them. He argues that in the future, when the method has been perfected, it will help psychiatrists learn things about their séances that they could never detect through merely being present at them. This hope may or may not be realized, but anyway the psychologist's work is typical of much that is being done in Cambridge today—by historians, anthropologists, public-health experts, and many others. With the computers' help, they are paying profound attention to small, specific details that may mean little singly but when plotted in a big way are expected to reveal larger, less tangible truths.

It would have been nice if the psychologist could have just handed the book to his machine and said, "Read this." But the fact was that he needed a girl to punch the whole thing out on a tape. This was because of the scanning problem, or the difficulty of getting machines to read as human beings do. Experts have told me that even the dehumanized figures printed in magnetic ink at the bottom of modern checks are hard for machines to read, so it is hardly surprising that the reading of humanly acceptable characters is still *very* hard. Professor Anthony Oettinger, a Harvard linguist and computer expert, says that under the best conditions now a machine—or, rather, a scanning attachment for a machine—can read type from only one font and in only one size at a time. Oettinger has worked with Russian a good deal, and he says that it is terribly hard to arrange machine-scanning of that language in printed form. This is partly because Russian documents suffer heavily from broken type, cheap paper, see-through, and general messiness, but even aside from this—even with capitalist printing—the problem is a hard one, and Oettinger expects no immediate easing of it. Professor Peter Elias, head of M.I.T.'s electrical-engineering department, is more optimistic. He says that the scanning problem hasn't been attacked on the proper scale yet; the investment has been too small and scattered. Elias thinks that if a team of various kinds of experts commanding big government or foun-



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RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY WONDER ROTUNDA, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR. LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford MOTOR COMPANY dation money went to work on the problem, it would soon be mastered.

Linked with the scanning problem is one known to the experts as "information retrieval." One aspect of the Cambridge renaissance is the great proliferation, in Cambridge and elsewhere, of scholarly writings. Some librarians fear that their ability to index and find, or "retrieve," material will soon fail—that the flood will simply get out of control. Under the circumstances—and with computers so prominent—suggestions are heard that it should all be done electronically, but many experts say that this is a pipe dream. "If a machine can be developed that will read a mass of assorted documents," a professor told me, "you can theoretically get it to make a note of any passage containing, say, the phrase 'police dogs.' That's fine, but then what about 'police *dog*'? Well, you can program for that, too, of course, but it is a separate operation. Then, you will probably want to catch any reference to 'dogs used by the police,' and the like. You can program for that as well; that is, you can get the machine to watch out for passages where the word 'dogs' is followed at a reasonable interval by the word 'police.' But then it will also record a sentence like 'The dogs howled while the police were raiding the cabin.' Human beings solve these questions by a feeling for context, but machines can't do that."

Because of the scanning problem, some experts here believe, future publications will be recorded on computer tape, for storage, at the same time that they are put into print; a linotype machine could readily be made to punch a tape as a by-product of its typecasting. But this solution, as of now, is up against not only the unions—whose fears about automation are well known—but the copyright laws. Even now, the copyright laws are somewhat slighted in the Cambridge libraries, which often contain slot machines where, for a quarter, you can get a facsimile of any page of any book you wish. This is piracy on so small a scale, and at so small a cost, that it can apparently be winked at, but the possibilities for wholesale piracy from tape libraries might well cause litigation.

BESIDES merely calculating—in the hard sciences and the soft—computers are much used here for "simulation." This is a vogue-word whose popularity is criticized by some local purists. It means programming a computer to imitate a real-life situation—to make a "mathematical mod-

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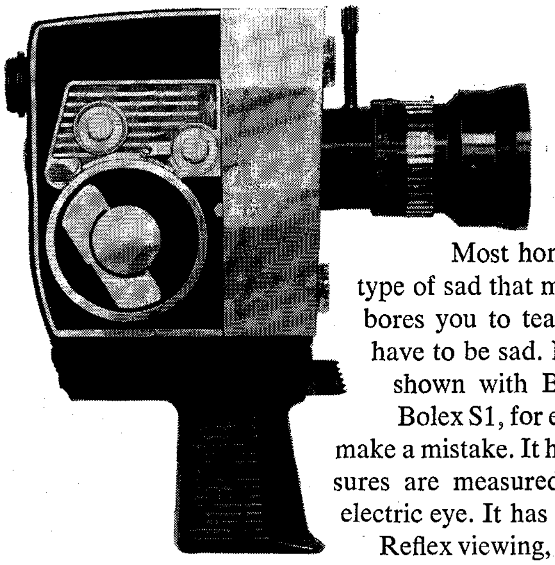

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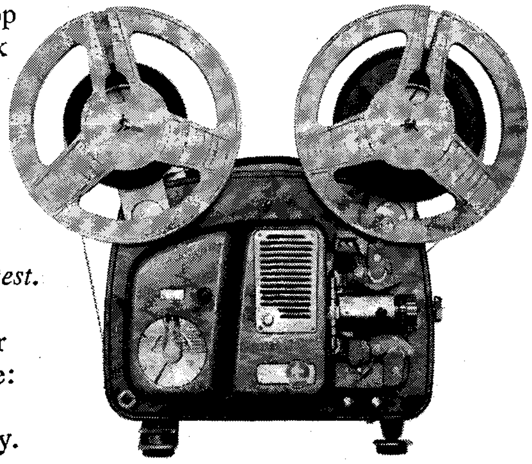
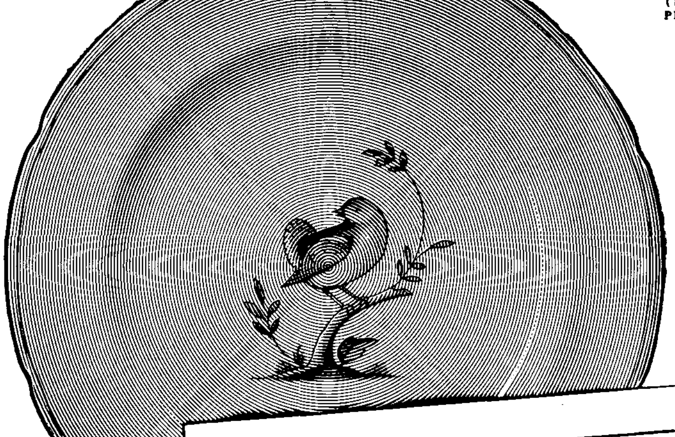


el," as the experts say—and then experimentally fitting new elements into the pattern, in the hope of determining what the future may bring as conditions change. A man's budget is a model of his finances. He can program contemplated actions into it—the purchase, say, of an airplane—and the budget will show where this will leave him without his actually having to buy the plane. Computer simulation is much the same, but it can deal, of course, with infinitely more complex processes. Some critics say that computers no more simulate processes than did our childhood mathematical operations—the only difference is that they can handle more variables. In algebra, you can take a formula with two variables—*x* and *y*—and chart on graph paper the parabola of a bridge cable. With a computer, by taking in dozens of variables, you can come close to charting the behavior of a whole economic system. The critics say that this ability is merely an extension of the old mathematics and doesn't deserve a fancy title, but even so the phrase "computer simulation" seems here to stay. It has proved useful, for one thing, in the sales talk of men who offer computer services commercially.

Not long ago, M.I.T. staged a conference on computer simulation to which some fifty experts came. At one point in the proceedings, Ithiel de Sola Pool, an M.I.T. professor who had helped arrange the conference, asked all those present what they were currently working on. No less than twenty-two reported that they were engaged in the computer simulation of one thing or another—problems in business, international politics, national economies, political campaigning, "communications" processes, and so on. Simulation is plainly the rage at Cambridge. Both the Harvard Business School and M.I.T.'s Alfred P. Sloan School of Management are deeply involved in teaching, and experimenting with, computer simulation as a guide to businessmen, as is evidenced by the title of a book just put out by the Harvard school—"New Decision-Making Tools for Managers: Mathematical Programming as an Aid in the Solving of Business Problems." As for the M.I.T. school, it has a famous pioneer of business simulation in Professor Jay Forrester, an electrical engineer who formerly guided M.I.T.'s development of Whirlwind I, an early high-speed computer, and of the SAGE defense-warning net against missiles. In 1956, Dr. Forrester suddenly began applying his concepts of electrical engineering to business management, working out a



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system that he calls "industrial dynamics." With the help of mathematics and computers, he simulates the flow of goods, orders, and other elements through a given industrial firm, and thereby discovers—or so he maintains—unsuspected, and even surprising, ways of increasing efficiency. A study he did for one client, the Sprague Electric Company, of North Adams, Massachusetts, suggested that an erratically fluctuating employment rate then troubling the company was caused by customer reaction to its inventory policies. This was almost the last thing the management would have guessed, but, with some reservations, they took Forrester's advice, and are said not to regret it.

Dr. Ithiel de Sola Pool is another M.I.T. professor who engages in computer simulation as a business. He is not an engineer but a social scientist, on the staff of M.I.T.'s Center for International Studies, where he has specialized in international "communications" problems. His researches have grown increasingly computerized, and in 1959 he helped found a new firm called the Simulmatics Corporation, whose main offices are in New York. (He is now the chairman of its board.) According to Pool—a tall, dark, pleasant young man with a Madison Avenue air—Simulmatics will apply computer simulation to any segment of the social sciences. At the moment, for instance, it is simulating the Venezuelan economy for a Venezuelan government agency. Before and during the 1960 Presidential campaign, it simulated alternative strategies of various kinds for the Democratic Party—computing what would happen, for instance, if Kennedy met the religious issue forthrightly or if he dodged it. An important current project of Simulmatics—and one managed by Dr. Pool himself—is a service for advertisers called Media-Mix. This aims at predicting just who will be reached, and how often and effectively, by various combinations of advertisements in magazines and newspapers, on radio and television, and so on. To that end it will use thumbnail biographies of 2,944 hypothetical Americans, which have been put on magnetic tape with details of where they live, how they live, what they do, what they read, and what they are interested in.

Simulmatics is only a sideline of Dr. Pool's. He teaches courses in political science at M.I.T., and, along with two other scholars, he recently published a four-hundred-and-ninety-page book on American attitudes toward foreign trade

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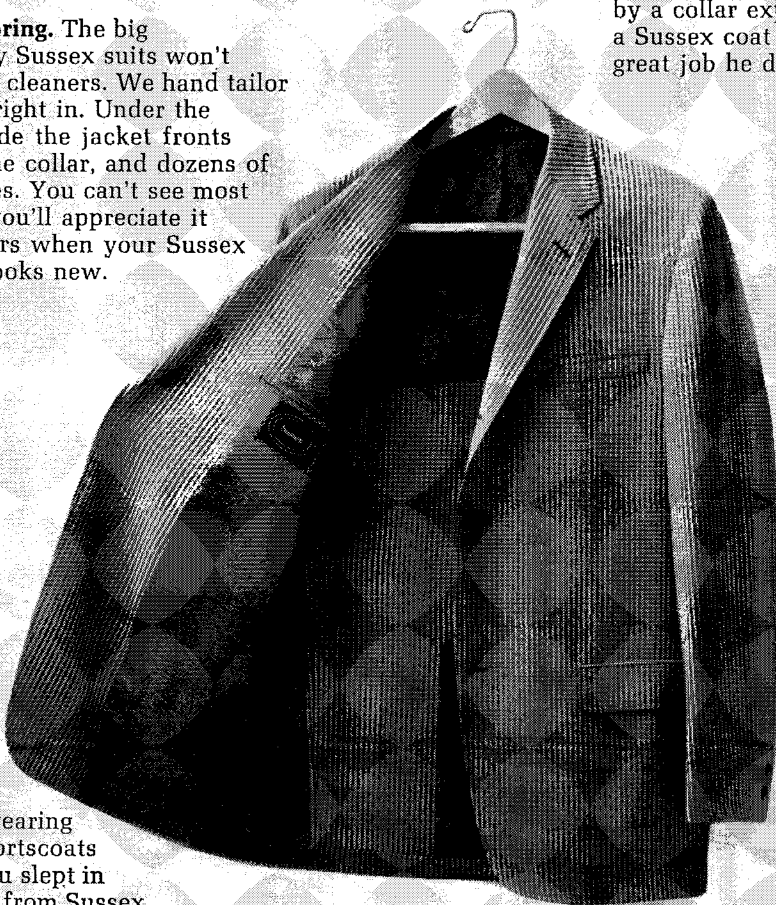

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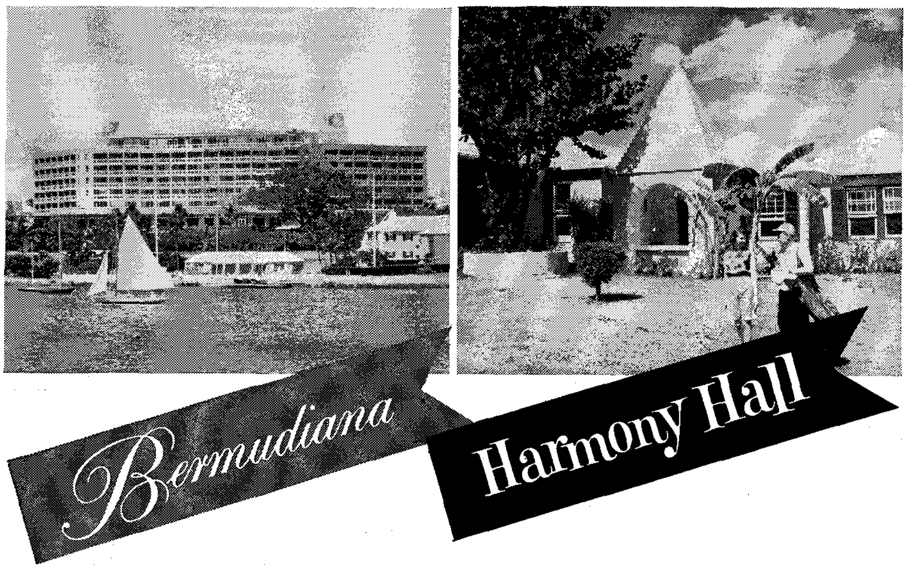

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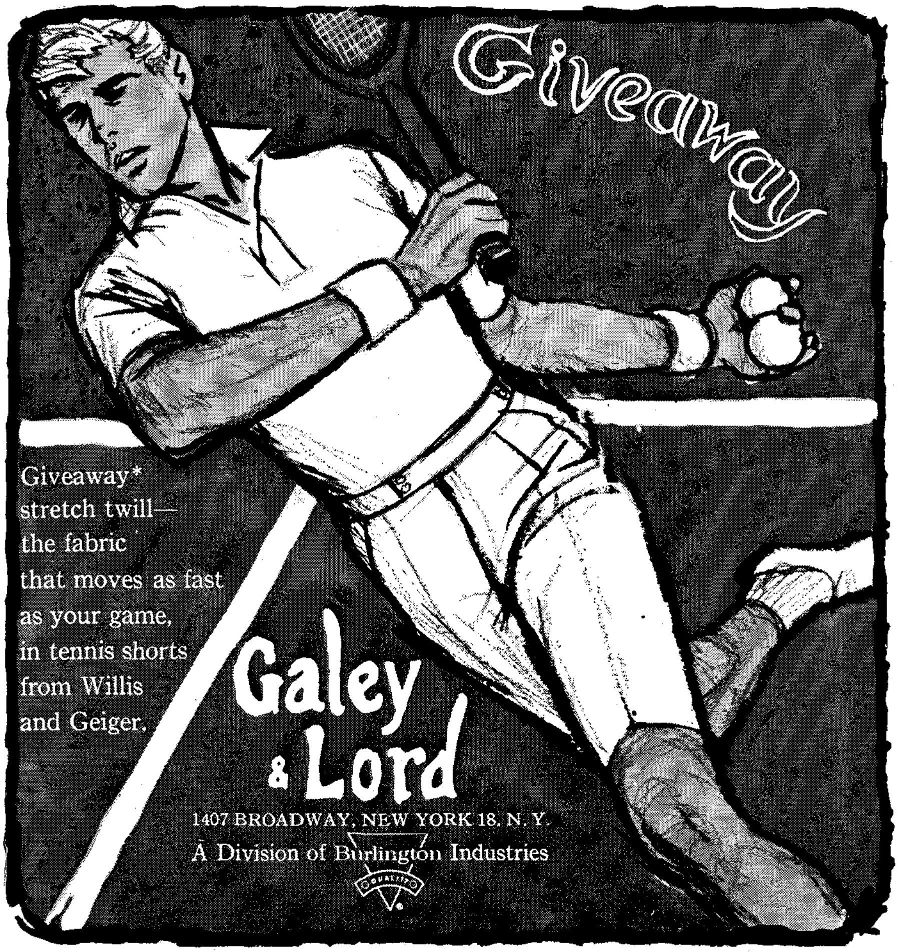
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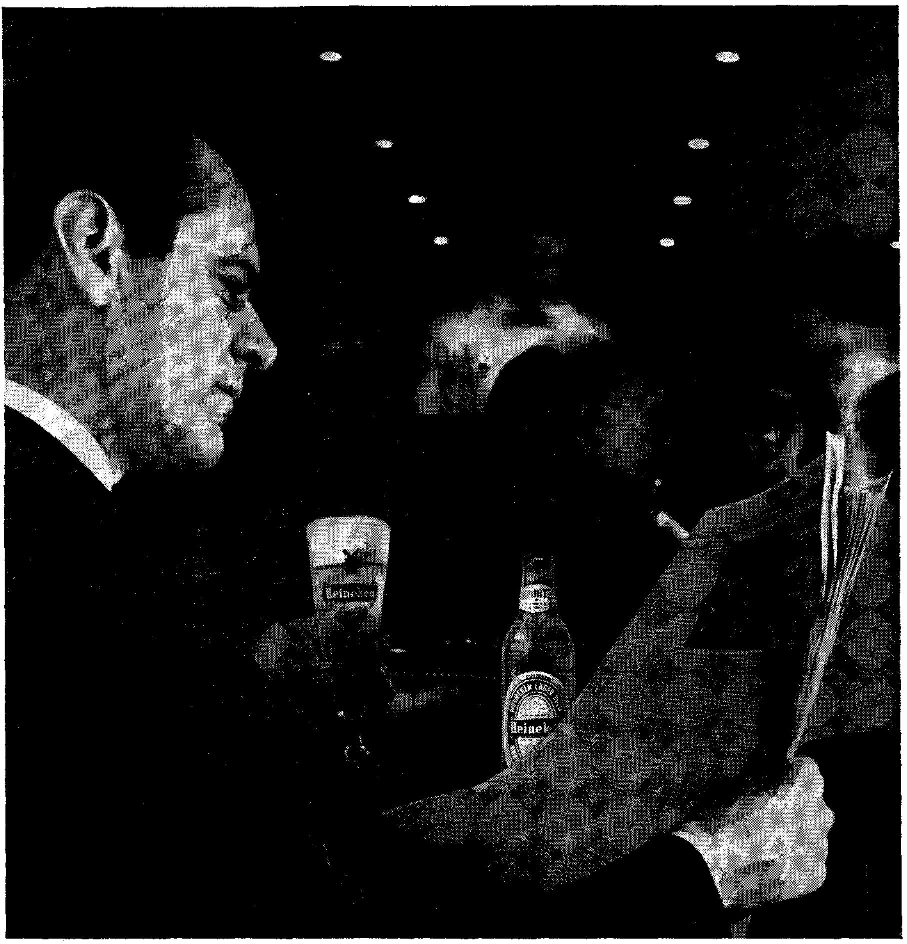
and tariffs. He also has interests that are even more academic, in the sense of not being immediately practical. For some time, he has been studying what he calls "the small-world question;" that is, he has been trying to find out what the chances are that any two people chosen at random will have a friend in common. For this purpose, he gets a great many subjects to keep lists of all the people they talk with over a period of time; after circulating the lists for others to check any cross-acquaintanceships, he analyzes the results. By now, he has reached the conclusion that if you take two American census cards at random, the chances are better than even that the two people they stand for will have at least a friend of a friend in common. Dr. Pool enjoys this kind of pure science—a mathematical study of the social fabric, it might be called—but at the same time he makes no apology for the attention he gives to applied work. He thinks the computer is a boon to the social sciences, because it makes possible types of research that would otherwise be out of the question. He says that half the best communications research to date has been done for the armed forces—on problems of morale, indoctrination, and so on—where scholars have been given huge samples to work with. Simulmatics, he believes, offers a comparable opportunity.

On the whole, Harvard professors keep clear of things like Simulmatics, but Harvard is nevertheless engaged in one of the biggest simulation jobs yet attempted for social-science ends. This is the simulation of Pakistan's Indus Valley waters, with a view to controlling them, getting the most out of them, and reclaiming vast areas of soil that they have waterlogged and salinated. The plain that the Indus tributaries flow through—the Punjab, or "Five Rivers"—has been the scene of the greatest irrigation schemes, perhaps, in man's career. Scholars now believe that "hydraulic" civilizations—based on irrigation—were widespread and go far back into prehistoric times. Modern high-altitude photography from planes and satellites has shown traces of big ancient irrigation systems hitherto unsuspected—in Arizona, for instance—and this has fostered a belief that some old hydraulic civilizations may have vanished, heaven knows how long ago, without leaving *any* trace. It is impossible, therefore, to say when irrigation of the Punjab began. But we do know that an advanced culture that emphasized water flourished there at least as early as the third millennium B.C., for remains of this culture, including water conduits, have been found at Mohenjo-Daro, near the Indus's present course. That old Indus Valley civilization fell long before the dawn of history, but since then the plain has remained important; it was, for instance, the eastern edge of Alexander's empire and, later, the route by which the Moguls conquered India. Then, in the nineteenth century, the British began a huge irrigation scheme in the Punjab, the biggest ever undertaken anywhere. With a network of canals, they watered more than twenty million acres and populated this area with a whole new overlay of towns and villages. The Punjab became the breadbasket of India and a great asset to the Empire's economy. As such, it prospered lushly for decades, but then it began, in places, to go bad; the soil grew salty and marshy, and gradually it ceased producing. The Punjab was facing the doom that may have ended many hydraulic cultures, for waterlogging and salinity, it now appears, often result from irrigation that raises the water table. Before irrigation, the water table under most of the Punjab was fifty or seventy feet below the surface. But the new British canals, which chanced to be cut through porous earth, leaked much new water down on top of this. The level of wells in the Punjab began to rise, water began drowning the root zones, and the surface water brought by irrigation could no longer sink in—it had to lie on top until it escaped by evaporation, leaving its damaging salts behind. This process, scholars now believe, destroyed many settlements of antiquity, and its spread on the Indus plain was especially critical, because the area's agriculture supported such a vast population. So it was into a classic predicament that Harvard's computers and computer experts were thrown, and the way it all came about was very offhand. President Kennedy and President Ayub Kahn, of Pakistan, were talking one day—on July 14, 1961—in Washington. Their talk was pleasant and informal, and toward the end of it Kennedy asked Ayub if there was anything special he could do for him. Yes, said Ayub hopefully, he could perhaps do something about the Indus Valley, on which West Pakistan depended and which was failing. (It was losing, to be exact, an acre from production every five minutes.) Kennedy responded by calling in his wise men. Dr. Jerome Wiesner, of M.I.T., the chief of his Science Advisory Committee, happened to be away at the moment—sailing off Martha's Vineyard—and a helicopter



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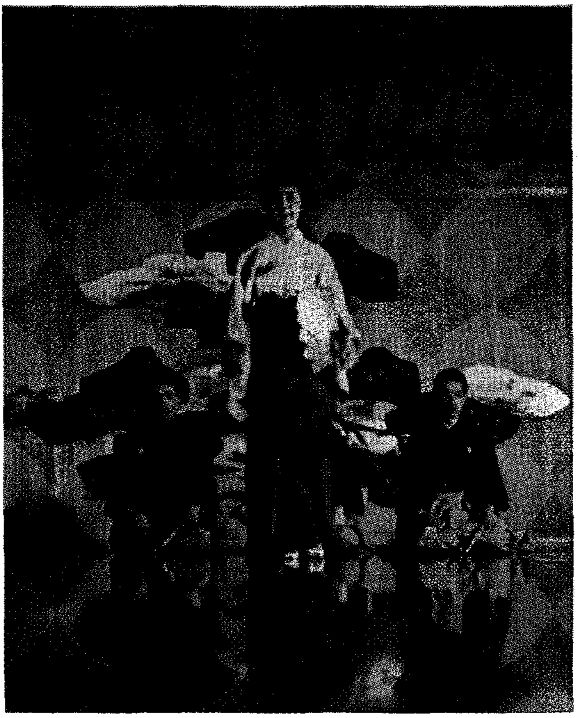
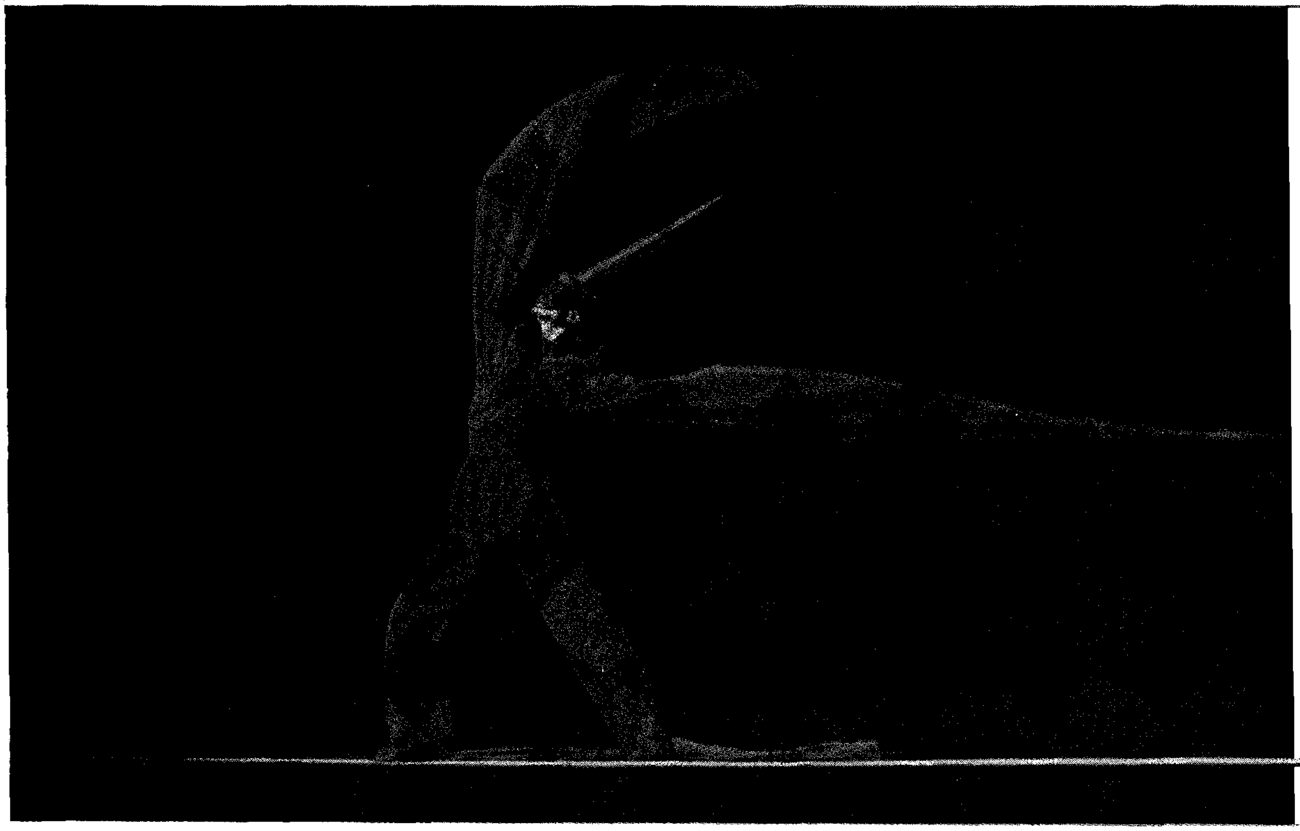
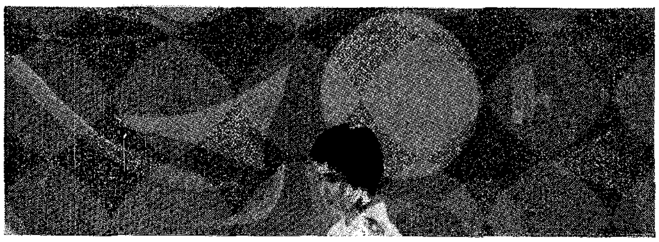


Japan Air Lines hostess Noriko Ishibashi has studied both classic Noh dancing (left) and Western ballet. Hence her enjoyment of a modern dance treatment of Japanese legendry (below). Noriko's two worlds of taste characterize the unique service aboard JAL Couriers between California and the Orient.





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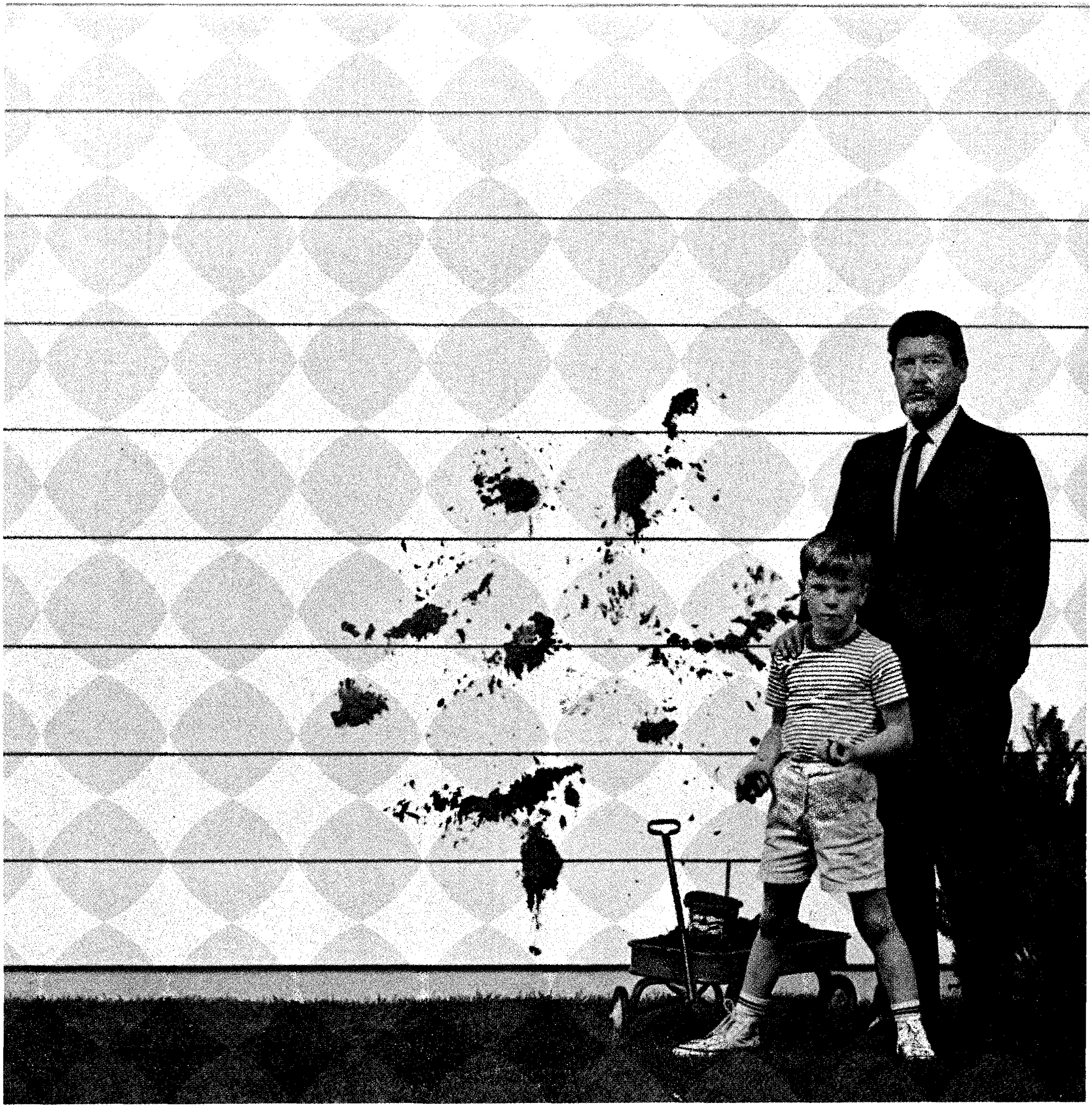

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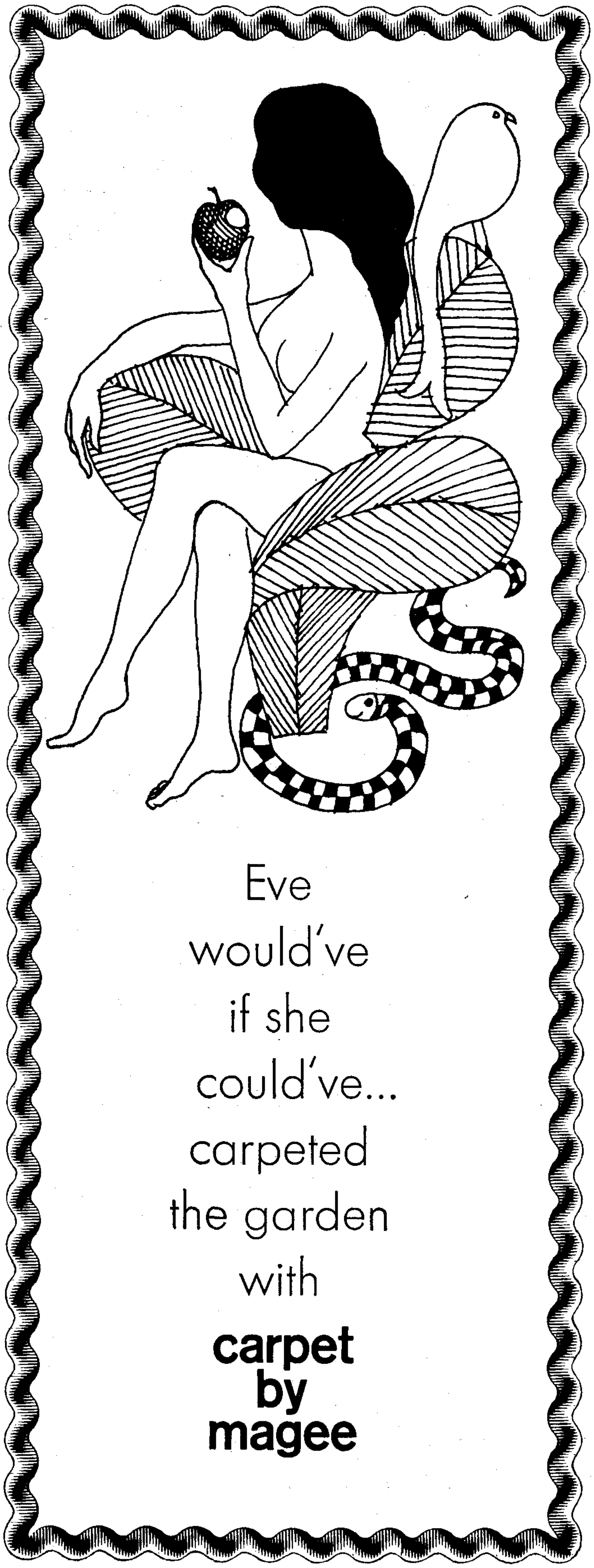
was sent for him. Harvey Brooks, of Harvard, the Committee's deputy chief, was in town, however, and available. Furthermore, he was acquainted with some computer studies that Harvard scholars had been making of river systems. Backed by the Rockefeller Foundation, these scholars—a mixed team of political scientists, economists, and hydraulic engineers—had been working out the simulation of rivers in general as a guide to flood control, pollution control, and the proper use of water for irrigation and power. They had been thinking of American rivers primarily, but their programs were abstract and, with some further work, could be applied to the Indus. So in September—after a period of rather loose discussions in Washington—a ten-man team settled down at Harvard to solve the problem.

These American experts knew what was basically wrong with the Indus—knew that to save the land they must lower the water table—and the question they faced was how to do it. They began to simulate remedies—lining the canals, driving tube wells, and pumping the underground water out—all on a vast and costly scale. They simulated various spacings of wells and various rates of pumping, and computed the water tables that, year by year, would result. They needed data on rainfall and on the rivers' rates of flow, and they got this from Pakistan and India and London. (The British, luckily, had kept good records in their years of rule.) As the data came in, the team made up its mathematical model of the Indus—a job that took five months before everything was properly adjusted. Meanwhile, a sub-team of four mathematicians worked out two theoretical problems—about the behavior of salt in water flowing through soil—that had not been hitherto solved and that stood in the way; this took four months and millions of computer calculations. Finally, in March, 1962, the team made its recommendation: that the Punjab be fitted out with tube wells at the rate of a million contiguous acres a year (areas of this size were specified so that neighboring ground water couldn't readily flow into them and keep the water table up), and that a modern electric-power system, using natural gas, which is plentiful in the region, be installed, as well as a big project for using the gas to make fertilizers. Washington approved the plan, and the Harvard experts went off to tell Pakistan about it. Meanwhile, though, they had decided that the effort would be wasted unless



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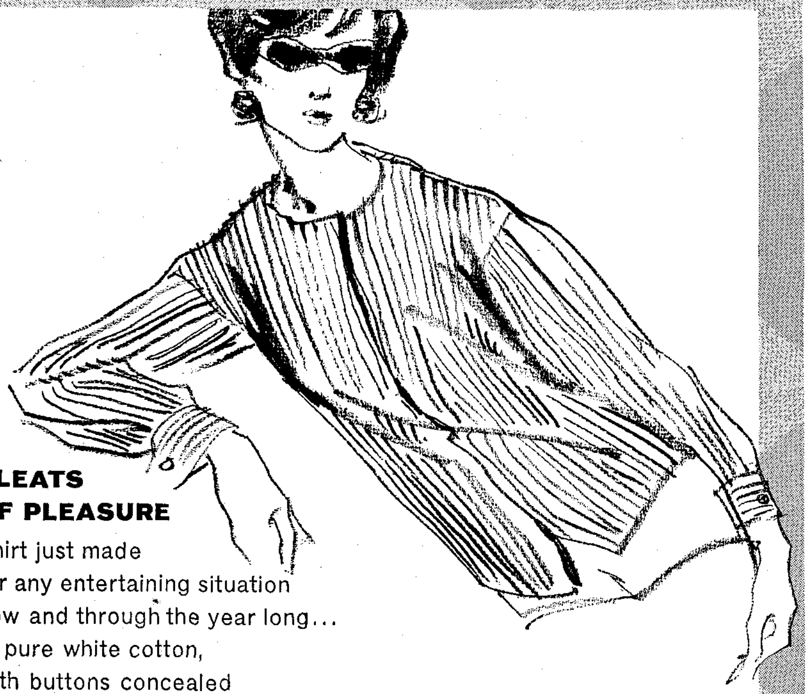
the Pakistanis also resolved to double farm production by an all-out Point Four attack in each of the reclaimed areas within five years. They persuaded the Pakistanis to do this, and the latter have already reorganized their government to make the effort. Meanwhile, the Harvard people have put their computers to work on diets, crop programs, and the educating of Pakistani farmers into changing their ways. They are, in short, deep in social planning by simulation. The Indus project is a big venture all around, as befits the Punjab's place in history. Yet, thanks to computers, it was devised by a few academic men amid the Harvard bricks and ivy.

QUITE as sweeping and radical—though in a different way—is the use that Walter Rosenblith puts computers to. Professor Rosenblith has worked with scientists as disparate as the late Norbert Wiener, the cybernetics man, and Dr. Georg von Békésy, a Hungarian-born scientist at Harvard who won a Nobel Prize in 1961 for his work on the physics of hearing. The Professor—a vivacious *Austrian*-born scientist—is a "communications biophysicist" at M.I.T. and studies the activities of the nervous system in general by linking it up electrically with a computer and letting the machine help him observe it. Scientists have studied brain electricity for several decades now, and since the nineteen-twenties they have been drawing off electrical impulses—"brain waves"—through electrodes placed on the skull or within the brain itself and recording them in electroencephalograms. But brain electricity is so complex—each single theme in it is so confused by extraneous "noise"—that they have had trouble isolating chosen parts of it. Now Dr. Rosenblith and others have found that the data-processing abilities of computers can help in this. By exposing a subject to many repetitions of the same phenomenon—a given sight or sound, say—and then running the electric records through a computer, an average can be achieved that will bring out patterns not detectable in a single run. Actually, this is only one of many ways that the computer's pattern-discerning skill can be used—always to spot order in the apparent chaos. (Other researchers program more complex mental processes into computers. For instance, a recent visitor at the Harvard Center for Cognitive Studies—a Japanese professor—tried a simulation of a hypothetical robot living very simply on a distant planet; its chief activities were



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to eat fungus and mine uranium. The robot made decisions by machine computation, and one aim of the study was to explore the limits of this—to find whether there was any other possible way for it to make decisions, or whether it was trapped in an endless chain of computing whether to compute whether to compute, and so on and on.)

Several months ago, I called on Dr. Rosenblith in his laboratory, and he showed me an experiment that a colleague was working on. It was aimed at exploring the electricity of a rat's responses to a light flashed at it again and again while the rat was engaged in a learning process. The rat was in a darkened box—we could watch it through a hole in the top—and it had three wires attached to its head; one was a ground, I was told, and the two others led from the rat's brain to a computer. The rat was being trained—and was well along in the process—to press a lever that would cause a bright light to shine in its eyes, and then to hold the lever down for just two seconds; if it did this correctly, a food pellet would drop into a container behind it. The rat was performing well—repeatedly, in a steady rhythm, it flashed its light, turned to eat its food, and turned back to its lever again. We watched it awhile, then closed the box top, brightened the room lights, and looked at the equipment that the rat was wired to. In addition to the computer, the electric impulses went to an oscilloscope, where they showed up as fleeting blue-green dots and flashes; in the computer itself, they were averaged, analyzed, and otherwise processed into readable form. They could also be stored on tapes for future processing; there was a library of such tapes in the next room—shelves of them, in cases, lining the walls—and, taken together, they represented a small step forward in our knowledge of how information travels through the nervous system.

THE computers' greatest field of brainwork, perhaps, is in linguistics. There is a whole movement of Cambridge scholars, divided between Harvard and M.I.T., whose work relates to this. There are the machine-translation experts, led by Harvard's Anthony Oettinger and M.I.T.'s Victor Yngve. There is the mathematical grammarian Noam Chomsky, at M.I.T., whose work on syntax has opened up new approaches for machines and for human beings as well. And there is the Harvard psychologist George Miller, whose experiments have

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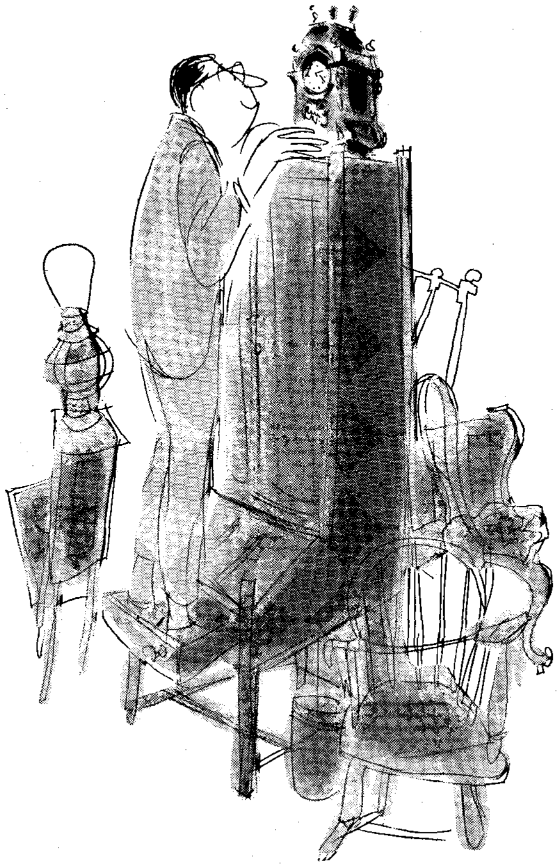

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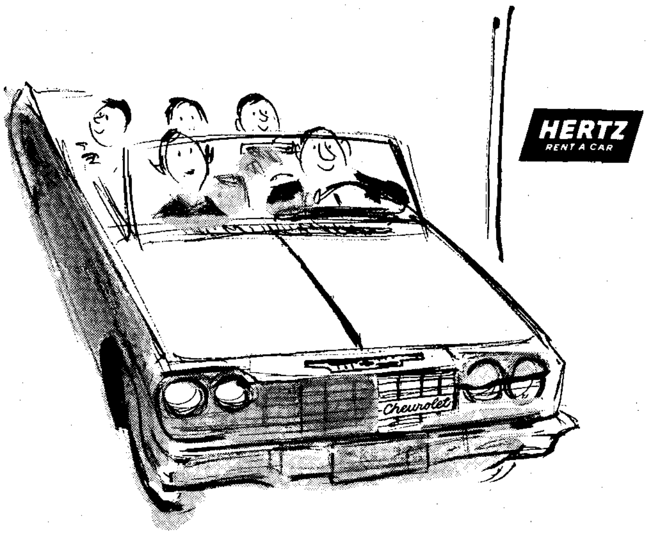

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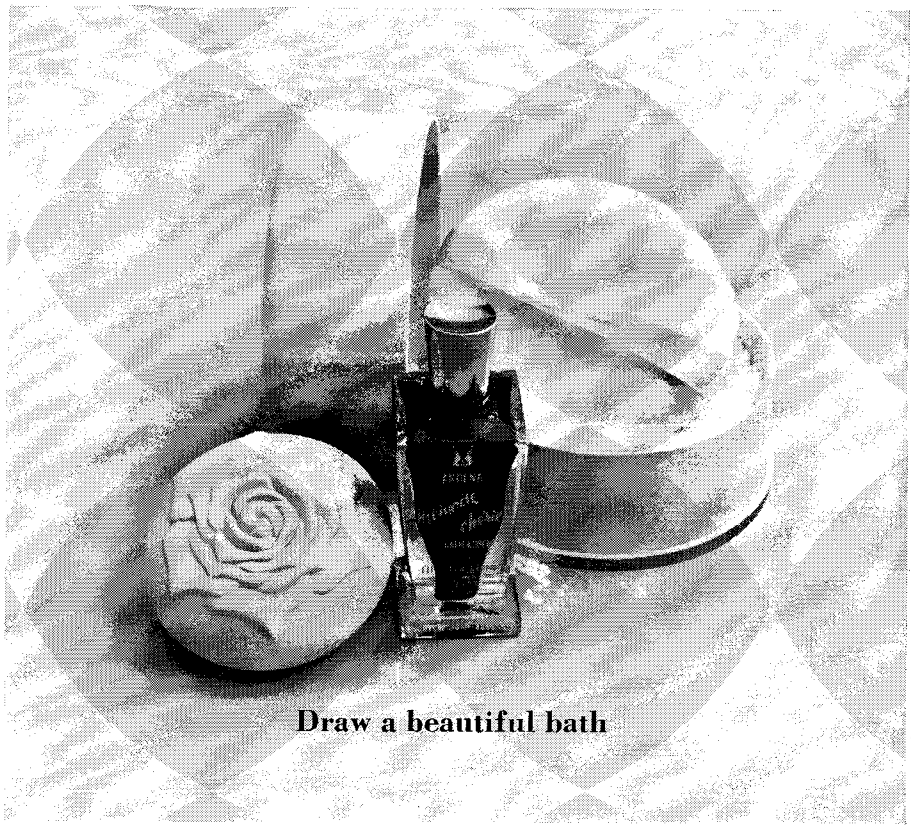

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shed light on human limitations—and, by inference, on machine limitations—in the handling of grammatical complexities. These men and others trade ideas, confirmations, and encouragement to a degree that warrants their being called a school. And behind them all lie the writings, published in the late forties, of Norbert Wiener and of Claude Shannon, an M.I.T. engineer whose work on "information theory," done in the service of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, got the machine-linguistic world here excited about things like the probability rules for transmitting signals in the presence of "noise." (Shannon's theory and terminology deal specifically with electrical engineering, but they can be applied, at least metaphorically, to just about any communications—and metaphor is a main thread in the great fabric of the communications doctrine now being preached in Cambridge.)

After V-J Day, there was lots of interest in machine translation in Cambridge, and lots of money to support it. At first, machines were asked only to do simple word-for-word translations, without much allowance for ambiguities of meaning or peculiarities of sentence structure. The results, according to those familiar with them, were barely comprehensible. A young linguist has told me that he once went through ten pages of such translation and could recognize its subject matter only because he spotted three key words—the rest was a sea of nonsense. To be useful at all, machine translation should be at least as comprehensible as the lowest quality human translation, and the linguists have been trying to reach this level of competence for perhaps two decades now; one gathers that they still need several decades more.

In reducing natural languages—ordinary human languages, that is—to machine manageability, one must attack and analyze them both semantically (in regard to meaning) and syntactically (in regard to structure). One can begin either way, and so far most of the work here has been done on syntax, for semantics offers problems that may well be tougher; even minor words like "bear," "bit," "bolt," and "brace" have several meanings each, and machines, with their insensitivity to context, cannot easily distinguish among these. Syntax, too, produces ambiguities, as, for instance, in the sentence "They were eating apples," which can mean—depending on how the structure is understood—either "Those men were eating apples" or "Those apples were

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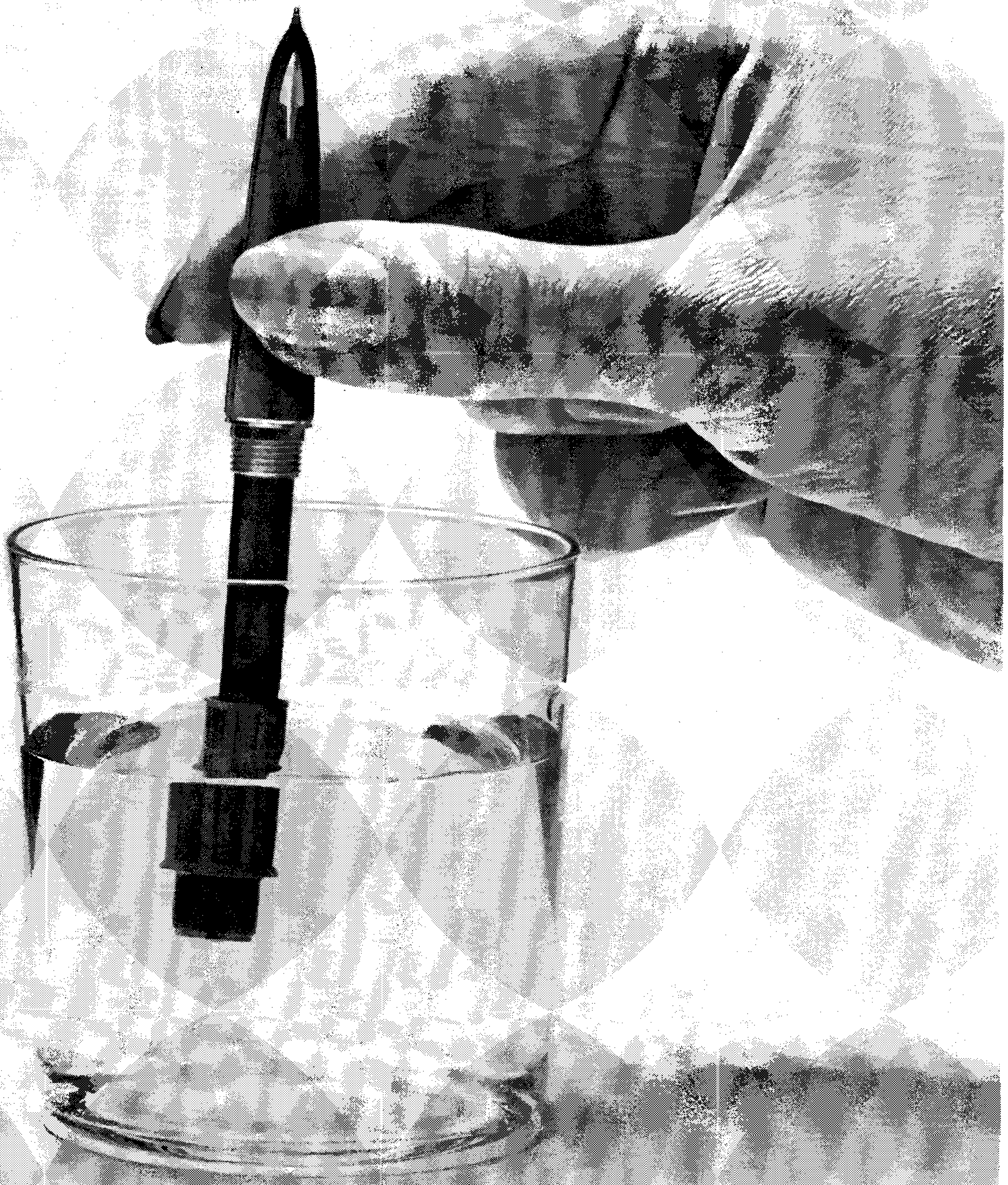

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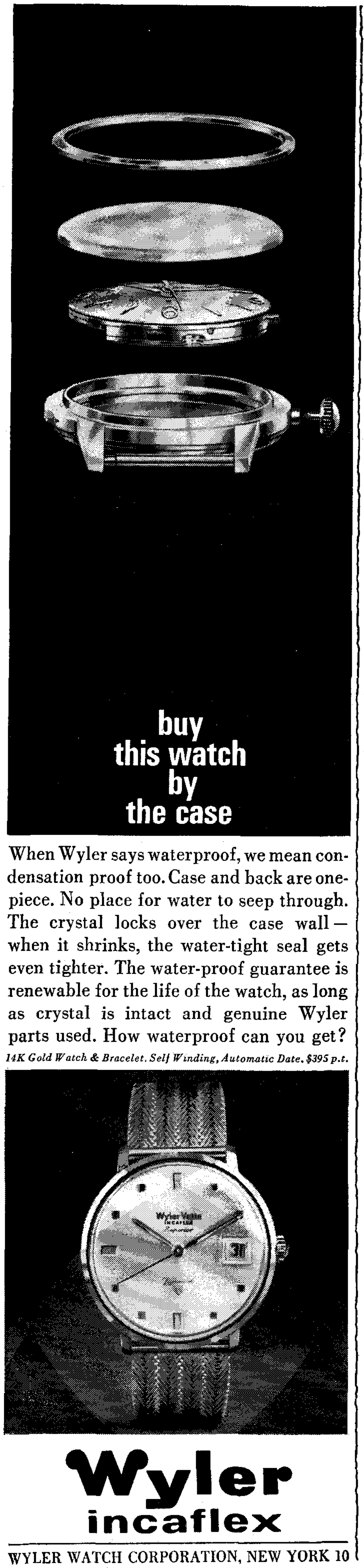

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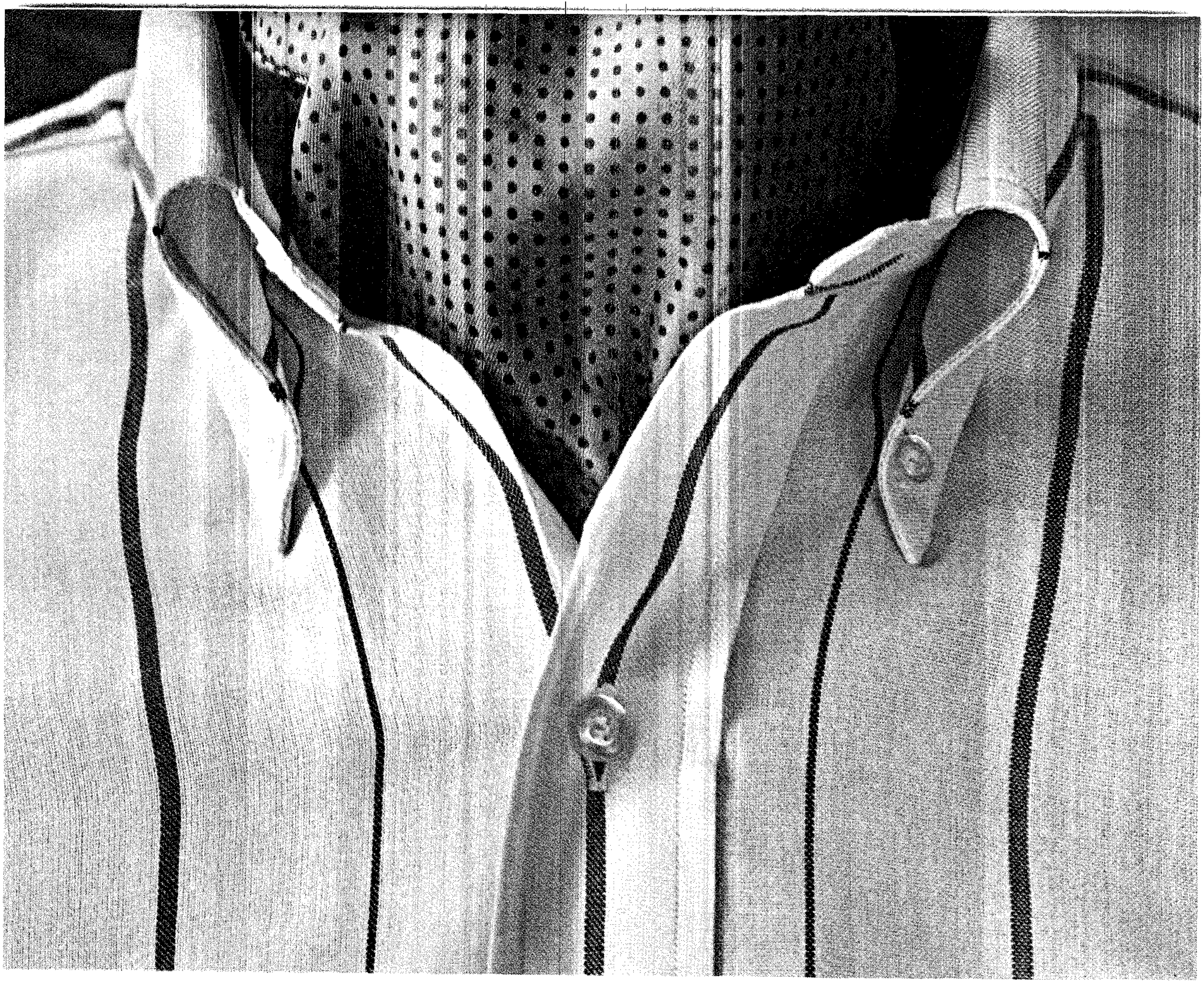
destined for eating" (as opposed, say, to cider making). Professors Miller, Chomsky, Yngve, and Oettinger have discussed this very sentence a good deal. "Phrase structure," in the terminology of the new Cambridge grammarians, produces declarative sentences that can then be worked on and elaborated by "transformations." "The man hits the ball" can be turned into "The man doesn't hit the ball;" "Does the man hit the ball?;" "The ball is hit by the man;" and so on—right down to "Isn't the ball hit by the man?," where three kinds of transformation—negative, interrogative, and passive—are all present. This phase of syntax has also been under much scrutiny in Cambridge. Recently, for instance, I heard a long and fascinating lecture on "The Difficulty of Negative Statements" given by a young English psychologist who was visiting Harvard's Center for Cognitive Studies; his talk represented two or three years of research. Not long ago, the Center—which enjoys both government and foundation support, and of which Professor Miller is one of the two entrepreneurs—invested in a smallish computer. The computer has a typewriter keyboard through which one may converse with it, in writing; its responses appear on a TV-like screen. It will have several duties. It will, for instance, flash numbers on its screen and then, after a delay, test a subject's memory of them—hundreds of subjects, thousands of numbers, with inhuman perseverance—and record the results. Miller also plans some experiments of his own with certain artificial languages he has been devising. These languages have rules that are not explicitly revealed to the subject of a test—he must learn them by trial and error while the machine puts him through his paces; the aim is to see how easily people can learn languages through examples alone. When I recently went to see Dr. Miller—a tall young man with a Mephistophelean beard—he sat me down at the computer's keyboard and let me try a language program. I pressed a button, and the computer told me to type the letters "w," "s," and "a" as many times as I liked and in any order. The machine scolded "WRONG" whenever I began a string of letters with "a," this being a breach of its unstated rules. In time, presumably, I would have learned my lesson—never to start with "a"—and then the machine would have led me on to other refinements.

Communication between human beings through translation is not the only concern of the Cambridge machine linguists. Some are also interested in communication between human beings and machines, or machines and other machines. Dr. Yngve, the chief of machine translation at M.I.T., has devised a whole man-to-computer language, called COMIT, that differs from other programming languages—FORTRAN, for instance—in being literal or verbal instead of numerical. It may very well be the most widely used non-numerical programming language in the world now, and Yngve's handbook on it has already been translated into French and Italian. COMIT is valuable in Yngve's own operation—for which it was created—because it gives his linguists access to computers without outside help. With a little training, they can handle COMIT unaided by a programmer. So, it is hoped, can other primarily verbal scholars, and therefore COMIT is expected to help in the forthcoming mass conversion of M.I.T.'s population into computer users. Nor are languages the only media that will figure in that task, for another crew of M.I.T. wizards has been working out a pictorial man-computer way of exchanging ideas. This enables a man to sketch, by electronic means, a rough design on a computer's oscilloscope screen; the computer then smooths it out and trues it up, after which the man adds elaborations, also tidied up by the machine—and so on. M.I.T. authorities have given me two explanations of the new technique's significance. Some say that it is aimed mainly at eliminating tedious human drafting work; others maintain that it has a higher purpose, much fuller than the present one, that will be worked out in the next few years. Concerning this higher purpose, I had the benefit of a long, patient explanation from Mr. Douglas Ross, who is in charge of its development. In talking to me, Mr. Ross, a youngish man, displayed the visionary fervor that one often finds at M.I.T. He spoke about the variety and the limitations of man-machine languages, and about how pictorial programming could help make up for the latter; he described such programming as dynamic—an expres-



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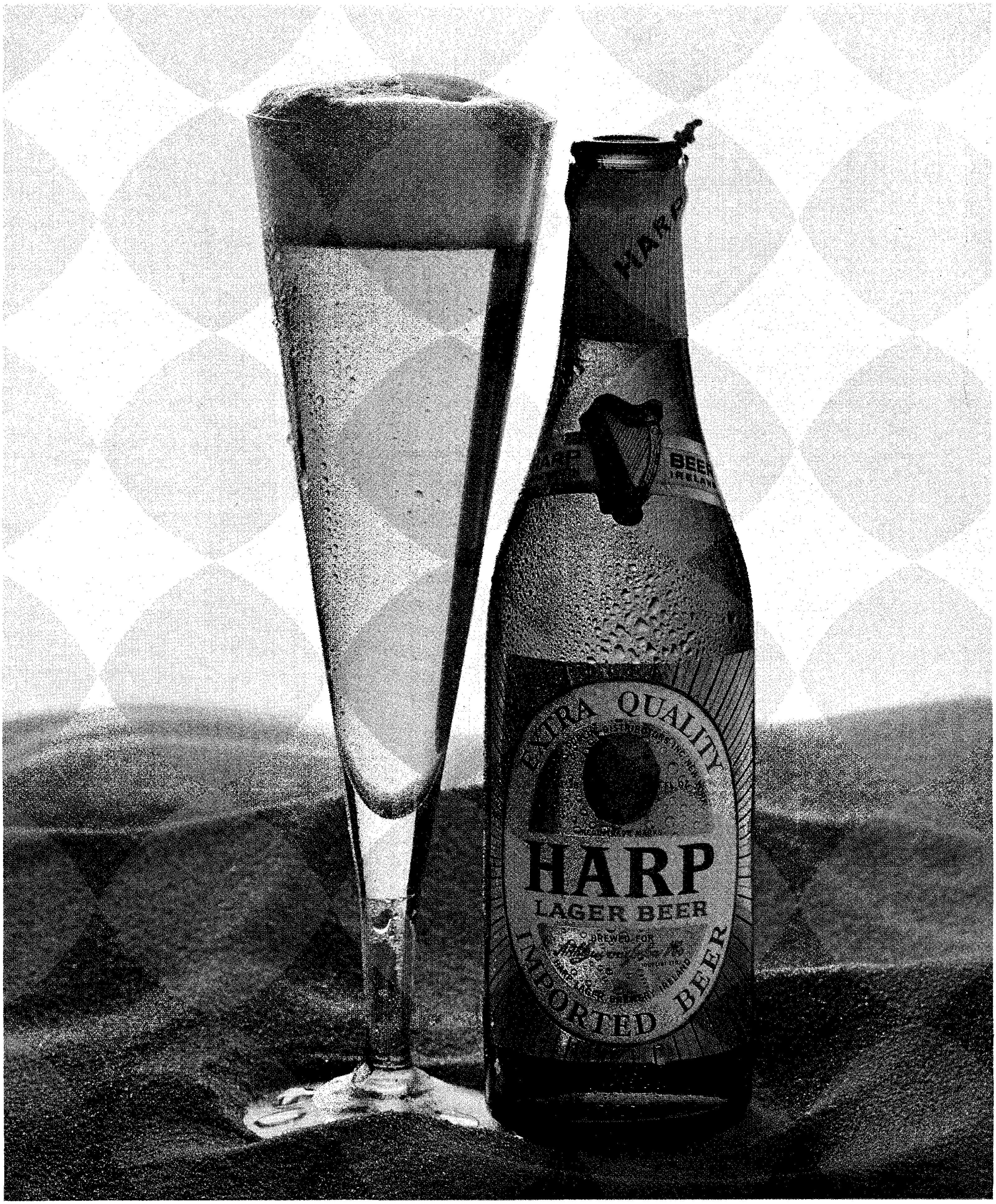
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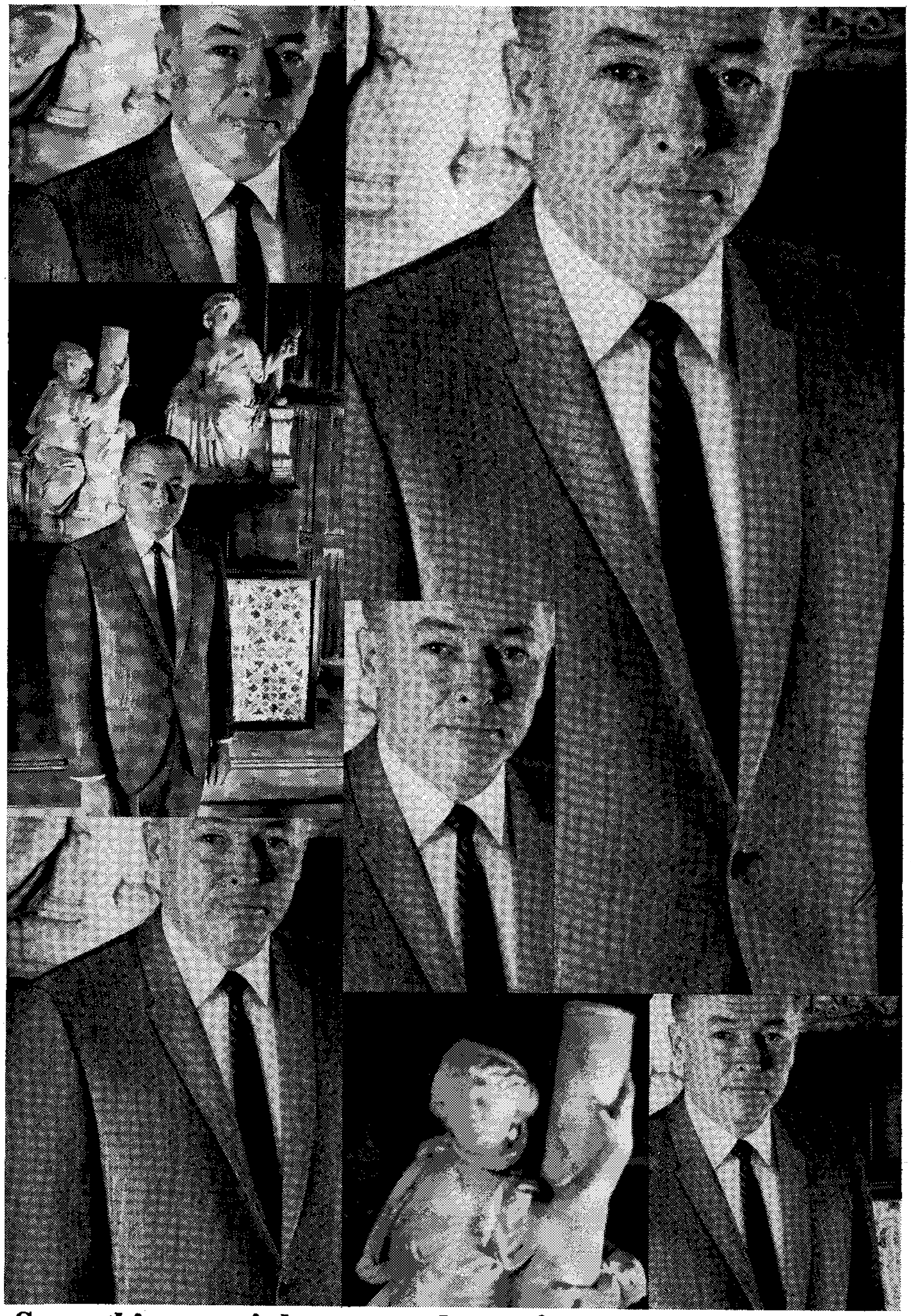
IMPORTED BY DUBLIN DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK sion of changing relationships—and compared it to musical notation, and Arthur Murray's dance language, and the ways in which complex choreography can be written down. In predicting how the whole numerical-verbal-pictorial man-machine communication may work out in the future, he went far beyond my comprehension, so I will note only that more is undoubtedly to come in the integration of computers with academic life in Cambridge. We may not yet have seen the half of it.

THE new technology, the new money, and the Cold War have given the professors in Cambridge their new leverage. But how has education itself been affected? Being educators themselves, the Cambridge academics have developed strong ideas about their craft and how to improve it. And being *contemporary* educators—living in a mood of crisis—they can get their ideas listened to; they can get backing, if their credentials are good. So the Cambridge world is in an educational ferment now at all levels—from the grade schools of the neighborhood, in which new, sophisticated teaching is being tried out, to the universities themselves, whose methods are in flux. When I lived in Cambridge fourteen years ago, Harvard was not much wired up for sound. It did have a good recorded-poetry collection—then being installed by its curator, John Sweeney, in a special room of the new Lamont Library—but it was still teaching languages by the unaided voice. Now, though, it has embraced the language-lab idea and has installed a big new laboratory, with thirty-six booths and the latest in playback-and-recording gear, in the cellar of Boylston Hall, a once seedy old building, now charmingly redecorated, inside the Yard. (Language labs express not only our new technology, incidentally, but also our new globalism, for they favor a practical emphasis on the speaking of foreign languages for use abroad, instead of the old literary one on the reading of them.) Meanwhile, as Harvard has changed, M.I.T. has changed still more. It has broadened its curriculum, remodelled its teaching of science and engineering (helped by a nine-million-dollar Ford grant), and embarked on many technical innovations—the development, for instance, of take-home laboratory kits, such as an electronics kit not much bigger than a textbook, with which a student, tinkering in his room, can learn the secrets of resistors, transistors, capacitors, and diodes.

These innovations affect the Cambridge world itself, but others that affect



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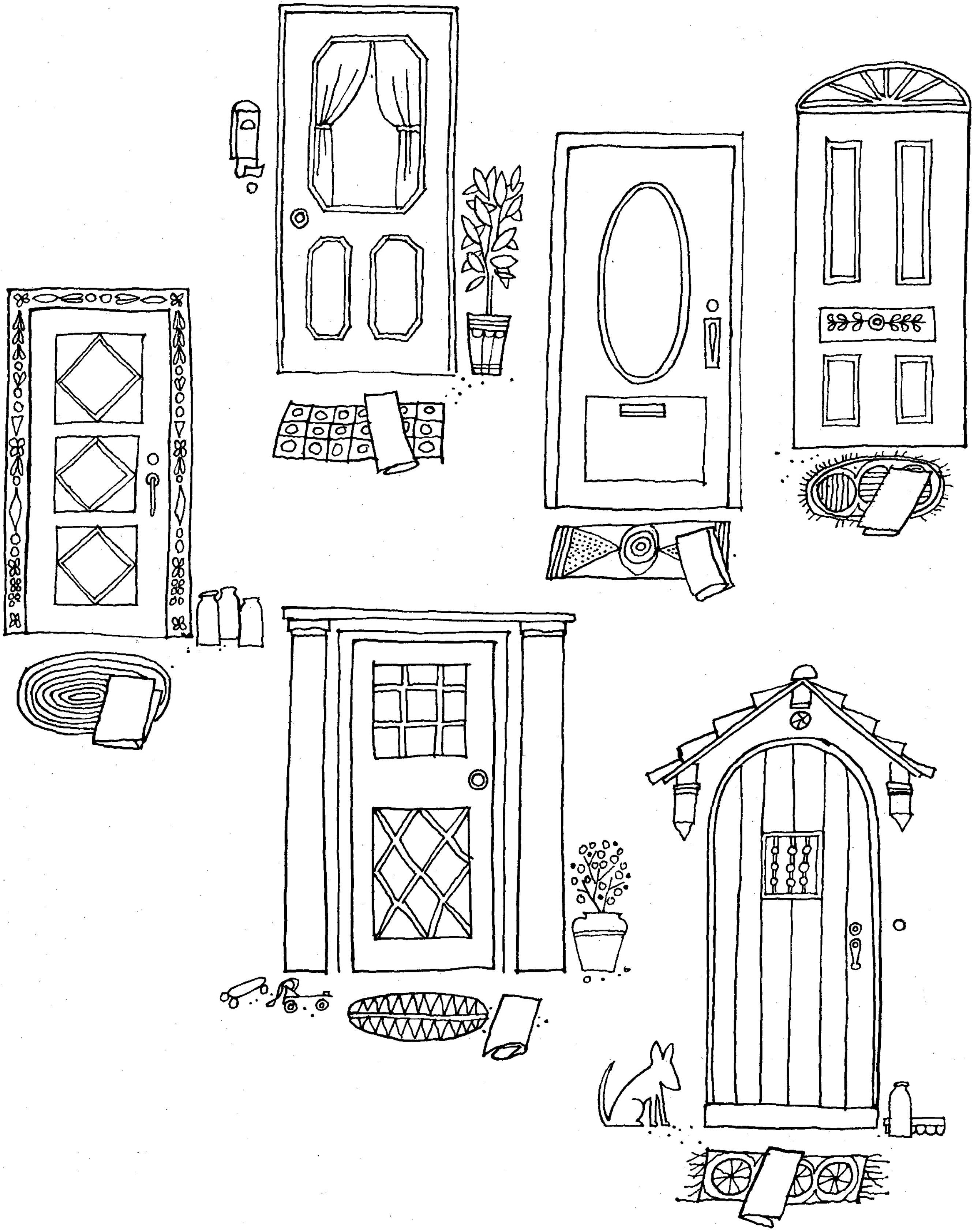

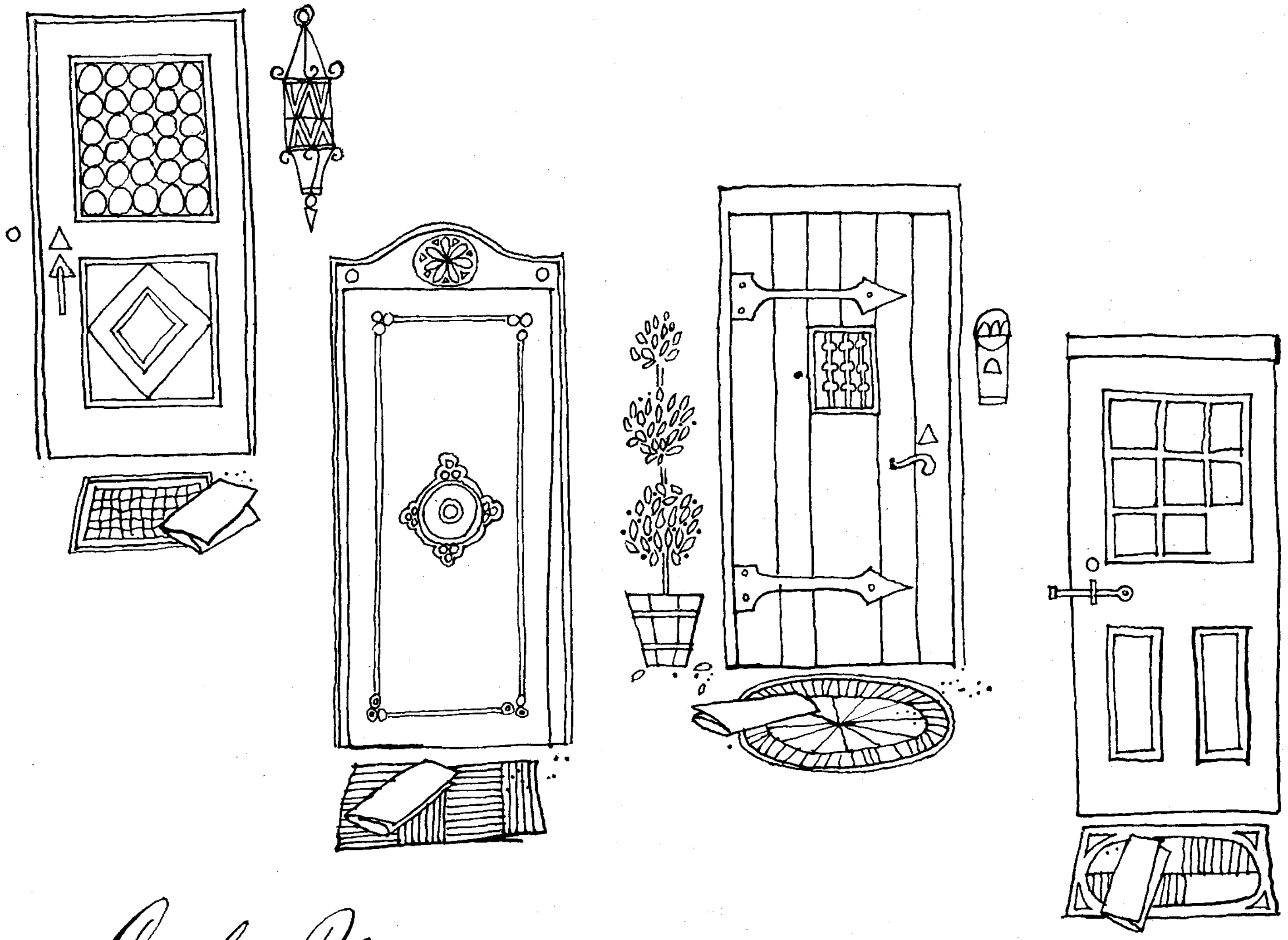

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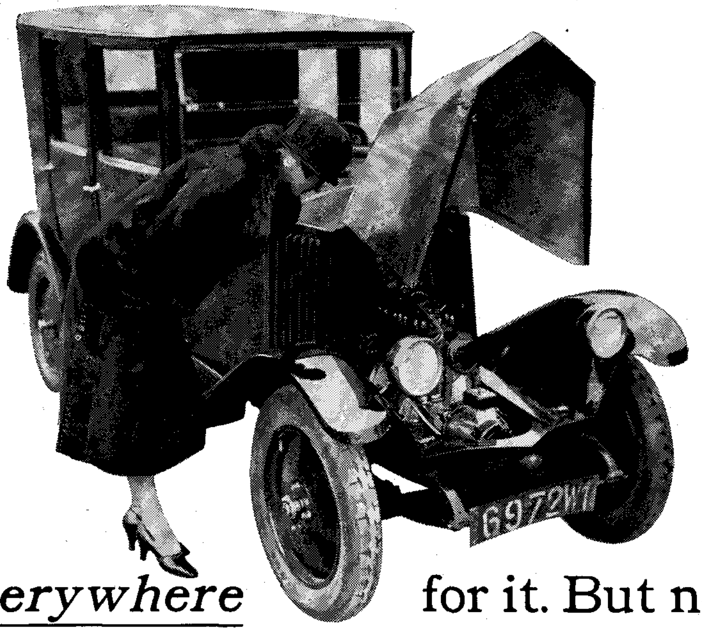
the world outside are still more noteworthy. The more striking ones are the creations of separate entrepreneurs, who know what they want to do and how to go about doing it. In Cambridge, these entrepreneurs are usually teachers not of education as such but of something else. They are reformers from outside the educational bureaucracy. Their *doyen* is I. A. Richards, now seventy—a springy-stepping man, with a red face and a mop of near-white hair, who retired just last year from teaching at Harvard. Richards, a crusader from an earlier day, seems old-fashioned in the new Cambridge. A veteran mountain climber, he walks the streets with a cap and knapsack. His interests seem donnish, recalling England, where he was born, and Cambridge University, where he began his teaching; last January he was named a Companion of Honor by Queen Elizabeth. Indeed, he seems more at home in a discussion of the Greek dramatists than of the latest scientific wrinkles in America. Although he peppers his conversation with terms from the world of computers and "information theory," his path into education reform has lain very much through the humanities. In the nineteen-thirties, already a well-known critic, he was popularizing Basic English, the creation of C. K. Ogden, with whom he had written a book called "The Meaning of Meaning." During the Second World War, he might have eased off, but by that time he was ensconced at Harvard and absorbed in the problems of teaching a second language, especially English, to beginners. (In 1942, he had got a big boost from Winston Churchill, who in a surprise speech at Harvard dwelt on the virtues of Basic English and those of Richards as its prophet.) He is still pursuing his language studies, with special attention to new methods. "Technology to the rescue" is his slogan, and through the years he and his collaborator, Christine Gibson, have built up a stock of films, filmstrips, tape recordings, picture-and-text combinations, and TV films, testing and refining it all the while. He argues that these materials—which are easy, of course, to duplicate—could now do the main job of teaching elementary English throughout the world. "The first steps in a language can be taught by film better than by any but highly trained and gifted teachers at their best," he says. With Miss Gibson, Richards has put out a series of books designed to teach languages—English, French, Spanish, German, Italian, Russian, Hebrew, Arabic, and others—through pictures of simple stick-figure men and women carrying out actions



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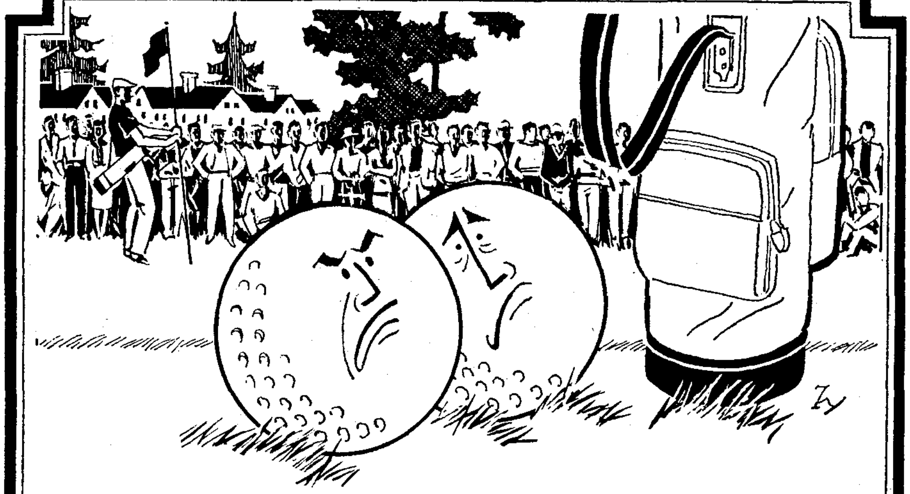

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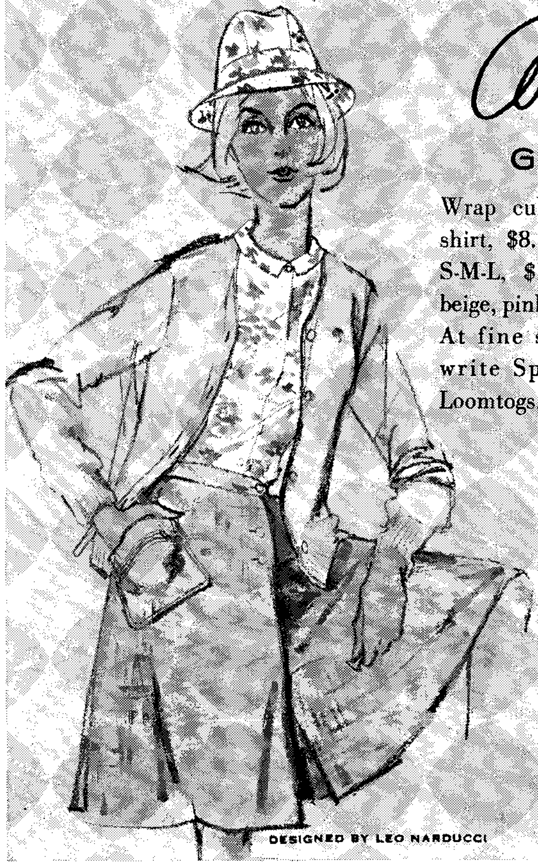

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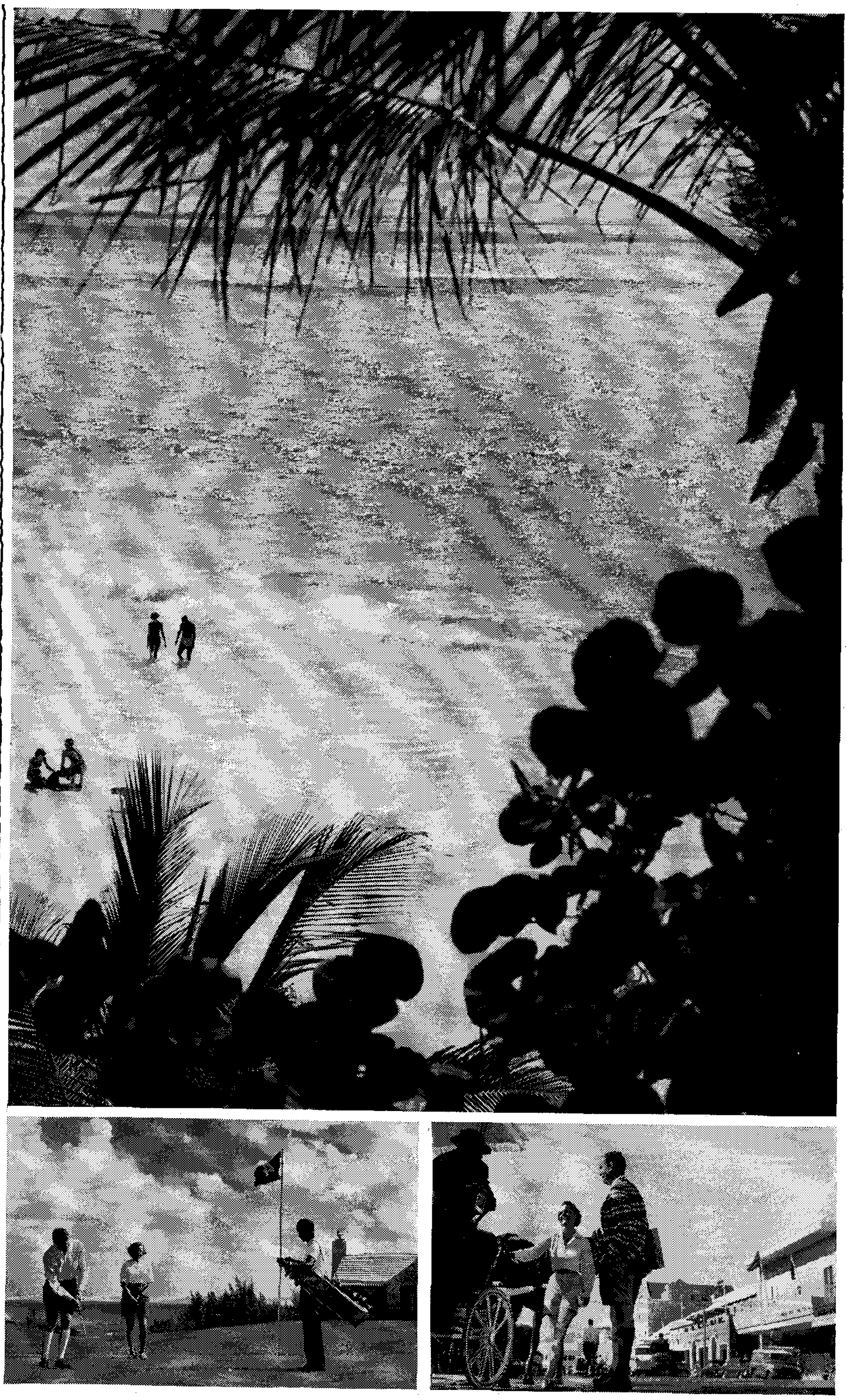
that are described in the text. The English version, "English Through Pictures," has already sold more than two million copies in paperback. Television courses in French and Spanish, worked up mainly by Miss Gibson, have also been well received. In the forties, Richards and Miss Gibson founded a nonprofit corporation called Language Research, which holds the royalties from their books (together with foundation grants when available) and invests them in new teaching projects and experiments. In 1957, with Ford Foundation backing, Language Research helped set up a closed-circuit TV program in the Chelsea district of Manhattan in order to teach English to the Puerto Ricans there (and Spanish to their neighbors). More recently, L.R. acquired a mobile language lab—a thirty-six-foot trailer with audio-visual gear and booths for eighteen pupils—that is now being used to teach French at the public schools of Arlington, a suburb of Boston.

Professor Richards, who reorganized educational systems in China in the thirties, is a widely travelled man who is obsessed with the need for literacy, right away, among the developing peoples. A lover of English—a poet himself and a professional appreciator of the British poets—he sometimes stresses the qualifications of English as the second language par excellence to a degree verging on cultural imperialism. Yet English is said to be coming up now almost everywhere—it is the obvious second language for much of Africa and Asia—and the emphasis may not be misplaced. Richards and his staff are currently engaged in a grade-school English-teaching program in Israel, and they have just returned from laying the groundwork for another in Ghana, which may give them a beachhead for wider African operations. (Like many global reformers in Cambridge, Richards sees Africa as the great opportunity now.) Meanwhile, he and Miss Gibson continue to experiment, in an old frame building near the Harvard Yard, with new techniques. Though retired from Harvard itself, he has not retired from Language Research, through which he still propagates his ideas.

A currently more active, and better patronized, entrepreneur of education is Dr. Jerrold R. Zacharias, a distinguished M.I.T. physicist who got the teaching-reform bug in the fifties and has since built up a huge enterprise called Educational Services Incorporated. Zacharias, commonly known as Zach, is a stocky, gray-haired man in his fifties. He came to M.I.T. shortly before Pearl Harbor to work on a radar project, and later, beginning in 1951, he led in the development of anti-missile defenses at the Institute's Lincoln Laboratory. These jobs helped make a name for him in the scientific world, and they also accustomed him to the idea of big-scale assaults—with plenty of manpower and other resources—on critical problems. In the Truman administration, Zacharias was appointed to the President's Science Advisory Committee. Periodically, he says, the Committee was briefed on Russian progress in scientific education, but apparently nothing would persuade American education to speed up competitively. Zacharias says that he got provoked by the anti-intellectual and anti-scientific spirit of the American public. He brooded about it, and in 1956 he wrote a memorandum to James R. Killian, Jr., then president of M.I.T., on the teaching of physics in high school. The next year, Russia put her Sputnik into orbit; a cry went up in America about our science teaching, and Zacharias has been reforming it ever since. His first big achievement, and probably his greatest so far, was the creation of a new high-school physics course. In the past, according to one of Zacharias's colleagues, most American high-school physics texts were written by high-school physics teachers, which condemned them to mediocrity. But Zacharias enlisted a team of the best physicists in the country, including two Nobel Prize winners, and got them not only to help in writing new texts but also to act in movies of experiments and other demonstrations. These films, some of them small masterpieces, are distributed by commercial agencies with the new text and improved equipment for laboratory experiments. Meanwhile, books for collateral reading on many aspects of physics are being prepared; Zacharias's people are editing them, and Anchor Books is publishing them, at the rate of nearly one a month. Zacharias's new course, with all these fittings, has been a great success; it is already being used (at least in part) by a third of the secondary schools in America—including most of the good ones—and by many abroad. Since it was launched, Zacharias's organization has moved on to the reform of our elementary science teaching; to an exploration of new ways to teach the social sciences and humanities; and to the starting of an ambitious program in Africa.

Zacharias's activities began under the wing of M.I.T., but as they grew more complex, they were spun off into Educational Services Incorporated—a non-



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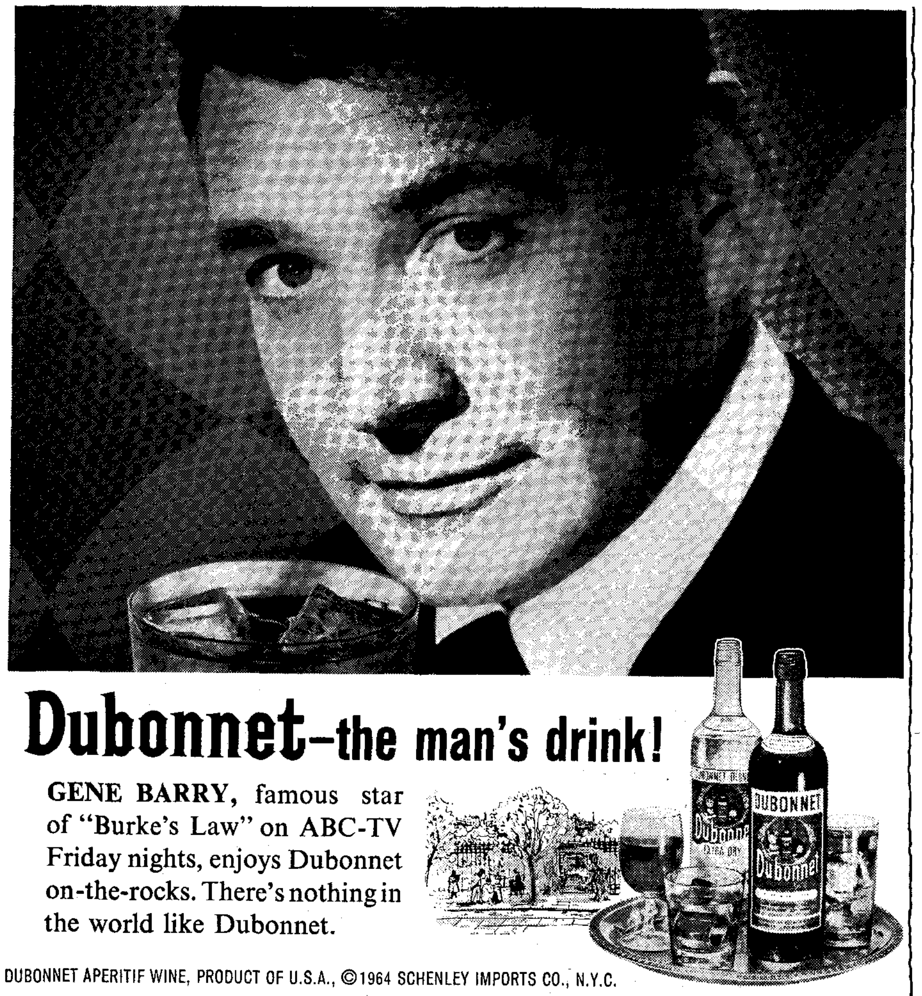

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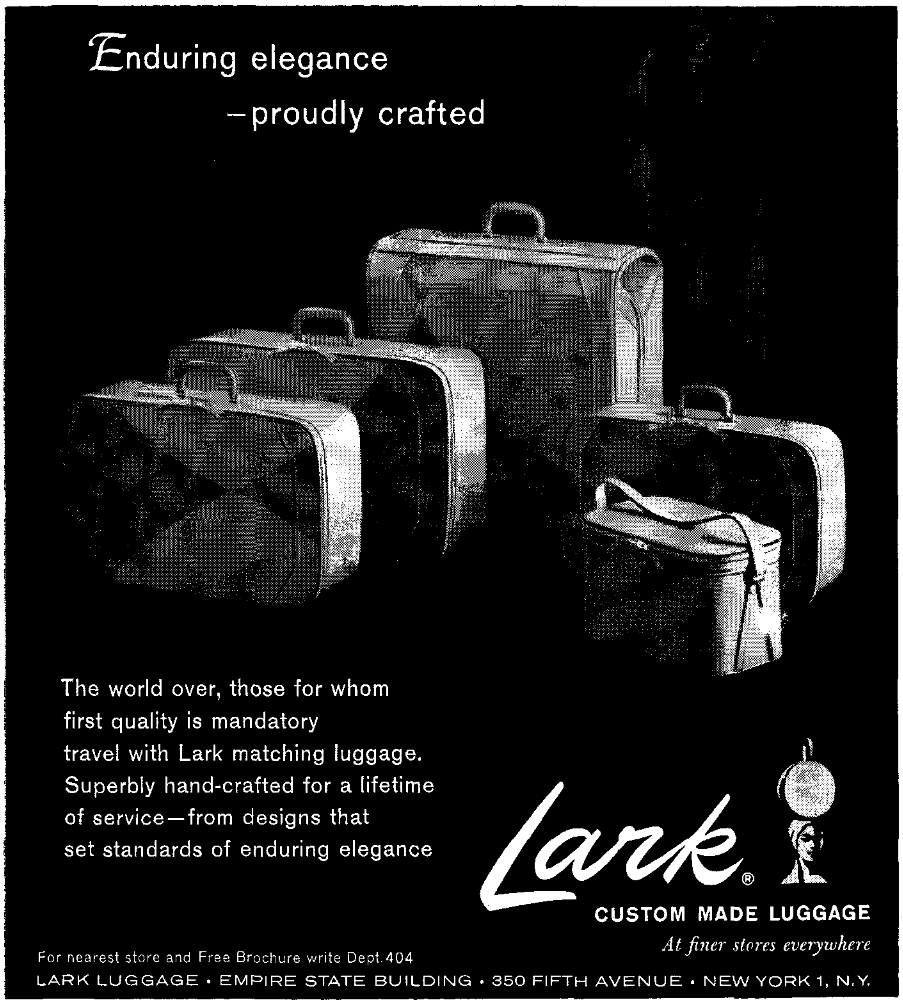

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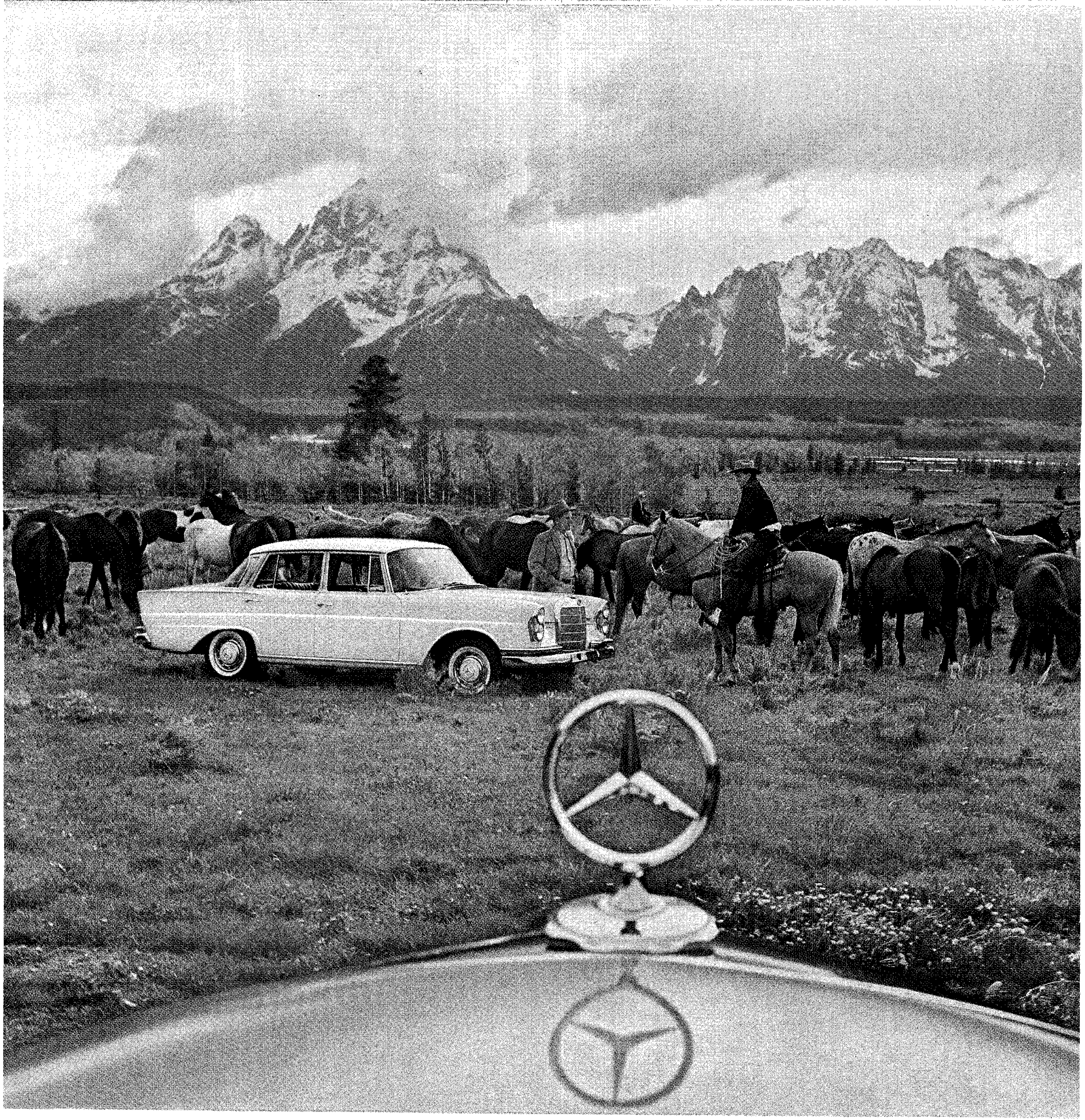
profit corporation, with James Killian as chairman of its board. Zacharias complains that while education in this country is a twenty-five-billion-dollar business, it doesn't spend nearly the percentage of this sum on research and development that a similarly financed industrial firm would. Even so, E.S.I. had a budget for 1963 of almost six million dollars, which—as Zacharias points out with satisfaction—is more than that of many a small liberal-arts college.

To a casual observer, Zacharias suggests the traditional Hollywood mogul. He seems under a compulsion to dominate the pecking order. He keeps yes men within reach; he holds the floor at all costs; and at meetings of his organization he interrupts his specialists to tell them what they should be saying. Yet he gets things done. He is alert, vital, shrewd, and influential; he is on intimate terms with Killian, Wiesner, and many other leaders of the new science officialdom (he is, in fact, a leader of it himself), and when he telephones a foundation or government agency, his voice is listened to. (Some Cambridge wits talk about a unit of currency called the "zach," which amounts to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—this supposedly being the smallest amount that Zacharias thinks it worthwhile to ask a foundation for.) Zacharias's approach to Africa has been typically grandiose. He got interested in that continent while taking part in a conference at Rehovoth, Israel, on the advancement of the underdeveloped areas. During the conference, there was much high-flown talk, annoying to Zacharias, about the need of things like atomic reactors in such areas, so he was pleased to see the Reverend Solomon B. Caulker, the vice-principal of a college in Sierra Leone, rise to argue that widespread elementary education, not ultra-sophisticated gadgetry, was what Africa really needed. After the conference, Zacharias and Caulker got to talking, and in time they agreed to try an African education program. Caulker, it happened, was killed in a plane crash on his way home, but Zacharias went to work anyway. First, he assembled an eight-week conference in Dedham, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1961; it was paid for jointly by the Ford Foundation and by our foreign-aid program, and it was attended by twenty Africans, thirty-five Americans, and five third-country experts on African education. They talked and talked, and it was finally decided that E.S.I. should prepare materials for the whole of English-speaking tropical Africa; should



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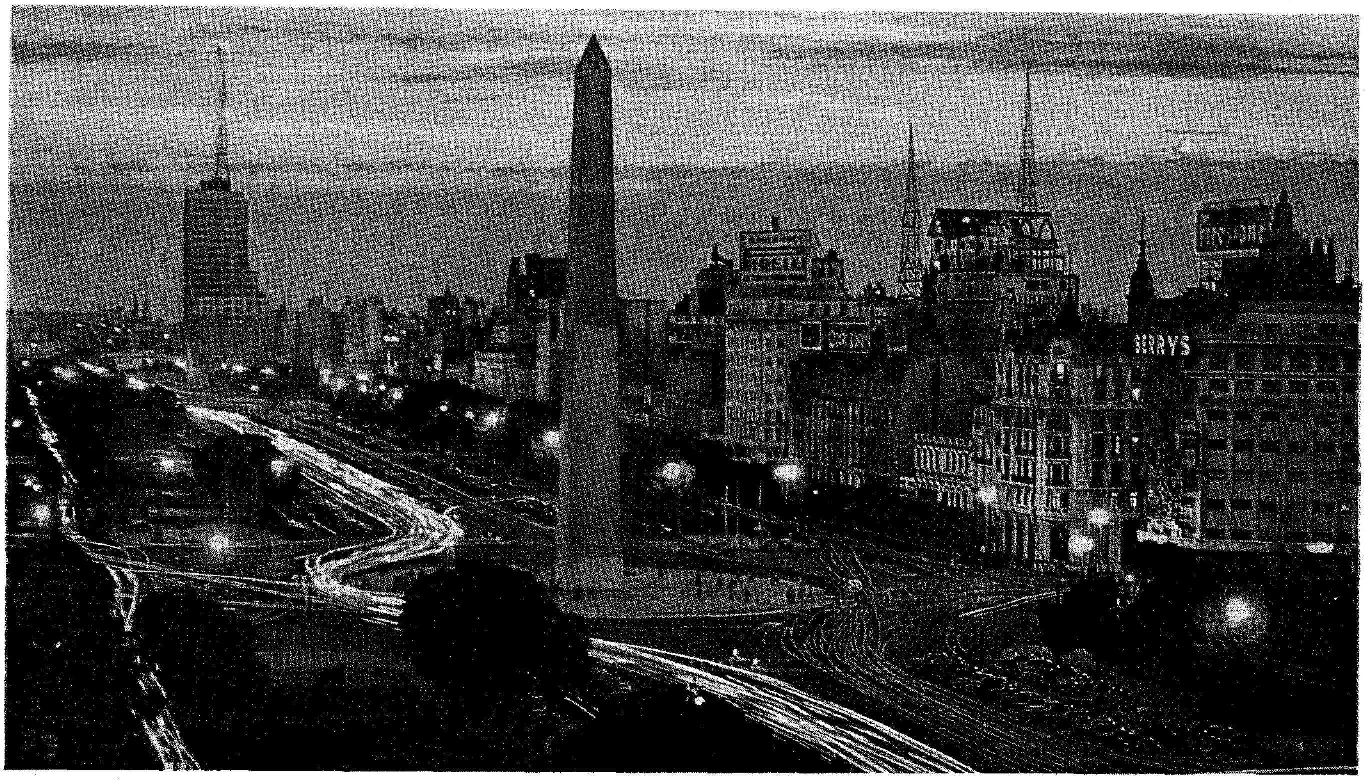

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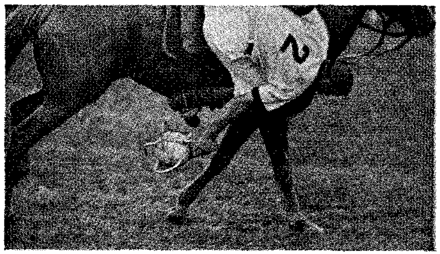

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concentrate on the years from kindergarten through the fourteenth grade; and should undertake programs in science, mathematics, and the social-sciences-plus-humanities, with linguistics and teacher-training fitted in somewhere. A math program was chosen as the starter; big interim meetings were held the next winter in Accra, Ghana, and Ibadan, Nigeria; and in the summer of 1962 a workshop conference of more than fifty experts was assembled for eight weeks at Entebbe, in Uganda, on the shores of Lake Victoria. This conference drafted a first-grade math course and half of an eighth-grade one, and these have since been tried out on Africans with considerable success. Meanwhile, a second Entebbe conference was held in the summer of 1963 to draft additional math courses, and so it will go. E.S.I. is not out to push its program down Africa's throat; it is merely getting up materials—texts and teaching guides—that the African school systems may use if they wish. No one knows yet what the demand will be, but the Ford Foundation and the government foreign-aid program (which have been paying one-quarter and three-quarters of the program's cost, respectively) are gambling that it will be large.

E.S.I. may have its chief trouble with the humanities and the social sciences, for there it is up against the two-culture problem, in C. P. Snow's phrase, or even a three-culture problem. The social sciences, or third culture, pursue a rather separate course in Cambridge. The humanities frown somewhat on them because of their often grotesque English and their tendency to invade the realm of fiction and the other arts. The physical sciences, too, have looked on them with a certain pity, because of their struggle to deal scientifically with concepts not amenable to laboratory verification. Zacharias himself shows some of this condescension; he speaks of wanting to endow the social scientists with the "dignity of having a laboratory," and he emphasizes the introduction of "hardware" into his social-science course. As for the humanities, E.S.I. has shown less of a green thumb with them so far. In neighboring Harvard, after all, is one of the greatest humanities mills ever known, yet not very many Harvard professors have grown excited over the E.S.I. humanities program. Even so, Zacharias will certainly make a try at reforming the field. Last spring, he got the best part of a million dollars from the Ford Foundation on which he can draw for the purpose, and there is presumably more where that came from. America,

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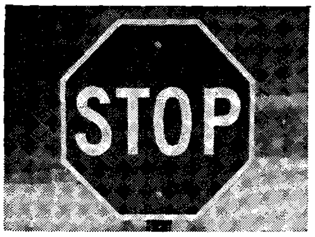

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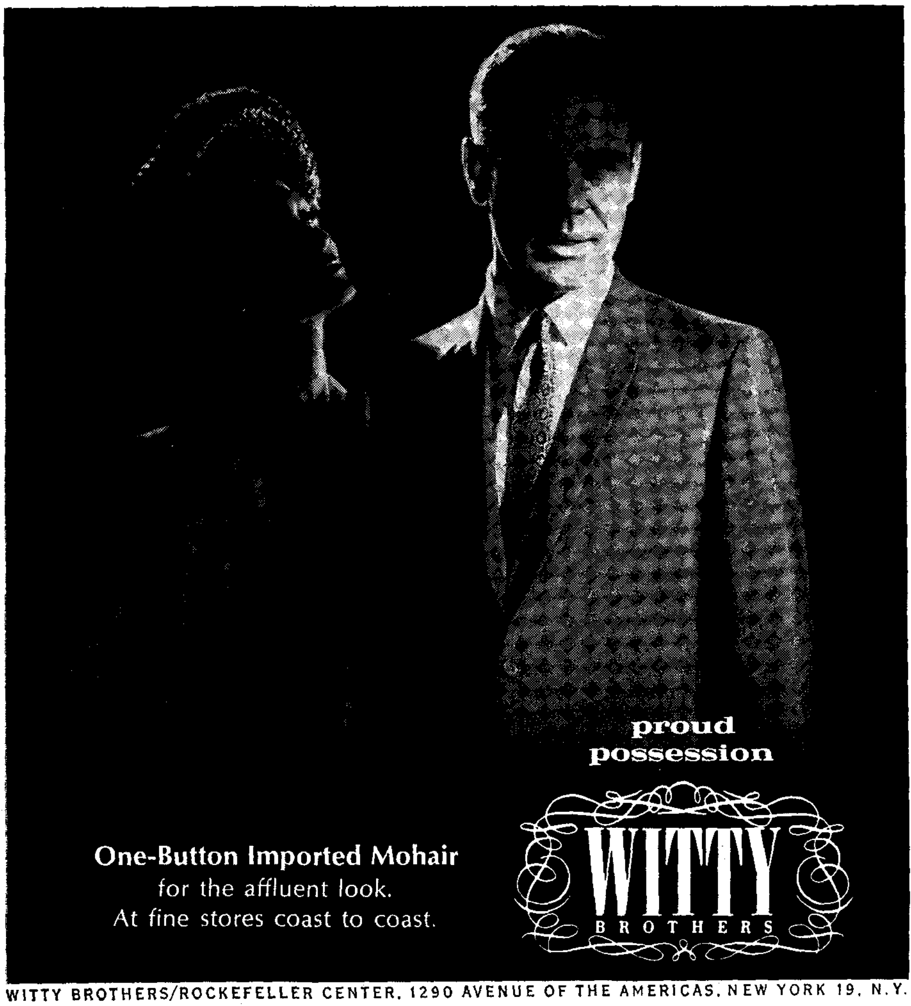

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for a scholar-innovator of Zacharias's ability, is very much a land of promise now.

MEANWHILE, one hears a great deal about another Harvard psychologist-educator, B. Frederic Skinner, the developer of "programmed instruction," or the teaching machine. Skinner—who wears the standard local façade of spectacles, a soaring brow, and receding hair—is a man of delicate mien, and a graceful writer on many subjects. He is a "behaviorist" whose education theories are derived from studying pigeons, and who finds himself in disagreement with Drs. Zacharias, Richards, and many others in the community. As a behaviorist, he believes that all thought processes are revealed in action. And as a pigeon trainer he believes that trainees should be rewarded or encouraged only *after* they have done something desirable, which leads him to dismiss audio-visual aids as pleasurable excitements administered too soon. The sweetening of educational pills through entertainment, he says, only produces candy addicts—"four-color illustrations don't teach a child to read; they make him a customer for *Look*, *Life*, and the comics." So Skinner's educational movement stands apart from the other movements, though he himself is generally on good terms with their leaders. He and Richards are friends, for instance, although they engage in sharp combat. They sometimes debate in polemical verse—an exchange of theirs was recently published in the British magazine *Encounter*—and Skinner says that once when he was invited to address a Richards class, Richards introduced him by saying "This is the Devil," and then sat down.

Skinner's work stems in part from Pavlov's experiments in conditioning the reflexes of dogs. Skinner himself began working with rats three decades ago, later switching to pigeons. He taught his pigeons by "reinforcing" their desirable actions with rewards of corn. If he wanted a pigeon to peck an object that lay to its right, say, he would give it a grain of corn when it turned its head in that direction, however slightly, and thus gradually he would lead it on. In this way, he taught pigeons to distinguish playing cards, to peck out tunes on a toy piano, to play a sort of table tennis, and to do many other things. (During the Second World War, he even devised a system for using pigeons to guide missiles. He taught each pigeon to single out the image of a chosen target on an aerial photograph, and to peck

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at it. Meanwhile, he and his colleagues designed a pigeon chamber to go in a missile's nose. There a pigeon would stand, according to the plan—or, rather, three pigeons would stand, to make success triply sure—while they sped through the sky toward a scene familiar to them from their aerial-photograph training. They would see this scene through a transparency, and would dutifully peck at the target as they had been taught. If the target showed in the center, they would peck there, and the missile would hold to its course, but if it showed to one side, or above or below, they would peck *there* and cause the guidance system, by electrical means, to make an adjustment. Skinner claims that he had the whole thing perfected, but unfortunately the military—because, he thinks, of a prejudice favoring inanimate contraptions over animate ones—dropped the scheme after a brief moment of supporting it.) In his programmed teaching, Skinner treats human beings like pigeons in that he "reinforces" desirable acts on their part—not by giving them corn but by letting them know that they are right. He teaches by asking questions, and the reinforcement is the confirmation of the answers. A program of his may include dozens of such questions, each leading on to another and another and another, in a carefully planned sequence. Hints are freely given in a well-designed program, and the student is nudged into making right answers almost in spite of himself. Here is the beginning of a program in high-school physics:

1. The important parts of a flashlight are the battery and the bulb. When we "turn on" a flashlight, we close a switch which connects the battery with the ________.

2. When we turn on a flashlight, an electric current flows through the fine wire in the ________ and causes it to grow hot.

3. When the hot wire glows brightly, we say that it gives off or sends out heat and ________.

4. The fine wire in the bulb is called a filament. The bulb "lights up" when the filament is heated by the passage of a(n) ________ current.

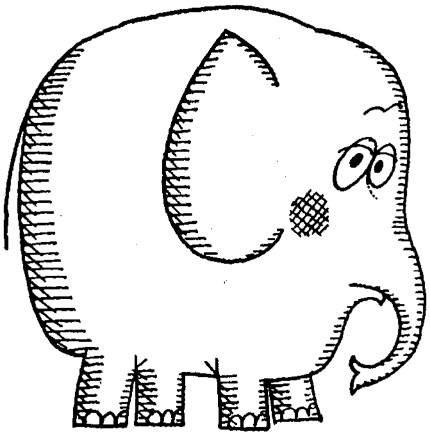
5. When a weak battery produces little current, the fine wire, or ________, does not get very hot.

6. A filament which is *less* hot sends out or gives off ________ light.

7. "Emit" means "send out." The amount of light sent out, or "emitted," by a filament depends on how ________ the filament is.

It is clear, even in this brief fragment, that new ideas are introduced very gently—the word "filament" is withheld, for instance, until the pupil is deemed ready for it, with "fine wire" used as a

Feeding peanuts to a bull fiddle, the sex of a cuckoo and other matters.



by

Johanna Fiedler

daughter of the conductor

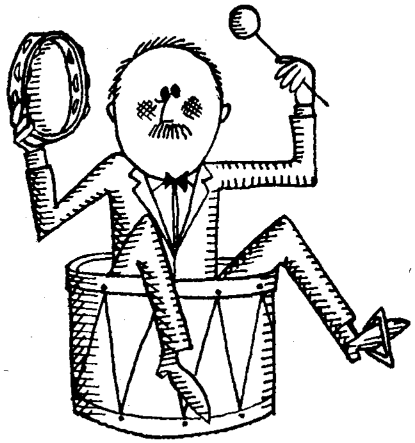
The above title and following comments are taken from the cover of a new recording by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops with Ogden Nash's verses and narration by Hugh Downs.

The scene is a spring evening in Symphony Hall in Boston. A performance of Saint-Saëns' "Carnival of the Animals" is in progress. The section entitled "Elephants" is being played with the cellos and cumbersome double basses musically impersonating the thick-skinned animals. One of the duo-pianists reaches into a conveniently placed bag and, pulling out a handful of peanuts, begins tossing them to the double basses. The orchestra is the Boston Pops, conducted by my father, Arthur Fiedler. Unbelievable as the above-mentioned incident may seem to the uninitiated, it is well in keeping with the spirit of fun inherent in every Boston Pops concert.

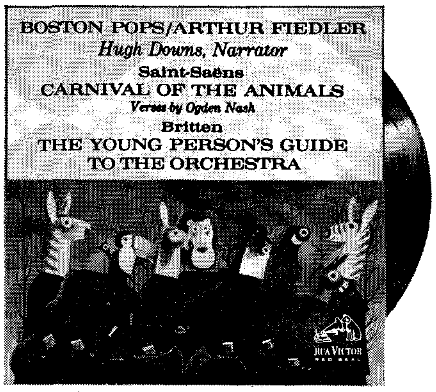
The "Carnival of the Animals" is a joyful exercise in having fun with music. Saint-Saëns wrote the piece with this intention, and the Pops is dedicated to fulfilling his desire. The high point of a concert performance is usually the "Cuckoo" section, with two clarinetists representing the two cuckoos cuckooing at each other. (My father is convinced that they are cuckoos of opposite sexes) ...and at the recording session, I remember him suggesting that the "male" clarinet-cuckoo sounded overly feminine and underly seductive. The result is a veritable Tarzan of a cuckoo.

A CHANCE TO SHOW OFF

Growing up in the midst of an orchestra gave me a familiarity with the various instruments as well as the instrumentalists. But it was not until I heard the Pops play Benjamin Britten's "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra" that I fully realized the virtuosity of my musician friends and the unexpected possibilities of their instruments. For example, you will hear a melody played on the kettle drums...however, you will not hear the event I remember best during a performance...a percussionist became so carried away by what he was trying to do that he fell headlong into the pile of cymbals, triangles, tambourines and snare drums.



It seems inevitable that this music will appeal to everyone, young people and old animals included...but don't be surprised if you start tossing peanuts at your record player...the Pops made me love music a thousand times over, and I hope this record does the same for you.



BOSTON POPS/ARTHUR FIEDLER
Hugh Downs, Narrator
Saint-Saëns
CARNIVAL OF THE ANIMALS
Verses by Ogden Nash
Britten
THE YOUNG PERSON'S GUIDE TO THE ORCHESTRA

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Skinner argues that John Dewey put teaching at a disadvantage by taking the coercion out of it without replacing it with anything; he thinks that putting an end to coercion was a good thing, but left incentive in a vacuum. He doesn't believe that the vacuum can be filled by interesting or exciting presentations of the audio-visual sort; the job, he maintains, can be done only by his own system, which he considers a natural one. His critics in Cambridge object strongly to his system, saying that it is too mechanical, that it disregards the pupil-teacher relationship, and that its slowness and repetitiveness—with the objective of making all questions easy—are merely boring. Whether these charges are valid or not, Skinner's programs *have* made some impressive records; bright students have learned subjects through teaching machines (and learned them retentively) in a fraction of the time that it would have taken them otherwise. One strong point of the system, of course, is that it lets a good student forge ahead independently, and such independence is useful in other ways, too—teaching machines can be used at home, and when used in schools they can help relieve the teacher shortage, or can free teachers for lecturing and consultation.

NOT too surprisingly, the hospital world of Boston is closely linked to Cambridge, and it, too, has been going through a renaissance of late, with the same elements of globalism, outside money, new technology, and new centers of activity. This world consists mainly of the Harvard, Tufts, and Boston University medical schools and the hospitals coöperating with them, and its

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greatest segment is the Harvard Medical Center, made up of seven teaching hospitals plus the Harvard Schools of Medicine and Dental Medicine. Then there is the Harvard School of Public Health. I have a friend at M.I.T. who blames it for the worldwide population explosion. "People from the school are coming and going everywhere, combatting mass mortality," he said recently. "They travel through Latin America fighting tropical diseases, and now they're about to clean up trachoma—you know, the great cause of blindness in the Middle East. A Harvard task force, backed by the Arabian-American Oil Company, has just developed what seems a promising vaccine against the trachoma virus. That had hardly been dreamed of before in trachoma's thousands of years of history." My friend didn't say so, but another team from the school flew to New Delhi not long ago to see about starting an institute for family planning there—a move *against* the population explosion. And these ventures are just samples. Cambridge doctors are in orbit all the time now. (And foreigners keep flying this way, too, coming in to be healed. Ibn Saud and Anthony Eden are recent examples.) Just before the Second World War, the Harvard Medical School was getting two per cent of its support from the federal government; now it gets nearly sixty per cent—six million dollars in the school year 1960-61, divided among no less than twenty-five hundred people in grants for research and training. The interaction between Harvard and M.I.T. is evident in this field, too. For instance, there is the odd history of a device worked out at M.I.T. for use in Polaris missiles; it was later found valuable in measuring the viscosity of blood, and now a Harvard doctor is using it in vascular studies of clotting and arteriosclerosis. There is also the use of proton beams, generated at the Harvard cyclotron, in treating brain tumors, and there is Walter Rosenblith's computer technique for studying the nervous system, which is being applied clinically to cases of deafness in newborn babies. Nor, again, is that the end of it. The proximity of medicine to technology has led to fresh prospects of all sorts. The Harvard School of Public Health has a new Guggenheim Center for Aerospace Health and Safety, which will study things like the effect of weightlessness on human beings, and a still newer—just forming—Center for Population Studies, which is *another* move against the population explosion, this time at the home base. (Its work will supplement

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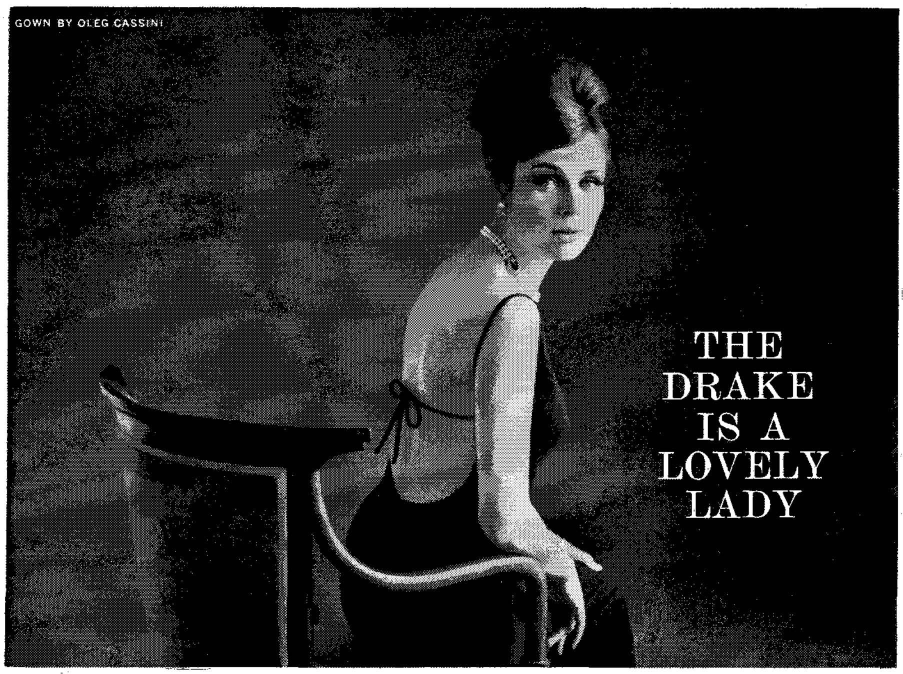
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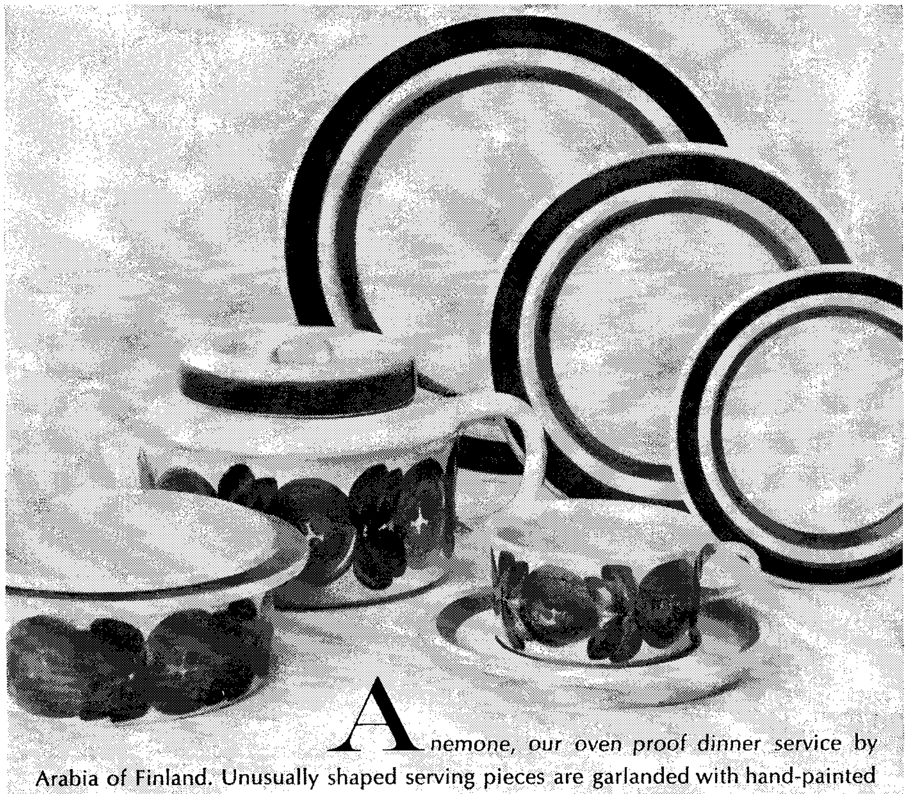

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that of Dr. John Rock, the great contraceptives expert, who has just retired from Harvard and is ensconced in a center of his own in nearby Brookline.)

One cannot discuss the medical renaissance without mentioning the researches of Drs. John F. Enders and Thomas H. Weller, the Harvard Nobel Prize winners whose studies, along with those of Frederic C. Robbins, of Western Reserve, led to the polio vaccines, and who have more recently isolated the measles virus (German and regular) and developed a measles vaccine, or Dr. James D. Watson, who got a Nobel Prize (with two British scientists) in 1962 for working out the structure of the DNA molecule. This feat has inspired all kinds of experiments, and much of the biological research in the world now stems from it. In current belief, DNA controls protein synthesis, and hence heredity, so the followups to Watson's discovery—being eagerly pursued in Cambridge, as elsewhere—are expected to yield great news about life and perhaps great means of influencing it. One often hears it said in Cambridge scientific circles that physics has had its day of excitement—that the big discoveries are over, and a time of refinement has set in—and that molecular biology will be the great thing in the next few decades. That means Watson's work, and what comes out of it. It is all part of the Cambridge boom.

ARCHITECTURE in Cambridge is both a frame for the new age and a part of that age. It is very global, for one thing. "Some of the world's greatest architects have settled here," a young friend in the profession pointed out to me the other day. "Pietro Belluschi, the dean of the School of Architecture and Planning at M.I.T., is an Italian. José Luis Sert, the dean of the Faculty of Design at Harvard, is by origin a Spaniard—he's been a European at large since the Spanish Civil War—and Walter Gropius, formerly chairman of the Department of Architecture, who still lives here, is a German. Many people on their faculties are foreigners, too, like the Japanese Hideo Sasaki, at Harvard, and the Hungarian Gyorgy Kepes, at M.I.T. Then other famous foreigners—the Pole Jerzy Soltan, for instance, and the Swiss architectural historian Siegfried Giedion—have been coming here intermittently to teach. Foreigners have also designed many buildings in Cambridge. Alvar Aalto and Eero Saarinen, of Finland, are represented by very good work at M.I.T., and Le Corbusier's only building in North America

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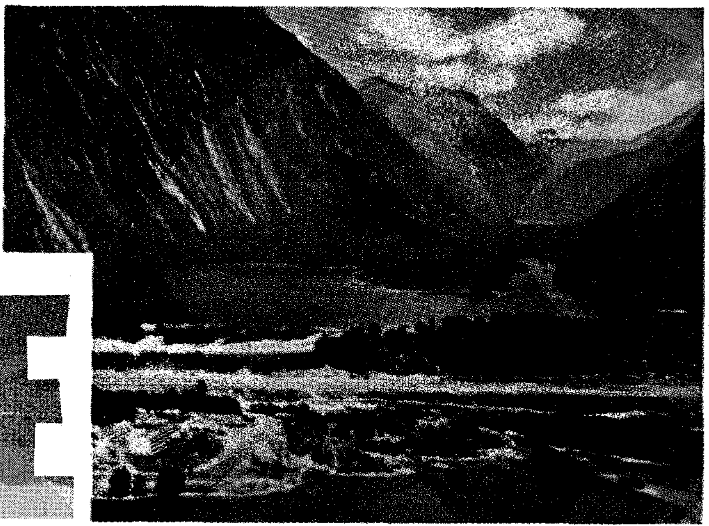
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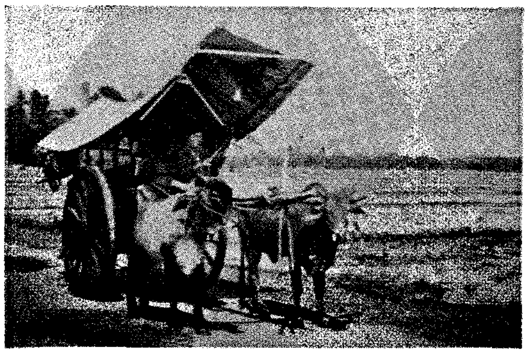
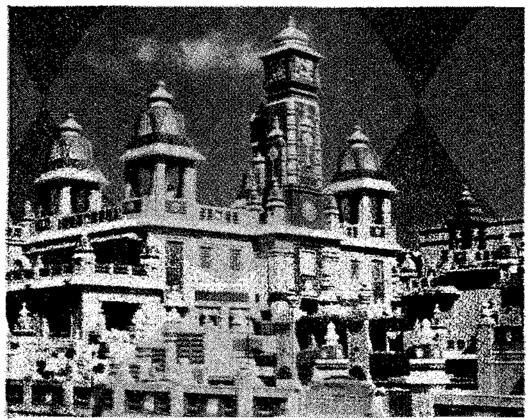

MALAYA—Bullock Cart, Malacca

SAMOA—Native Girls, Pago Pago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is the new Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts at Harvard, which is a fine example of his later concrete-sculptural style; if nothing else, it will always be a museum piece of twentieth-century International architecture for Cambridge. There are other such monuments as well, for Sert and Gropius, to name only two, have been leaving their mark on the town."

Influences going out to the world from Cambridge, my friend told me, are just as important as those coming in; they go out through the many foreign architectural students graduating from Harvard and M.I.T., and also through the global operations of private firms here, especially the Gropius firm—called The Architects Collaborative, or TAC—which is doing several jobs in Europe and Africa. TAC specializes in designs for schools and colleges, my friend said. "Architecture has grown so complex technologically that it is hard for a firm to engage in the old kind of diversified practice," he went on. "Today, on a single job you may have a stack of blueprints several inches thick, where once you had just a few sheets. Many firms, therefore, have stopped trying to know everything. Instead, they pick out a specialty, and TAC's is educational building. Cambridge is a good place to pursue it. TAC has done jobs recently at Brandeis and Harvard, but above all it has designed new primary- and secondary-school buildings—dozens of them—in New England and other parts of America. Abroad, Gropius has done some non-educational work—he designed the new American Embassy in Athens—but again schools have been his main interest. The firm has been designing them, or helping to design them, in Nigeria, Guinea, and Mali. TAC is also working on a big university in Tunis, and another one in Baghdad." Other firms are doing foreign business, too—on a lesser scale, perhaps, but one still hears of great prosperity among the leading local architects. And Cambridge has a more institutional global link as well—the Joint Center for Urban Studies, which is backed by the Ford Foundation and affiliated with both Harvard and M.I.T. It signed a contract a year or so ago with a Venezuelan government agency to work out a "development strategy" for the Guayana region, on the Orinoco. The region is potentially rich—it has been called the "future Ruhr of South America"—and it is getting the benefit of such new installations as a steel mill and a system of dams. A new city of perhaps half a million, called Santo Tomé de Guayana is envisioned,

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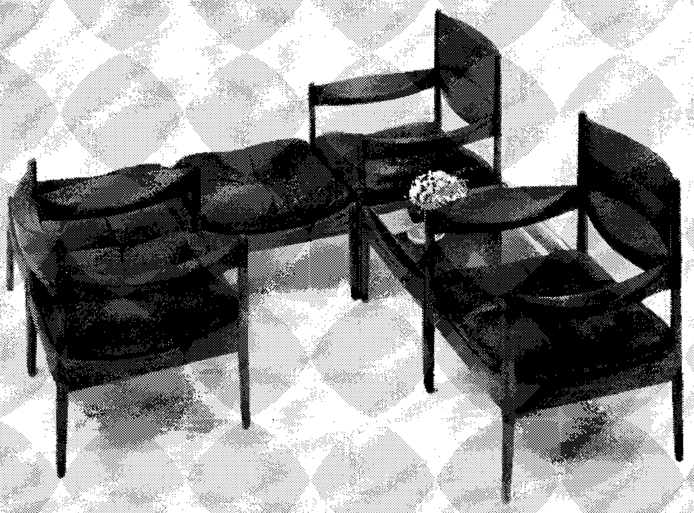

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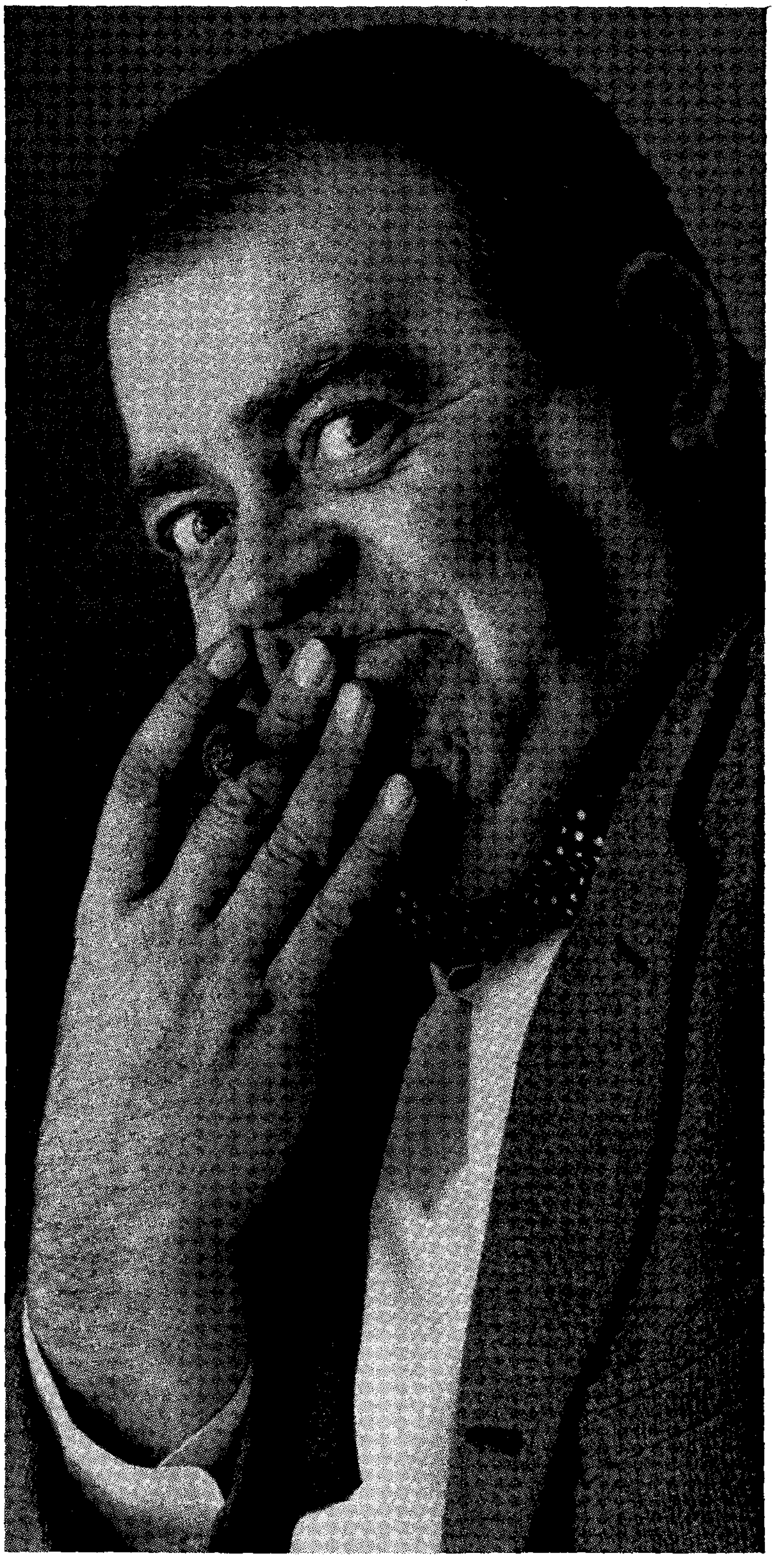
and it has a population of sixty thousand already. The development is being run by Venezuelans, with the Joint Center here doing much of the basic theoretical work.

Technology plays its part, of course, in the architectural boom at Cambridge, as my young friend explained to me. "In Cambridge, you are in the mainstream of innovation," he said. "There is no other place like it. You have people here like Albert Dietz, professor of civil engineering and architecture at M.I.T., who is probably the world's foremost expert on the use of plastics in building, and institutions like the Albert Farwell Bemis Foundation, where great studies on the modular aspect of building have been undertaken. The Cambridge architect Carl Koch has drawn on those studies for his Techbuilt houses, which are designed here and sold all over the country. M.I.T. also leads in acoustical research, and the Cambridge firm of Bolt, Beranek & Newman—all of whose partners teach at M.I.T.—is the world's leading acoustical consultant. Buckminster Fuller does some of his research and development in Cambridge; his firm, Geodesics, Inc., has offices right near Harvard Square."

When viewed primarily as a frame for the Cambridge renaissance instead of as a product thereof, the new architecture is remarkable chiefly for its verticality and its addiction to concrete. High-rise buildings are going up on all three big campuses along the Charles—Harvard, M.I.T., and Boston University—and still more are on the drafting boards. They threaten to give Charlesside architecture a uniformity it has lacked. The prevalence of concrete in the new Cambridge is closely associated with the name of José Luis Sert, the Harvard dean, whose firm—Sert, Jackson & Gourley—has been designing buildings for Boston University as well as for Harvard itself. Harvard's student daily, the *Crimson*, has attacked the Sert buildings as "Incinerator Gothic"—a not very apt term—and has characterized them generally as "ugly, menacing, stark, and big." In future years, the main objection to these buildings, however, may be simply that there are too many of them too much alike—too many surfaces of coarse concrete relieved almost frantically by touches of bright color and by baffles, balconies, arcades, ledges, corrugations, and other roughnesses. Moreover, there is a lack of privacy in some new Cambridge buildings that goes against the scholarly need for concentration. Modern architects are so infatuated with light



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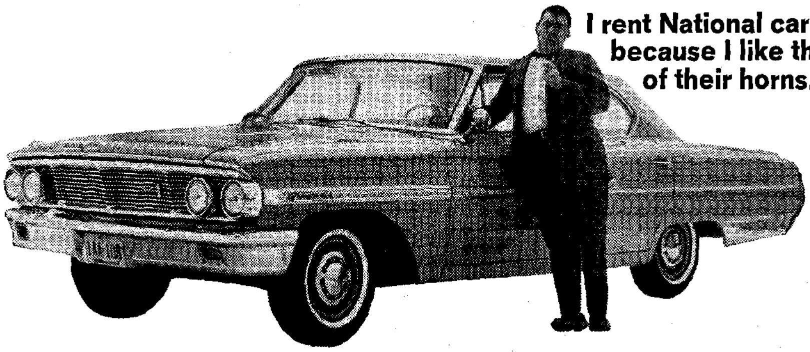

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and space, perhaps, that they can't see this need for seclusion. Also, of course, they have before them the horrid examples of the dingy Gothic quadrangles built at Yale and other places a few decades ago. But Georgian isn't dingy. I have been living in Georgian quarters at Harvard for the past few months, and have found peace and quiet there, along with light and spaciousness. Some of the newer anti-traditional buildings here don't score this high. Gropius' dormitories for the Harvard graduate school are partitioned with cinder blocks, and one hears that the tiniest noise carries through the walls. Le Corbusier's Visual Arts Center is so glassy that it is hard to heat and is open to many distractions for both the eye and the ear. Brandeis, too, has its share of distraction traps, including plate glass between halls and classrooms in some buildings, or between halls and teachers' offices, so that trains of thought are broken by the passage of pretty coeds. And the university's library has similar weaknesses. But Brandeis is a special case anyway. It has been built almost wholly in the past fifteen years under a leadership that was not well experienced with campus architecture, or with architecture of any kind in rustic surroundings. (The site is in wooded hills outside of suburban Waltham.) Not surprisingly, under the circumstances, mistakes have been made; certain buildings have been crowded together, for instance, in an unnecessarily urban way. Even so, the pleasures of Brandeis architecture far outweigh the pains; the campus is already a good museum of twentieth-century work, and is getting better all the time. It is a fitting part of this strange, and strangely influential, new community of Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE influences the world and the nation to a remarkable degree, but it doesn't have much influence on Greater Boston. The Cambridge academics like the Boston cultural events—the theatres, concerts, and exhibitions—and these things, without much doubt, are among the attractions that bring them to this part of the world. But they don't especially like Boston to live in; they prefer Cambridge itself or the Middlesex villages northwest of Cambridge, like Belmont, Lexington, and Concord. They don't like the Boston papers, either; many read the New York *Times* instead. This "lack of communication" between Academe and the surrounding culture has many aspects. For instance, Boston is undergoing a huge redevelopment program—being plowed up and rebuilt in all direc-

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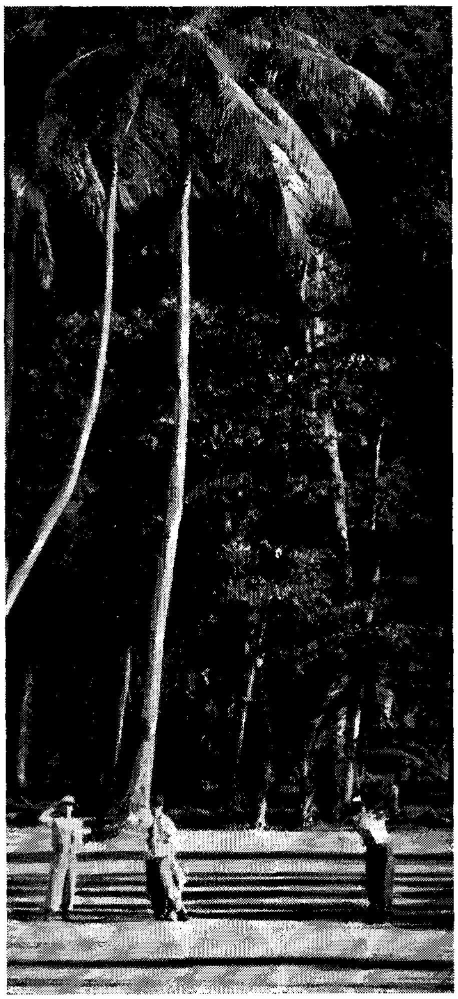

tions—that Cambridge's Joint Center for Urban Studies would no doubt have liked very much to get in on. But it has found Venezuela more approachable. And there is virtually no social fraternizing between the academics and the neighboring masses. The former believe theoretically in equality—in all men being brothers—yet most of them in fact are leading well-fed, well-housed, middle-class lives quite different from those of the Greater Boston poor, whom they exclude from close proximity by traditional means; some of the good Cambridge houses adjoining the slum of Somerville even have back-yard fences that look like stockades of the Indian days.

Regardless of theory, then, the Cambridge Academe is not much good at getting on with its immediate neighbors. But getting on with the world is something else. "I don't understand it," a European refugee professor said the other day. "I was brought up partly in Paris and went to the Sorbonne. I could easily see then why Paris was a great center. All those roads had been planned that way, by all those Louis. You had to follow them, and Paris was where they led to. But Cambridge isn't that way at all. Nobody planned roads leading here that I can see. And yet Cambridge is a great center—as great, perhaps, as any in the world now. It has a strange magnetism." The professor shrugged. "I can't understand that magnetism, but still I feel it. That's why I'm here." —CHRISTOPHER RAND

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

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THE MORTUARY LIFE

[*Adv. for an undertaking establishment in Denver Rocky Mountain Journal*]

From time to time, as a public service, Olingers will publish some questions that are asked with answers that will be of value to readers. Write for your free copy of Treasured Memories to obtain more detailed information.

QUESTIONS
AND
ANSWERS

Q. We answered an advertisement offering a pre-need funeral plan for $10. The salesman wants to sell us a casket for more than $500 and will give us a contract in which we name the mortuary of our preference and we are to get our funeral for $255 or maximum social security death benefit prevailing at time of need. Will Olingers let us provide our own casket and serve us for $255?

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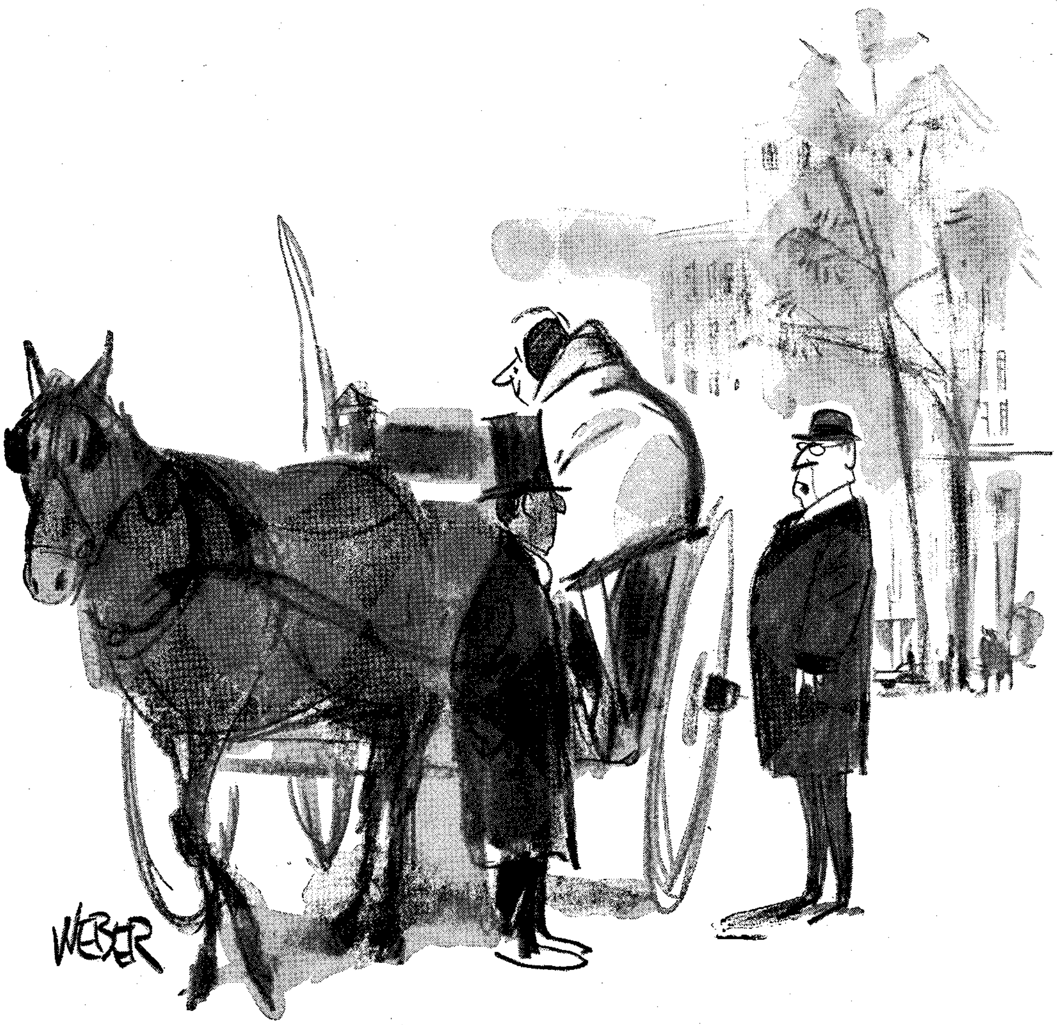
THE THEATRE

FORTHRIGHT PRINCE

IN John Gielgud's production of "Hamlet," at the Lunt-Fontanne, Richard Burton depicts the Danish prince as a man cold, bold, and ironic. He makes no attempt to demonstrate any of the customary Freudian conclusions about the character, and the question here is not *whether* Hamlet will revenge himself upon the king who murdered his father but *when*. Such an approach to Hamlet may be short on subtlety—it is—but any actor who undertakes the part is entitled to his own interpretation of it, and though this version of the Prince may now and then seem rather roughhewn, he is always commanding, and Mr. Burton delivers the Shakespearean verses effectively and without any unnecessary flourishes. In this presentation, the members of the cast wear rehearsal clothes and run through their paces on a practically bare stage, which is a trifle disconcerting at first but after a while comes to seem natural enough. I was somewhat disappointed by certain scenes—particularly those involving Hamlet and Queen Gertrude (Eileen Herlie), in the course of which very little was done to establish the intricate emotional relationship between the two—but I found most of the production compelling. Perhaps Alfred Drake is overly unctuous as Claudius, and perhaps Linda Marsh, despite some effective moments in the mad scene, is a bit too inexperienced to realize fully the part of Ophelia. However, I can't imagine how anyone could improve upon Hume Cronyn's portrayal of that boring old quidnunc, Polonius, and the rest of the cast—especially George Rose, as the First Gravedigger—does well by the Bard.

"HIGH SPIRITS," the musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," at the Alvin, is a fairly lively development of the Master's treatise on spiritualism. As you may remember, the plot has to do with a writer who, for purposes of research, invites a mad female medium to hold a séance in his home and then discovers, to his horror, that the old girl has materialized his deceased first wife and that the latter intends to take up residence with him and his current spouse. As written by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, who also supplied the music and lyrics, and as directed by Mr. Coward, this version is at its happiest when Beatrice Lillie, who plays the medium, is frolicking about in outlandish garb and rendering lunatic ballads—among them "Talking to You," a kind of love song that reveals her tender regard for her Ouija board. Miss Lillie first appears riding a bicycle, and she dominates the proceedings from that moment on; in fact, whenever there's a lull she is quickly brought forth to liven things up. As the lady whom Miss Lillie brings back from the beyond, Tammy Grimes has some strenuous chores, largely because she spends a good deal of time attached to a wire that keeps her swinging, swaying, and flying. As the writer's second wife, who joins the first in the spirit realm somewhere along the line, Louise Troy has a less exhausting role, but she has her bright moments, and so does Edward Woodward, cast as the harried author. The music in "High Spirits" is pleasant, if not memorable, and the dialogue occasionally loses its zip, but, taken all in all, it is an enjoyable business—as anything involving Miss Lillie is almost bound to be.



"Once around the Park, but make it snappy."

EVA LE GALLIENNE and the National Repertory Theatre may now be seen at the Belasco in Chekhov's "The Seagull," as translated by Miss Le Gallienne. The work stands up quite well in this interpretation, and Miss Le Gallienne puts in a fine performance as Irina. The

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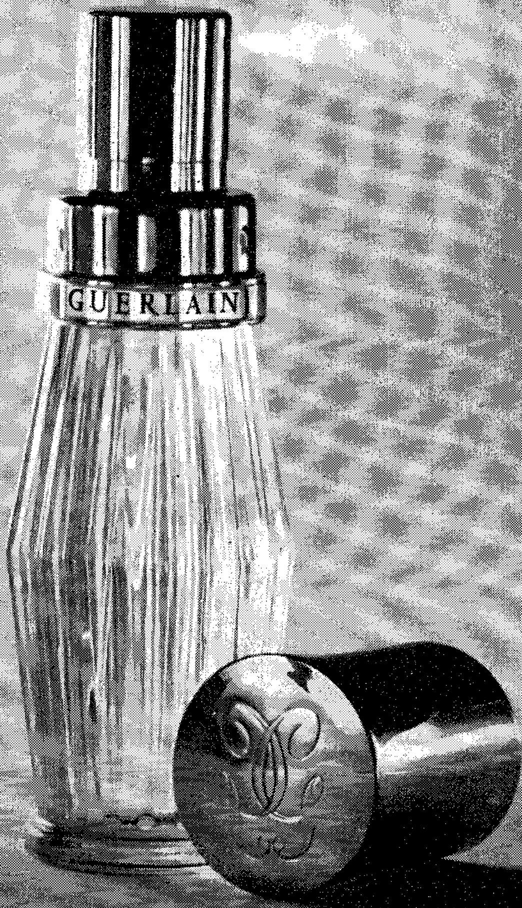

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company is performing "The Seagull" and Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" alternately during a limited engagement.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

TRAVEL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Abingdon* (*Va.*) *Washington County News*]

The "Mature Age Club" has an usual an interesting program in the M. E. Church last Wednesday morning. Miss Mary Rowland, presented the most interesting speaker Mrs. Harry Comer, who has been to Europe several times.

A favorite hymn was sung, "A Charge I Have To Keep" that her mother loved it being her birthday also.

Mrs. Comer had as her subject "Christian Religion" and told of visiting the West Minister Abbey, and spent a month in Ireland, which is mostly Protestant she said. While there she admired the thatched roof cottages, her party was met at the plane by two chaps who held green umbrellas ('twas raining) and were warned there were no snakes or bugs. But were there large beautiful roses, no comparison anywhere. Beautiful shades of them, even had a flower which was blue. She also said the hospitality and foods in Ireland were wonderful.

In visiting the cottages and homes there, one could find nasturtiums and gorgeous roses blooming over and near their doors. She only saw one small shamrock which she had anticipated of seeing many of them.

In Dublin, Ireland they spent five days and nights. Went in the oldest University, relics of Pagan, visited book stores, parks, were entertained by the ambassador, purchased Belfast linen, saw chains in old dungeon, years old, same lights as well as chains, but the people were poor but seemed happy.

Mrs. Comer had shells passed around she had brought from Mexico, which were a symbol of purity, in Spain they saw the Holy Grail, in Portugal, the silver shells were their symbols, in Italy the St. Francis Cathedral was closed. Her talk was closed by a prayer, by St. Francis.

•

All the evidence was that the plaintiff entered the water in a *shallow* dive, one in which the angle could not have exceeded 30 degrees. Why ignore all these circumstances which, uncontradicted and undenied, total up to a jury question as to whether the Township was or was not guilty of negligence?

The lower Court did not answer that question. This Court, in affirming the lower Court's decision, did not even acknowledge the question and, by that absence of acknowledgment, has failed to throw a lifeline to the good ship Cause-and-Effect which collided with the submerged rock of Technical-Subserviency. I disclaim any responsibility for the foundering of due process which followed and, therefore, dissent.—*Dissenting opinion, Cantwell v. Township of Bristol, Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, Eastern District.*

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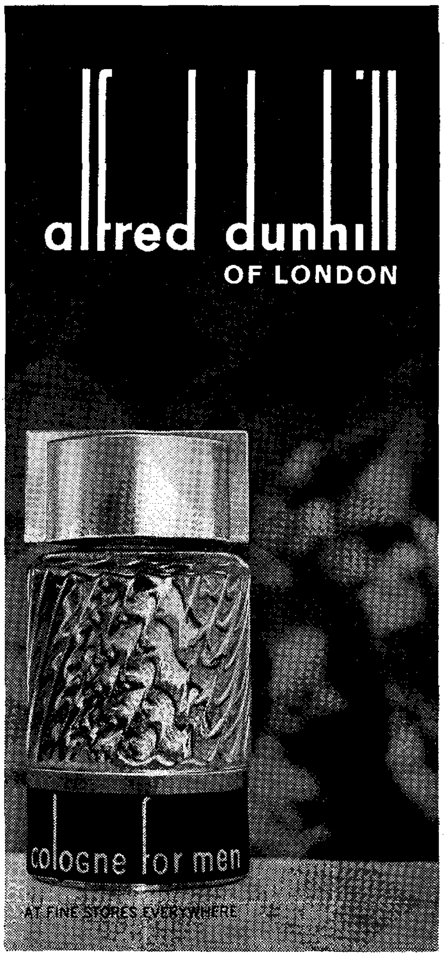

Indian Relish

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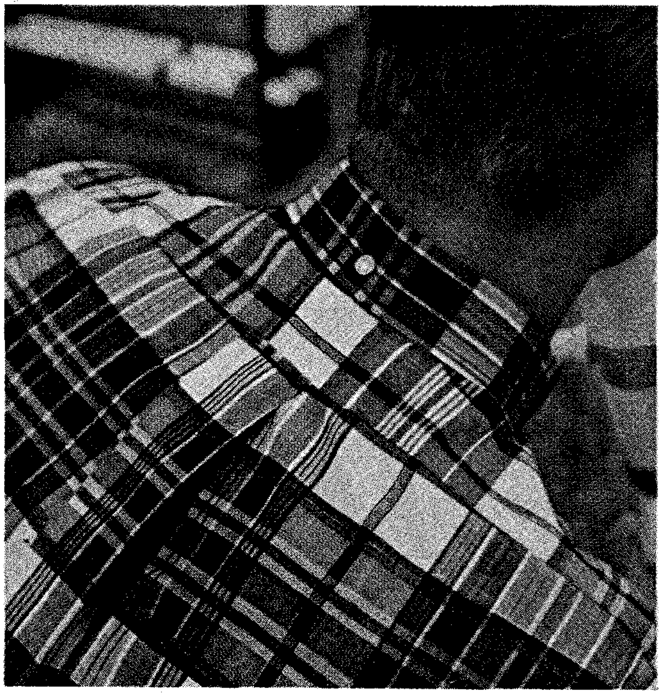
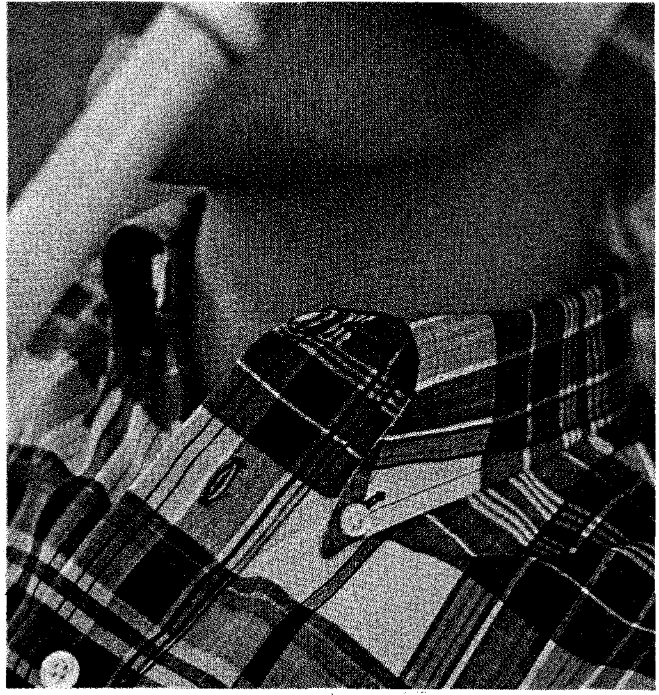


just one of...



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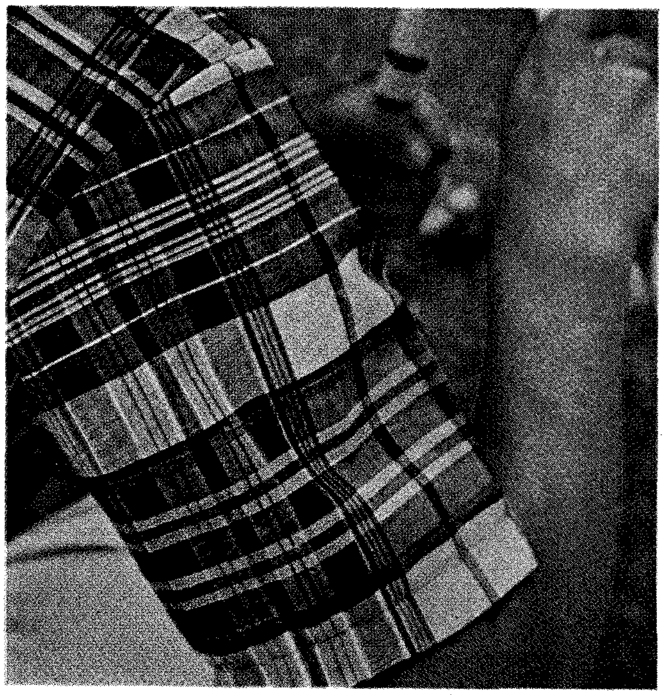
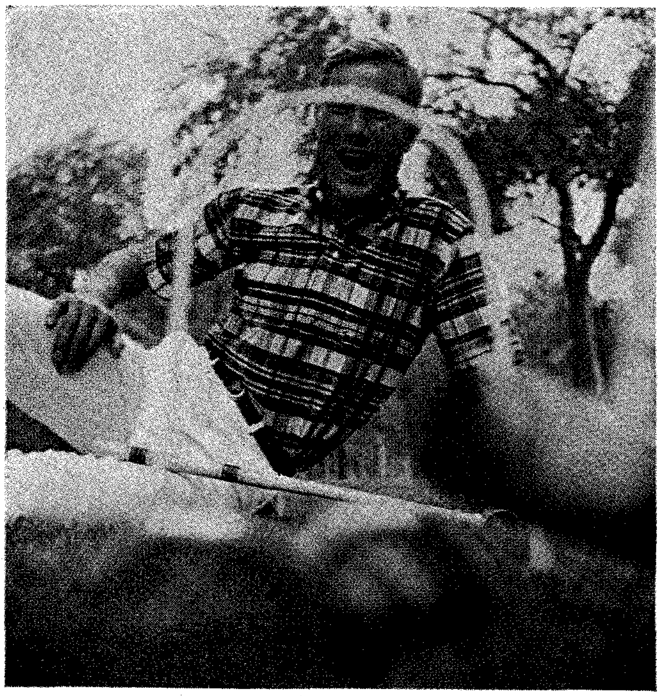


of Madras shirts...



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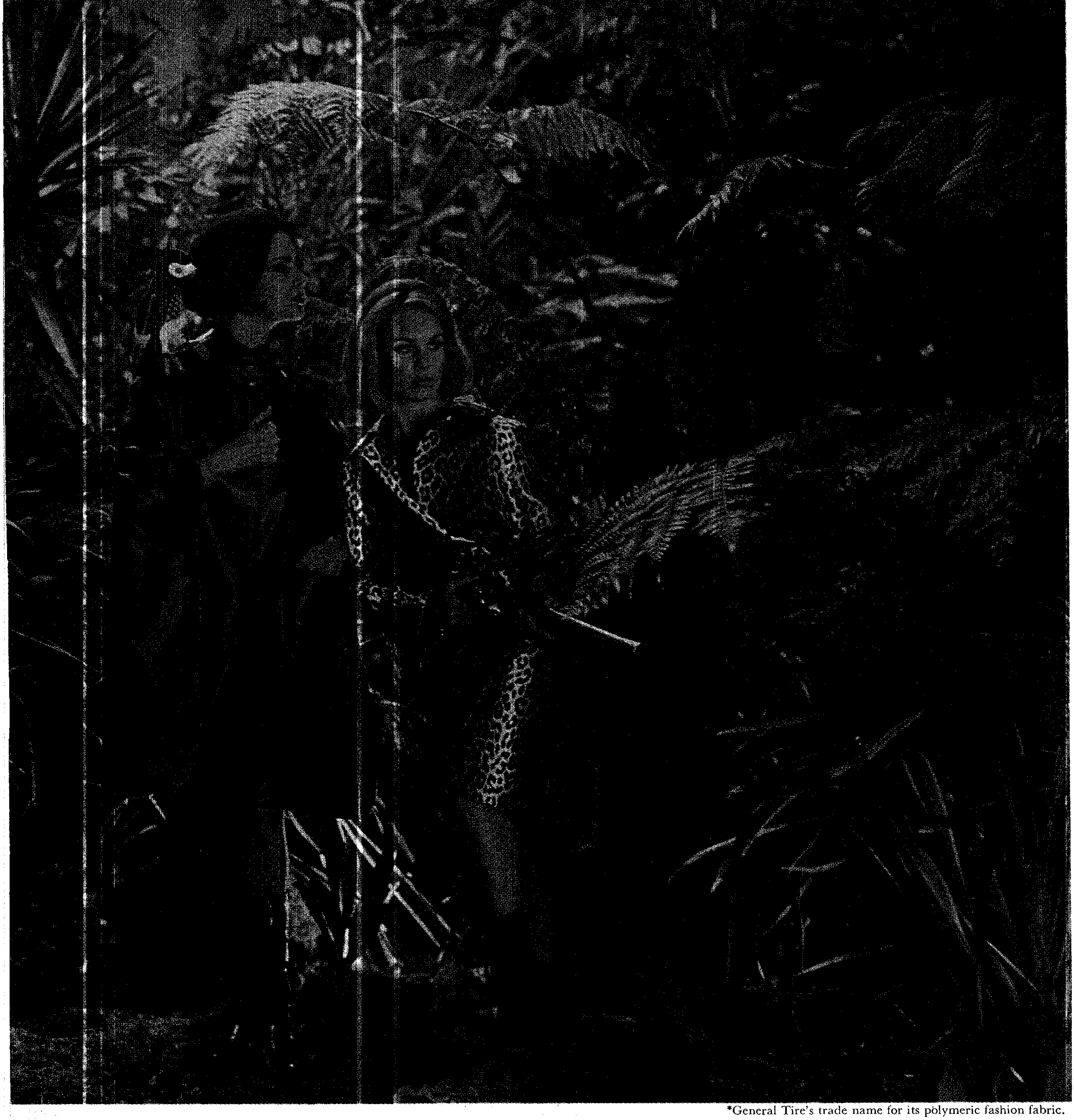

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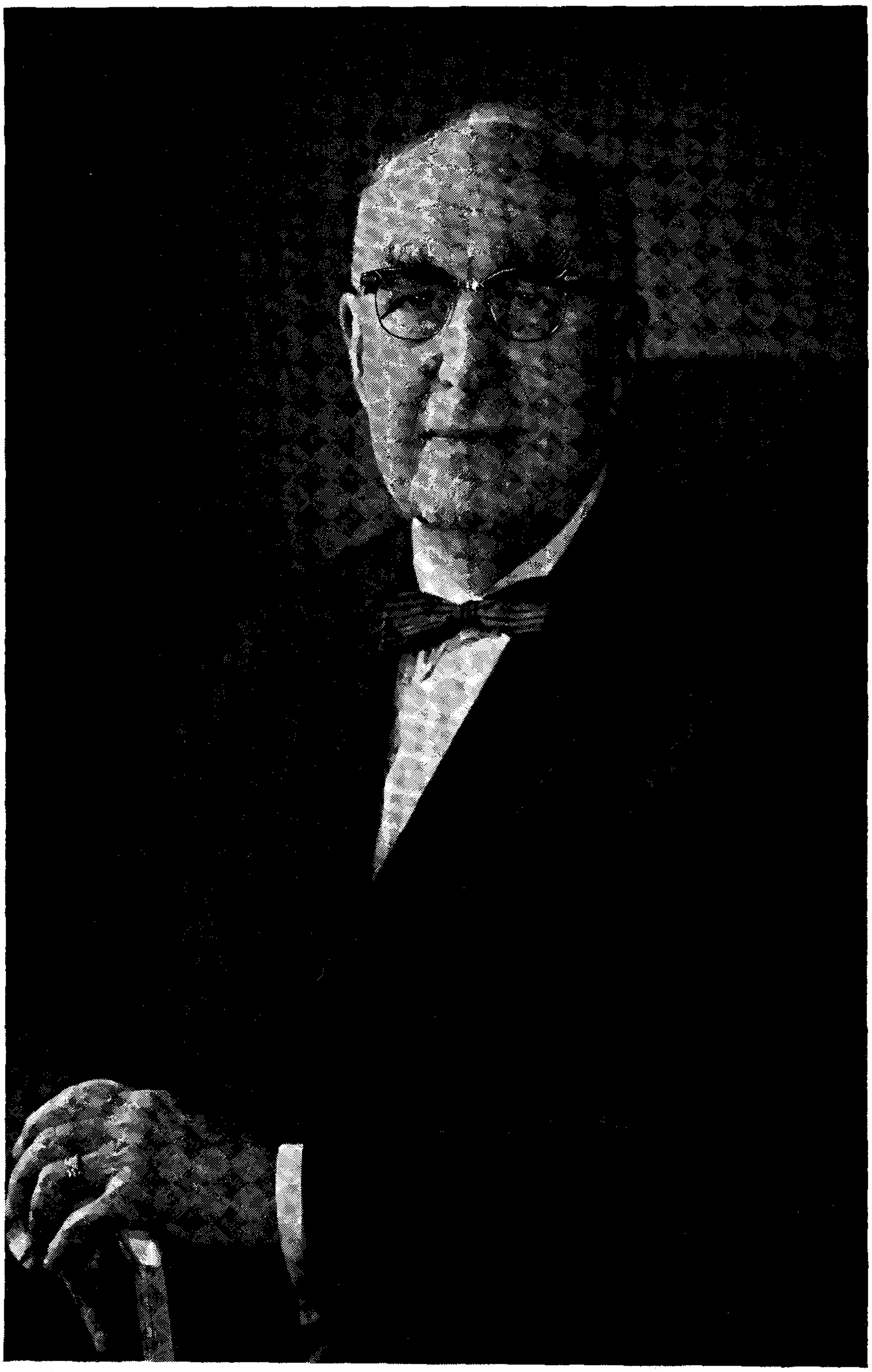
THE RACE TRACK

Not Mongo's Day

BY this time, you've doubtless heard that Mongo finished fifth in a field of six in the Excelsior Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend. Like most unexpected events, this one seems reasonable enough when you look back on it, though I suppose it will take days for all the excuses (none of them from his stable, it must be said) to pass a given point. Before I go into a few of them, I should note that the race was won by Uppercut, who mowed down Bonjour, the pacemaker, on the stretch turn, and that Rocky Link was second and Morry E. third. Of course, the first thing that Mongo's partisans point out is that he carried 129 pounds, giving from thirteen to seventeen to the other runners. (Uppercut, who was third to Mongo in the John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie last month, had a seventeen-pound break.) A second excuse is that he has never liked a hard, fast track. And a third is that Mongo had been idle for weeks and needed a race to key him up to concert pitch. Now, one hears, he'll be in top condition for the Grey Lag a week from Saturday, in which he will meet, among others, Gun Bow, who ran him to a nose in the Campbell. By the way, I've never seen Mongo look so much the picture of health and good grooming. The real picture horse of the Excelsior, however, was Red Gar—a full brother of Beau Purple, who went amiss last year after winning the Widener Handicap at Hialeah, in which he beat Kelso.

NO doubt about it, the handsomest horse in training on Long Island is Chateaugay. Last season, I thought he was the best-looking three-year-old, and the other day, when I saw him at Belmont, he fairly took my breath away. He has grown, and has filled out and muscled up in the right places. Not only that, his temperament has improved. All this goes to show what four months of rest can do. Offhand, I'd say he was only a couple of weeks from a race, but he probably won't start until about the middle of May. Jim Conway, Chateaugay's trainer, is clearly to be commended. Incidentally, Conway has a promis-



Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, Chancellor of Boston University

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ing collection of two-year-olds from the Darby Dan Stables. Those I like best are two by Swaps—Big Darby, a striking black colt, and Bless Swaps, a brown filly of beautiful quality. (Her dam is Idun, who, at two and three, was the best of her age and sex.) Others I like are Ribaldo, a good-looking chestnut colt by Ribot; Candalita, a bay filly by Olympia; and Genny Jib, a chestnut filly by Sailor.

I DARESAY there may be ten runners at Aqueduct this weekend for the Wood Memorial Stakes—the final winnowing out of candidates for the Kentucky Derby. The important ones, to my mind, are Knightly Manner (who was second to Hill Rise in the Santa Anita Derby), Quadrangle, Mr. Brick, Black Mountain, Roman Brother, and Bupers, though he will be running for exercise. As far as the Derby itself is concerned, the most interesting recent development is that Shoemaker, who won the Flamingo Stakes and the Florida Derby on Northern Dancer, has asked for—and, of course, got—the mount on Hill Rise. It had been generally supposed that he would ride Northern Dancer in the Derby and in all the Canadian colt's other engagements this spring, and the obvious inference is that Shoemaker was not impressed by Northern Dancer's race in the Florida Derby, that he wanted a winner, and that Hill Rise, whom he had seen in action in California, appeared to be just the ticket. (Indeed, several horsemen who saw the Florida Derby have told me that they wonder if Northern Dancer will like the mile-and-a-quarter route at Churchill Downs.) Pierce, the jockey who won the California Breeders' Champion Stakes, the San Felipe Handicap, the Santa Anita Derby, and several minor races on Hill Rise, has been bumped. Hartack has been engaged to ride Northern Dancer. And Ycaza will ride The Scoundrel—another horse whom it was once supposed Shoemaker would ride.

If you're betting on jockeys, remember this: until last week, Ismael Valenzuela hadn't had a winner in his last fifty races. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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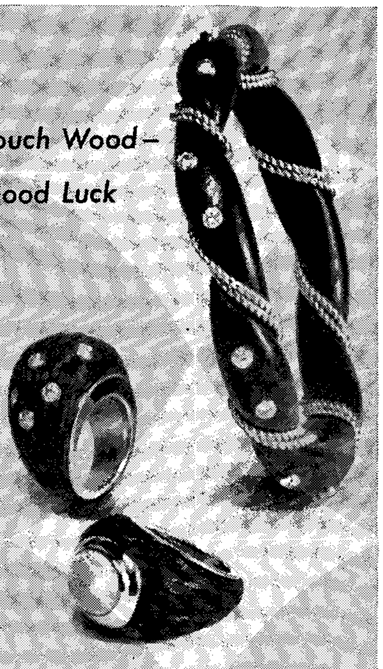

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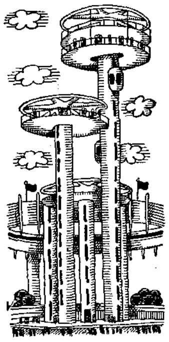
All's Fair

One foolproof way to beat the opening-night traffic to the New York World's Fair this Wednesday:

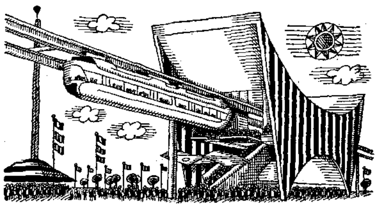
Head straight for the living-room; make a left turn at the coffee table; park in an easy chair, and let NBC Television do the rest.



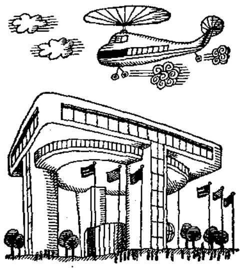
Magic on the Meadow

The rest, in this case, is a show called "Opening Night at the World's Fair." (Titles don't come more explicit than that). The 90-minute color special—starting at 7:30 p.m. EST—will give the nation's viewers their most thorough and most enchanting view yet of what Robert Moses hath wrought at Flushing Meadow.

NBC will have a dozen color cameras at the Fair scene, the largest number we've ever commandeered for a single event. And along with this live coverage, viewers will see taped and filmed sequences of myriad Fair highlights, including the opening-day ceremonies that will have taken place earlier that same day.



In a sense, the Wednesday night telecast will be a show-within-a-show, for, appearing as entertainer-guides with host Henry Fonda will be such performers as Fred MacMurray, Lorne Greene, Carol Channing, Marian Anderson and Mexico's Cantinflas. On hand, also, will be five school and university bands and two celebrated choral groups—the 200-voice Westminister Choir and the 75-voice Columbus Boychoir.



But, stellar as the cast is for the NBC spectacle, the major attractions of the evening will be the exhibits and demonstrations of the Fair itself. NBC cameras will be exploring interiors and exteriors in all five areas: Transportation, International, Industrial, Federal and States, and Lake Amusement. The variety of subjects destined to occupy the television screen during the 90 minutes is dazzling. It's a gamut that runs all the way from Michelangelo's Pieta to the first public demonstration of thermonuclear fusion.

NBC's Robert Bendick, producer of "Opening Night at the World's Fair," has planned his show with two main goals in mind: First, to offer an entertaining sampling of the Fair's attractions to those who'll be making in-person visits later on; and, second, to render as complete a portrait as possible for those who may *not* get the chance to see the Fair for themselves during its two seasons.

That *Other* Opening

All in all, Wednesday night's special shapes up as a banner event for viewers coast-to-coast. The number of onlookers will be a far cry, indeed, from the few thousand who were watching when NBC's telecast from the New York World's Fair opening of 1939 marked the formal debut of regular television service in the United States. "Egad," we can hear you thinking, "it can't *possibly* be a quarter of a century since that other New York Fair." Oh, yes, it can—so help us Dorian Gray.

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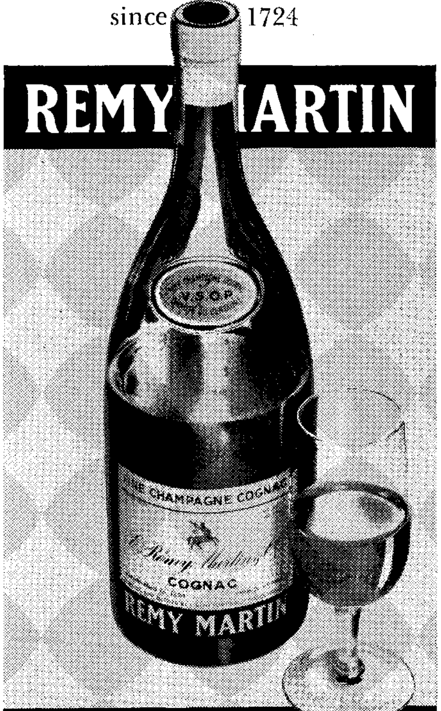

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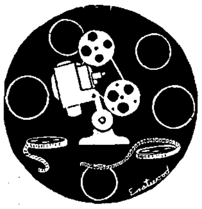
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Another Writer



LAST week, I preached on the text that there can be no salvation for movies outside the Mother Church of good writing, and I cited in this connection the works of St. George Axelrod, the pious scribe of "Paris When It Sizzles;" this week, I could preach a nearly identical sermon on the works of the industrious playwright-novelist-journalist-critic-politician Gore Vidal, who deserves to earn quite a lot of credit in Heaven—and quite a lot of cash on earth—for the brilliant screenplay he has fashioned from his own Broadway hit of a few seasons back, "The Best Man." As you doubtless know, the setting of Mr. Vidal's exciting melodrama is a convention gathered to nominate a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and the time is a couple of months from this very moment. The two chief contestants are a "good" man, William Russell, who shares many attributes with Adlai Stevenson, and a "bad" man, Senator Joe Cantwell, who notably resembles the late Senator Joe McCarthy. The problem faced by Russell is that ancient, ever-new topic of schoolboy debate "Resolved: That the end justifies the means." If Russell is to receive the nomination, he must condescend to fight dirty, as Cantwell is openly prepared to do, and since Russell is honestly convinced that Cantwell is a menace to the country, and that he, Russell, is not, his scruples tend to thrust him in opposite directions and so, temptingly, to cancel one another out. After all, who ever *has* acquired power without soiling his hands at least once along the way? Marcus Aurelius said that even in a palace life can be lived well, but then he was brought up in one; the real difficulty notoriously lies in reaching the palace.

Mr. Vidal has invented a splendid rouser of a plot with which to embody his hero's dilemma, and there are juicy roles in it for Henry Fonda, as Russell; Cliff Robertson, as Senator Cantwell; Lee Tracy, as a hard-bitten old pro of an ex-President who admires virtue but is skeptical of the paralysis of will that so often accompanies it; Kevin McCarthy, as Russell's suave campaign manager; Gene Raymond, as Cant-

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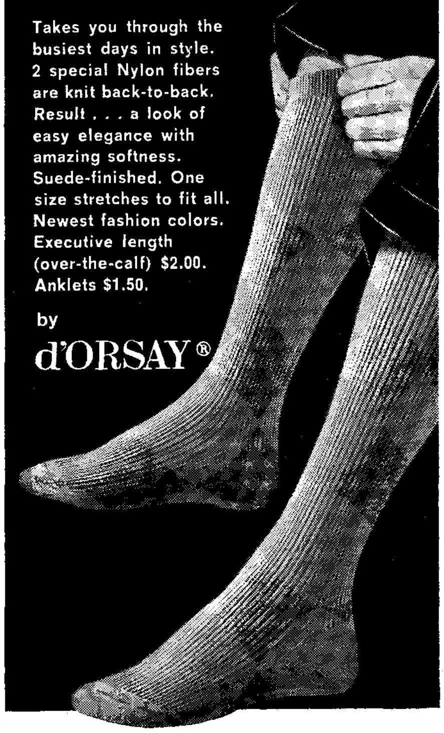

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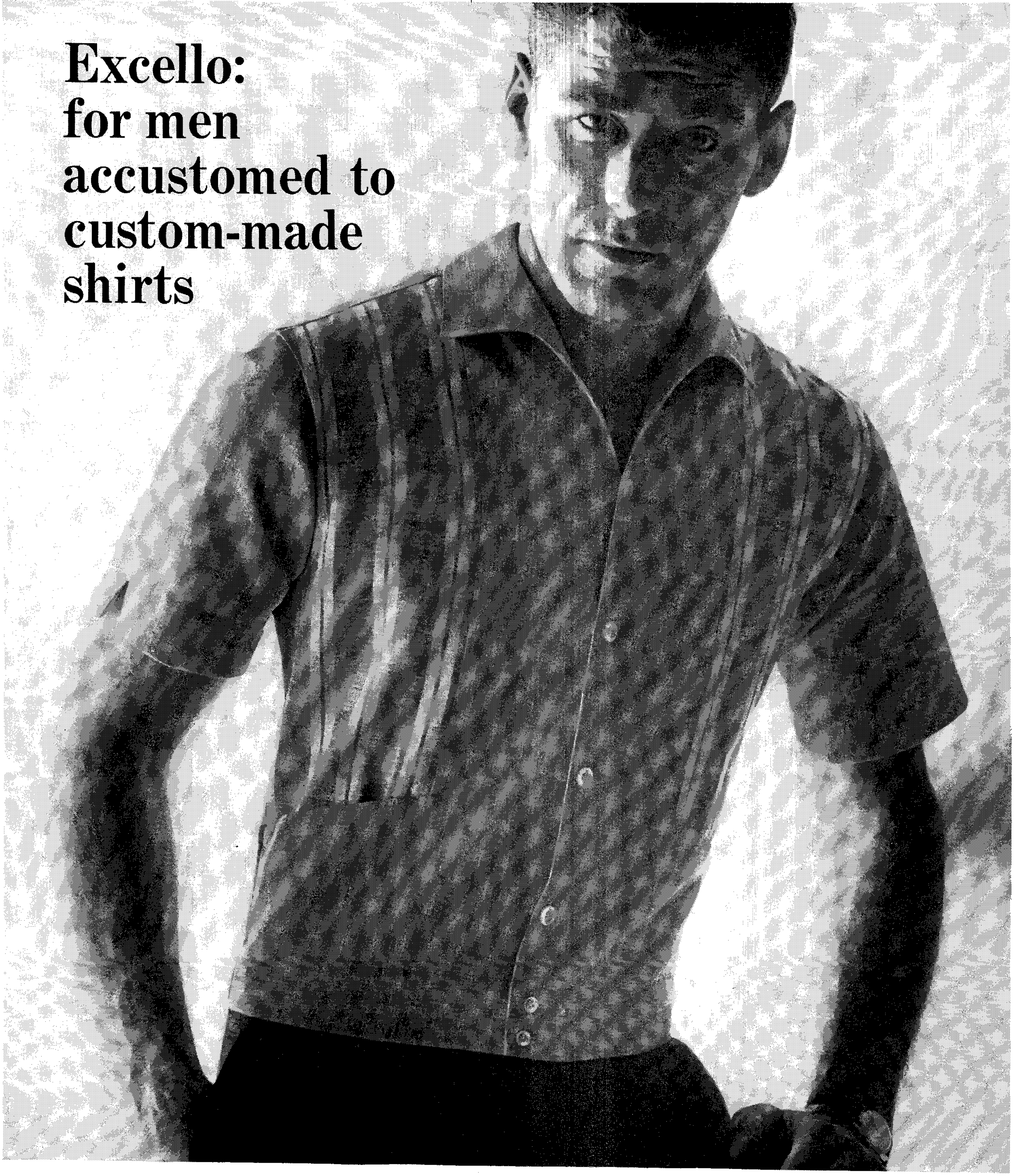

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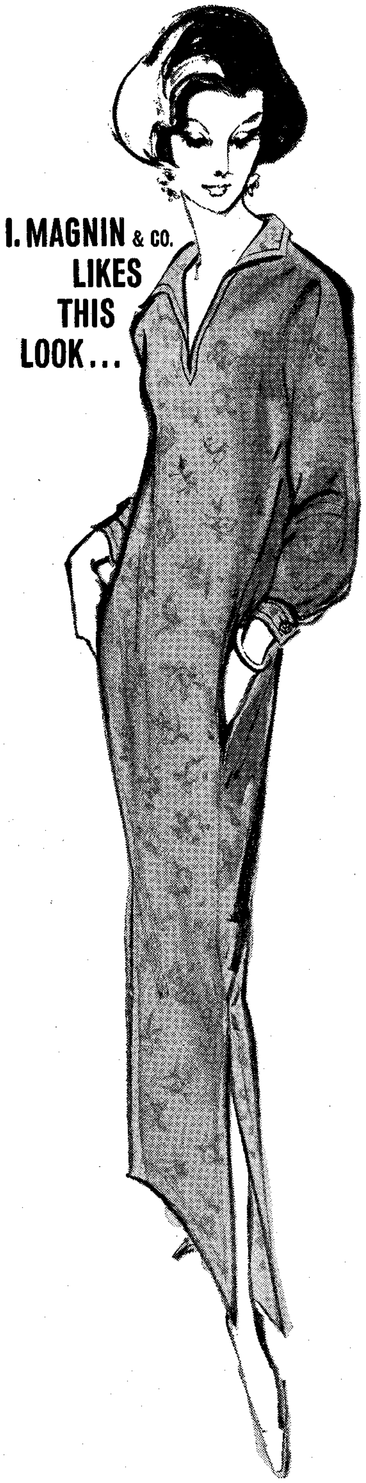
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well's devoted brother; and Shelley Berman, as an obsequious swine who, if Russell chooses to make use of him, can destroy Cantwell. I particularly admired Mr. Robertson and Mr. Berman, whose acting career is, oddly, in jeopardy because of his too great fame as a night-club comedian. His voice and face being instantly recognizable, he is Shelley Berman first and John Doe, obsequious swine, second. How much more fortunate the poor fellow would be if only he had been a lifelong failure! "The Best Man" has been directed with great verve and appropriate slickness by Franklin Schaffner, whom the Democrats and Republicans might do worse than hire this summer to inject into their conventions the sense of authentic hurly-burly that these affairs threaten to lack and that is marvellously depicted here.

ORDINARILY, it wouldn't be cricket to give away the specific twists and turns of a thriller, but I doubt whether I'll be revealing anything crucial if I say that I *think* the plot of "From Russia with Love"—the latest installment of the idiotic and engaging saga of James Bond, alias British Secret Service Agent 007, alias Jack the Giant Killer, alias Sean Connery—concerns an attempt on the part of the dread international criminal conspiracy called SPECTRE to dispatch the insouciant Bond, himself the dispatcher of Dr. No, the evil genius of the Caribbean, by luring Bond to Istanbul with a rumor to the effect that a certain beautiful and, of course, voluptuous and rather carelessly buttoned-up Russian girl, disaffected with her lot and mad to meet Bond, is prepared to hand over to him a hush-hush Russian gadget known as a Lektor, possession of which will permit the Western powers to break highly secret Russian codes, although the girl is, in point of fact, not in the least disillusioned with the Marxist way of life and is simply laboring under the misapprehension that she is following the legitimate instructions of Colonel Rosa Klebb, chief of the Russian secret-service organization SMERSH, who, *unknown to the girl*, has defected to SPECTRE and, armed with a poisoned dart in the toe of her shoe, is planning to give Bond the nastiest hotfoot of his career but who is herself thwarted at the climactic moment by the unpredictable force of the love that has been born in the heart of the Russian girl as she watches Bond not only battle for his life aboard the Orient Express but fight off and cause to explode in midair a pursuing heli-

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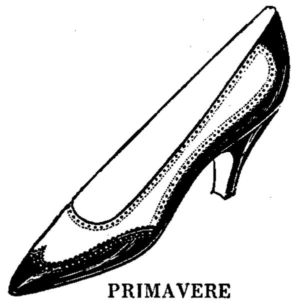

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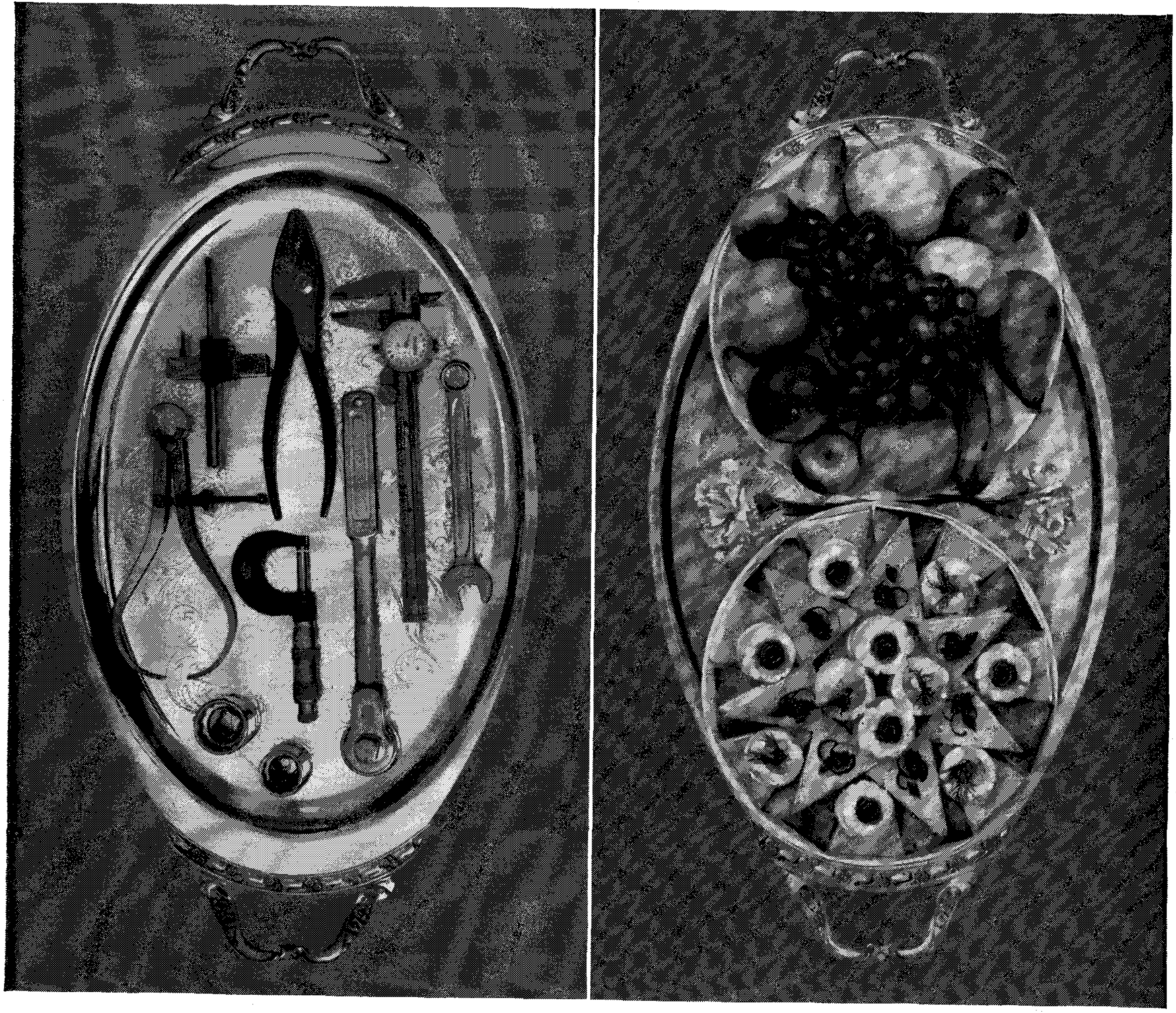

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copter (a young friend of mine has described this episode as "a Fleming holocaust") and, having commandeered a powerboat in the Gulf of Venice, rout a flotilla of SPECTRE janissaries by the clever stunt of setting fire to the sea, and then— But no, I refuse to spoil things for you; "From Russia with Love" must be seen to be disbelieved, and I advise you to go at once, choosing your seat in the theatre with some care. SPECTRE is everywhere.

Besides Mr. Connery, whose combination of savoir-faire and tireless lust has its own peculiar wholesomeness, the cast includes Daniela Bianchi, Lotte Lenya, Pedro Armendariz, and Robert Shaw. The direction, which is by Terence Young, is often incoherent, and I wouldn't want it otherwise.

THE composer of fantasy must be exceptionally hard on himself, nearly always discarding his first, second, third, and fourth playful thoughts as too easy. Jerome Hill, the producer and director and writer of the screenplay of "Open the Door and See All the People," has let his muse get away with murder, which is to say that he has let his story and his camera wander where they will in a fashion so artless-seeming that it ends by becoming pretentiously arty. Finger-painting is for children, and the sort of finger-painting with film that many of our so-called avant-garde movie-makers are currently engaged in isn't likely to produce the looked-for host of accidental masterpieces.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

On the East River, high above midtown, New York suddenly quiets down into a high-rent residential area surrounding Gracie Square—the site of the residence of New York's mayors. Yet only two long blocks from this tranquil spot, a second Broadway erupts: "Yorktown," which is New York's German area, blazing through the night with the neon of beer halls and Wiener Schnitzel stands.—*"New York on 5 Dollars a Day," 1960 edition.*

And it's not far from Yorkville, where General Cornwallis surrendered to Grant in the War of 1812.

•

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[*Letter from the Palmer Institute of Authorship, Hollywood*]

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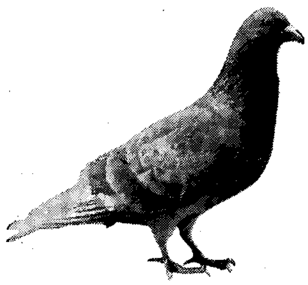

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Art, like so many things in Holland, is a blend of the traditional and the modern. In Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum, you'll find Rembrandt's "The Night Watch." In The Hague, where a new art movement has erupted, you'll see the works of modernists like de Kooning, Appel and van Heel.

The vivid contrasts of Holland are not to be missed. See the old cheese market in Alkmaar and visit the modern, sparkling shopping center in Rotterdam, the first one in Europe.

Go for a meandering bike ride—or watch the streamlined racing cars roar by at a hundred miles an hour.

Whether your taste leans toward the old or the new, you can satisfy it in Holland. The friendly Dutch will see to it you find what you are looking for. Most people speak English and, to a man, they take pleasure in helping Americans. So plan an early visit to Holland. Come on a Dutch carrier, by air or by sea. Really luxurious.

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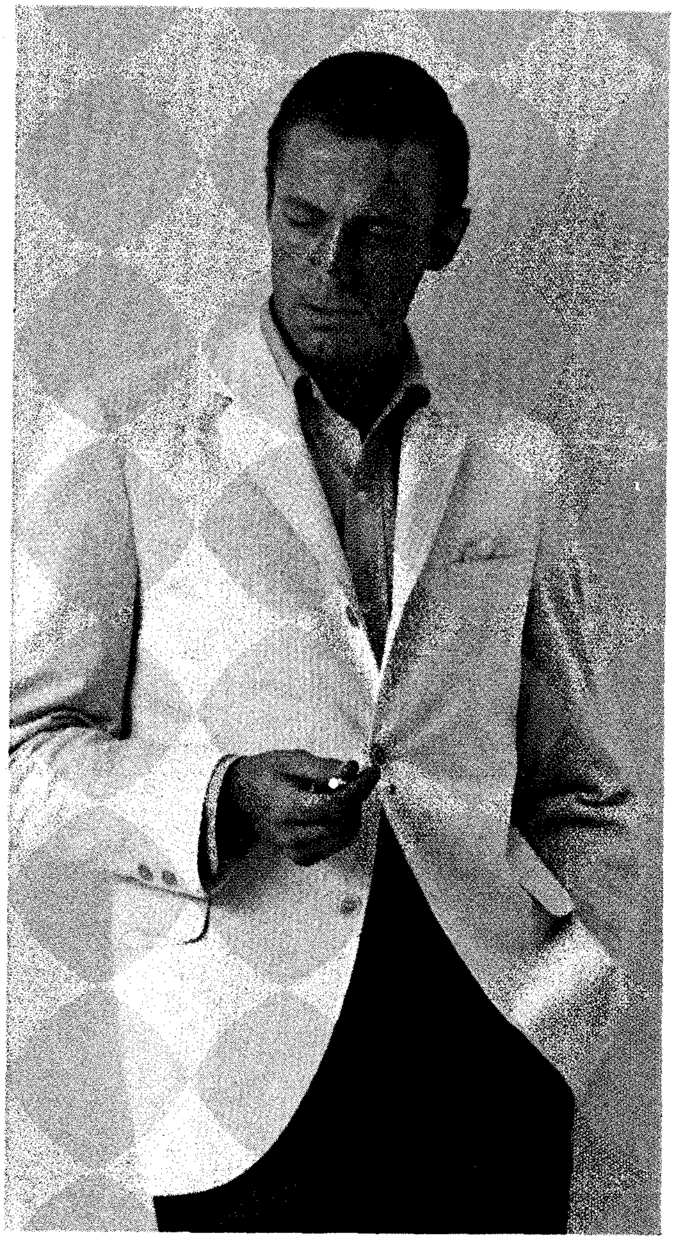

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BANKER TO HIS OWN FLESH AND BLOOD

Mr. Robert S. Gidney, manager of the branch bank in northern Nova Scotia where I worked as a junior clerk in the late thirties, had spent thirty-four of his thirty-seven banking years in small lumbering towns in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. He did not do so from choice. The bank operated several hundred branches throughout Canada, and though for the most part it gave its career men a broad base of experience in many types of communities, occasionally it seemed to single out a man as the farming, or lumbering, or backwoods type and confine him to his natural surroundings. This was what had happened to Mr. Gidney. The three-man branch in his native village in the Chaleur Bay region of New Brunswick, where he had begun his banking at the age of seventeen, was very like the one he now managed and seemed likely to be pensioned off from. Both had been opened as sub-branches. Around the turn of the century, when the communities they served seemed to Head Office to be entering on periods of prosperity, both had been promoted to full branchhood and relodged in spacious, extravagantly rococo quarters. And both had failed to support Head Office's optimism about them.

A series of disastrous forest fires soon started Mr. Gidney's home town on a rapid decline, and the Nova Scotian town, which I will call Benacady, not only lost the status of county seat it had held for half a century but its lumbering industry, hamstrung by transportation problems, dwindled to a small trade in industrial firewood and Christmas trees and supported fewer and fewer families every year. People walked out from under their mortgages and tax arrears and moved away. Abandoned houses lined the High Road, and partly filled-in cellar holes gaped where other houses had been torn down for scrap lumber. The surrounding forest of spruce and hemlock was pushing through to the culvert. The lower end of town had undergone even more violent change. In the spring of 1928, the New River began to flow where no river had been before. Diverted by a landslide from its former outlet to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it wound torrentially through the brush, skirted two or three small farms that were on high ground, and cut off the whole southeastern corner of Benacady. As soon as it had been recognized as not just a crazy escape of floodwaters but an undeniable river, the half-dozen families isolated on the other side applied to the town council for assistance. These people were chicken farmers and potato growers, raising barely enough produce for their own use. Little actual money ever passed through their hands. The council, after weighing bridge-building costs against the chances of collecting tax arrears, passed a resolution withdrawing the town boundaries to the near side. Thus freed of obligation, it had offered the stranded a rowboat. This was indignantly refused. For a few years, the outcasts carried on in pointed independence of Benacady. They turned to the woods for many of their needs, made themselves jackets and hats of animal skins, and devised birdlike calls for communicating with one another over distances. Eventually, they went away—as quietly as though the woods had swallowed them.

One enterprise had been started in Benacady during the long decline that followed the loss of the county seat. In the spring of 1929, a party of Montreal businessmen and engineers had appeared in the area, tramping the countryside, surveying, and consulting with local officials. Before leaving, they had purchased, in the name of the Ajax Development Corporation, a tract of land known as Binney's Field, which rose in a gentle slope from the north end of the High Road. Late in the summer, construction men, trucks, and heavy machinery had arrived and attacked the topography. When work was suspended for the winter, the land had been cleared and graded, a sizable excavation had been dug, concrete had been poured, and three dull-red steel girders of varying lengths projected skyward from one end of the site. Although the Ajax people had not revealed their intentions locally, it was understood that they were putting up a branch plant for a national firm of fish packers. Benacady was several miles inland, but it was ideally situated as a hub in a semicircle of coastline bristling with fishing villages.

Nothing official ever was revealed. The winter of 1929-30 killed off many industrial projects in Nova Scotia, the one in Binney's Field among them. At the first crack of spring, the Ajax people retrieved their tractors and cement mixers. The project was simply abandoned. Throughout the depression years, the wind whistled in the boltholes of the upright girders, and small

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boys used the excavation as a fort in their war games. Mr. Gidney, who saw—or pretended to see—the hand of Fate at almost every turn, used to say that some power had impelled those Montreal industrialists to come to Benacady and erect a monument to the local state of affairs.

MR. GIDNEY had been manager in Benacady for seventeen years. Every year end since 1920, he had turned in to Head Office a branch profit-and-loss report that reflected a drop in business over the year before. That was his record, and Mr. Gidney knew very well that no manager with such a record was going anywhere in the bank. His appearance reflected his outlook on life. He was extraordinarily weather-beaten for a bank manager; his graying brown hair was coarse and untidy, and his suits—cut from ill-chosen cheviots by Wilkie Smythe-Baldwin, a local tailor whose ideas of men's fashions had long been obsolete—were generally spotted and unpressed. He looked, in short, like a member of the unkempt, slack-moralled middle range of Benacadians, whose needs were rudimentary, and who did not aim for anything much higher in the future. He had a large circle of cronies, which included a number of these aimless men. They were constantly dropping into his office to retail bits of rumor and slander, and to have a nip from the bottle of Teacher's Highland Cream he kept in his desk drawer.

I don't mean to imply that Mr. Gidney was an easy man to cultivate. The shiftless men who belonged to his circle all had some special attraction or talent to recommend them. (One was a pretty fair mimic; another was a one-armed hockey player.) But others kept trying to break in, for the considerable prestige that attached to hobnobbing with the bank manager. Mr. Gidney had a fine nose for these, and ways of discouraging them that were effective if somewhat lacking in subtlety. I once saw him herd a small party into his office and slam the door in the last man's face.

And he was summary in dismissing any member of the circle who turned out to be a fraud. One of these was a short, thickset, surly carpenter called Felix, who used to hang around during the early days of my apprenticeship. I had been there about a month when Felix was undone by our typewriter desk. Stenographers were unheard of at the three-man branches, and in Benacady each of us, including Mr. Gidney, did his own typing at a big, clumsy typewriter desk that MacEachern, the head

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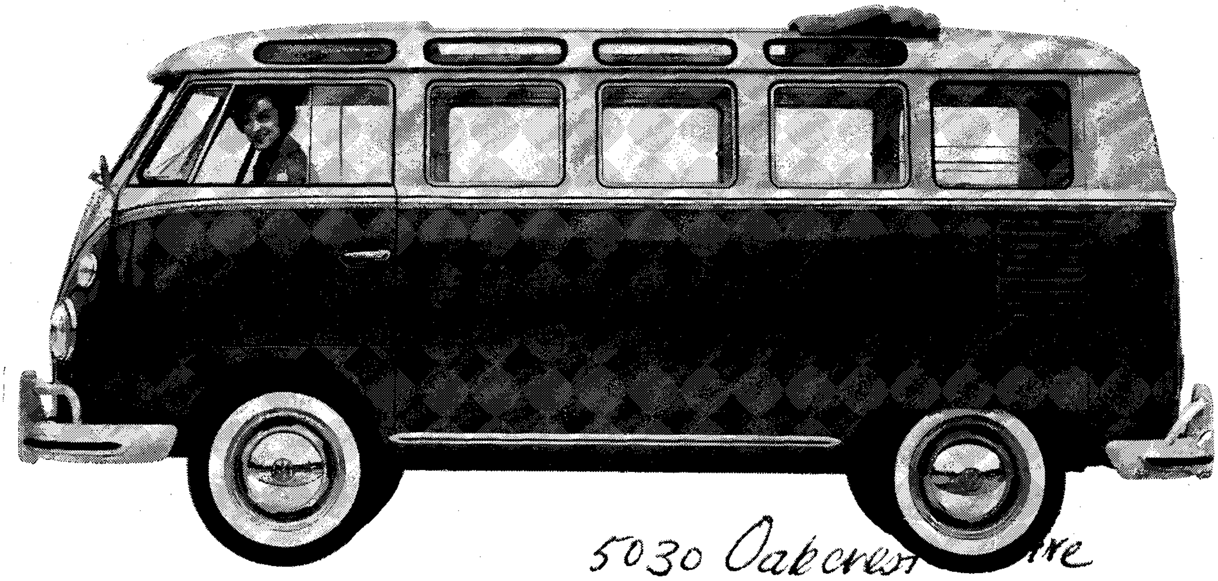

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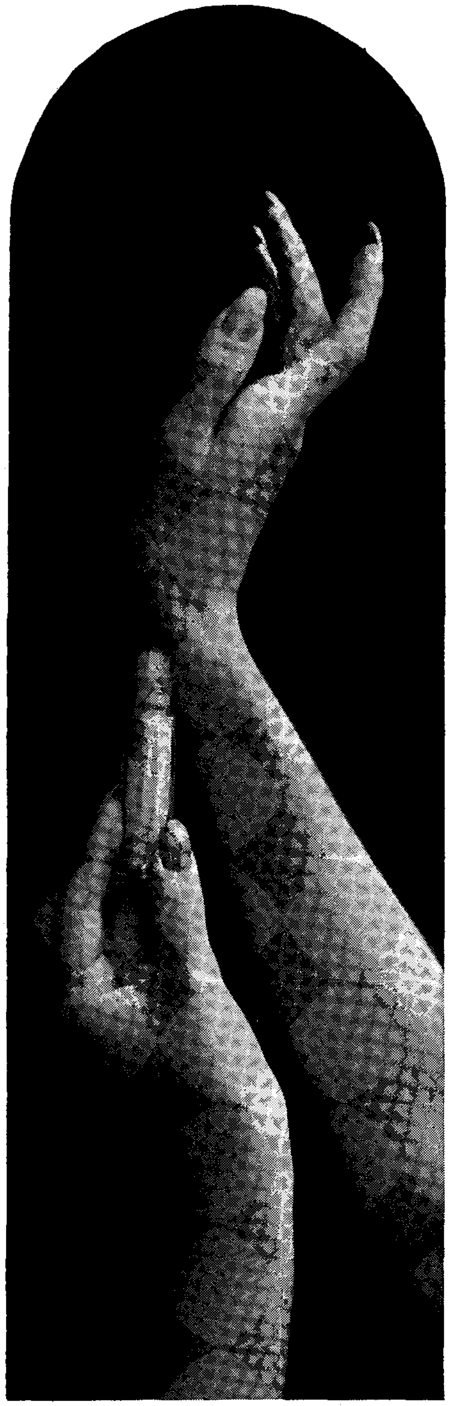

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clerk, and I normally used in the closed position for sorting checks. When we needed the typewriter, we grasped a metal handle just under the desk top, and heaved upward. Gravity, and a complicated system of steel brackets, did the rest. The top fell back out of sight; the brackets rose lazily in the air, flexing their elbows, and subsided; and the typewriter, bolted to a revolving platform, emerged from the bowels of the desk and came to rest in working position. That is, it did nine times out of ten. On the tenth, the handle flew suddenly out of one's hand, there was a terrible noise like an explosion, and the typewriter on its platform toppled over and up and over several times, while the brackets shot in and out like pistons. After a minute, all the commotion ceased and the platform ended up in its accustomed place, but vacant. The typewriter was hiding under the platform, which had missed a half turn in its revolutions and stopped wrong side up. This had been going on for seven or eight years, but nothing was ever done about it until after the first time it happened to me. Mr. Gidney, who was standing nearby, was so distressed at the state it put me in that he swore to have the desk looked after, and a few days later Felix appeared at my wicket, his tool chest on his shoulder, and gruffly asked to see the job he'd been hired to do. I let him in through the gate and showed him the typewriter desk.

He stared at it with the pessimism of his trade, and shook his head. "I don't work on them kind of contraptions," he said. "It can't be fixed, anyway."

But MacEachern and I had studied it, and I felt competent to advise him. "All you have to do," I said, "is nail a board underneath here and move the typewriter back an inch."

He seemed to retreat within himself. "It won't work," he said.

"Why not?"

He thought for a minute. "If I move the typewriter back, this here handle will stop it from opening all the way."

"I think not," I said. "And anyway, the handle can be moved easily enough."

He shot me a look of hatred, but squatted down and opened his tool chest. After an hour's sweating and grumbling, he was finished. He closed the tool chest and carried it into Mr. Gidney's office.

"Is it fixed?" Mr. Gidney asked.

Felix nodded. "I'da been done a lot sooner if I hadn't had interference from the young clerk in there," he said.

Mr. Gidney pointed to the door. "Out!" he said. "Goddamit, Felix, our

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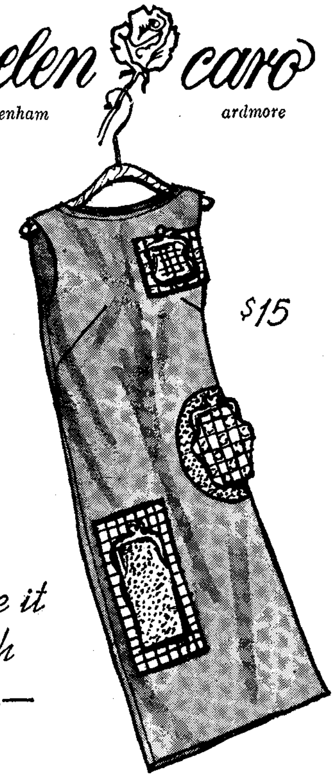
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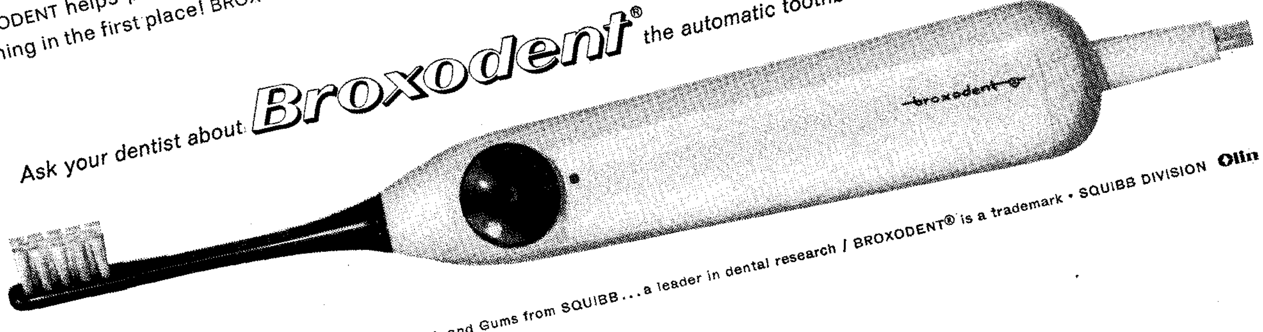

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friendship is over." He had observed everything through his doorway.

He followed Felix to the lobby and looked sadly after him through the window. "I'm going to miss that fellow," he said to MacEachern. "He's the most wonderful barefaced liar I ever knew. But I can't be entertaining a man who doesn't know his own trade. It would be encouraging the boondogs."

Mr. Gidney's speech was pure Benacadian. Like other isolated communities, Benacady had developed oddities of expression. The word "hundred" was pronounced, as nearly as I can render it, "hunion." On my first morning at work, having just arrived from my native village, twenty miles away, I was standing beside the teller's cage when I overheard Mr. Gidney remark to MacEachern that a man who was waiting in his office wished to discount a draft for a couple of hunion. I took it that he was referring to some Oriental currency and that a petty but exotic deal was being consummated behind his door. It was only several days later, when my ear had become attuned to the idiom, that I saw my mistake. In the two years and two months I spent in Benacady, I picked up a few local expressions, such as "Good day, my fine corpse!" (the standard greeting), but not "hunion." I trusted that the bank would soon move me on to other, more urban branches, and I wasn't cluttering up my speech with Benacadian barbarisms.

Mr. Gidney showed no such hankering for wider horizons. When he did venture beyond the town boundaries, it was usually to go thrashing through the underbrush with the office revolver, in quest of snowshoe rabbits, partridge, and other small game. (He handled the revolver as though it were a little rifle, holding it loosely to his cheek with both hands and sighting along the barrel. Through the hunting season, he was always black-and-blue around the eyes from the recoil.) He went to Halifax once during my time, on a family matter. His wife was a local girl, the former Leona Deagle, daughter of the last Benacadian county clerk. Her younger brother, a Church of England missionary, was embarking for the Straits Settlements, and they went to Halifax to see him off. Mr. Gidney returned to Benacady three days later with the news that Halifax was overrun with cutthroats and French Canadians, and that the bank people he had spoken to there were all pale and nervous and seemed to have lost the will to live. How could it be otherwise, he asked, with every second customer a potential

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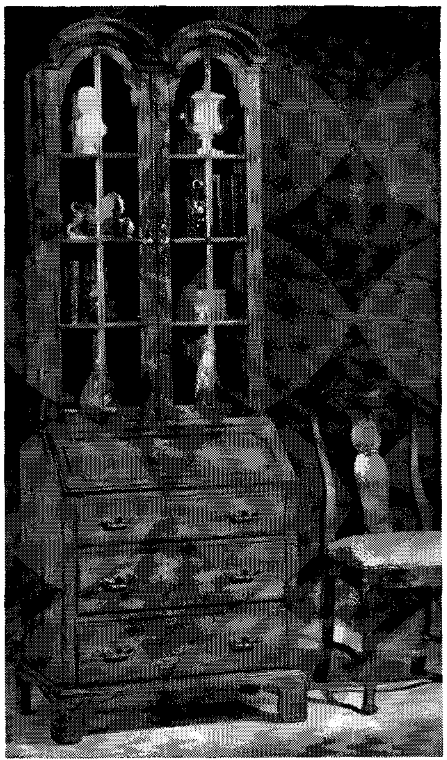

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Important news for executives:

Now reliable KLM lops $190 off first-class fares to forty cities in Europe

KLM's new fare reduction is a remarkable breakthrough in first-class air travel to Europe. It puts a new light on the ticklish question: Should executives fly *First Class*?

Read the five reasons most likely to convince a company treasurer that KLM First Class makes good Dutch sense—*now more than ever.*

1. *KLM's new first-class fares are valid on every KLM flight every day.* You leave when you want to, get there when your business needs you. (NOTE: the new, low excursion fares in *economy* class are valid only on certain days of certain months.)

Check the new KLM first-class fares listed below. *In each case, you save $190 over last month's first-class fare.*

Executives can put in more work on the way when they fly KLM First Class. You get more privacy in KLM First Class. Seats are separated by armrests eight inches wide, so you can read or write *confidential* reports. First-class cabins are also quieter. They carry fewer people, and virtually no children.

3. *KLM First Class helps executives reduce "time zone" fatigue, and sets them up for a full day's work.* A jet flight to Europe is just an overnight hop—but its effect can be something quite different. The 6-hour time loss has you eating *breakfast* when your body says it's time *to go to bed*. This can be tiring.

KLM First Class comfort and service take the edge off this "time-zone" fatigue. You will feel more *alert* after you fly KLM First Class.

4. *Executives can carry 50 percent more baggage on KLM First Class.* This means you can take presentations, samples or bulky files without paying charges for excess baggage.

What you save on excess baggage may pay for a large chunk of the extra cost of KLM First Class.

5. *Executives can always be sure of a seat on the right flight when they specify KLM First Class.* The new, low *economy* class fares are filling even the big jets. But seats are readily available in *First Class*. NOTE: KLM flies to 40 cities in Europe. It often pays to fly from New York to any one of these destinations *via Amsterdam*. KLM flights are often as much as a full hour faster than so-called "direct flights."

SPECIAL DIVIDEND: Many experienced travelers say the careful, punctual Dutch have made KLM the most reliable airline to Europe.

KLM has had 45 years of experience—more than any other airline. KLM was the first European airline authorized by the Federal Aviation Agency to overhaul planes for U. S. airlines without further inspection. A nice vote of confidence in KLM reliability.

How to learn more about KLM's new first-class fares

Ask your secretary to clip coupon below for full details on KLM's new first-class fares.

If you'd also like to find out how you can save time by flying KLM, your secretary can also write to KLM and arrange for a representative to come and talk to you.

KLM's new, low first-class fares

Round trip from New York to:

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Brussels	$754.30
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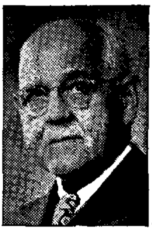

Alben Barkley used to tell about the clock his father borrowed from a neighbor.

"He kept Mr. Dunn's clock a week," Mr. Barkley related, "but could never tell the time of day or night.

"'I should have told you about that clock before I let you have it,' the neighbor explained. 'When the hand points to eight and she strikes twice, that means it's half-past three!' "

There's the same chance for mix-up when you buy your whiskey solely on its stated age.

The label may "point" to eight years, yet the whiskey itself may taste like "half-past-three,"—or even worse!

Depends on *who* made the whiskey and *how.*

Light-bodied whiskies mature quickly, then go on to pick up unpleasant flavors from the charred oak barrel.

Full-bodied Bourbon, on the other hand, accommodates itself to a heap of aging, adding to its mellow character as year after year ticks slowly by.

Our OLD FITZGERALD is one such bourbon with the happy faculty of growing old with surpassing grace.

It enters the oaken aging casks with sufficient body to resist the woody flavor of the staves, and emerges after six years or more, clean as a pin—the most satisfying bourbon any man can pour.

To you who desire the ultimate in bourbon enjoyment, I am pleased to offer our very first bottling of Bonded *ten year* Very OLD FITZGERALD.

From my lifetime experience I honestly believe this is the finest bourbon ever produced at our 112-year-old family distillery.

If you will write me personally, stating the retailer of your choice, I will save you a bottle, or happily even a case.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled in Bond
Mellow 100 Proof

(Advertisement)

Jesse James? Just look at the newspapers. The net effect of his trip was to confirm his preference for Benacady. "A one-horse Gomorrah is the only kind worth living in," he said, looking amiably out the lobby window at a group of idlers in front of Monroe's grocery store across the street. "When it's too big, it's got no self-control."

But although he was thankful for his rural existence, he bore Head Office a grudge for having consigned him to it. I discovered this one day while rounding up old ledgers and vouchers for shipment to the archives department in Halifax. Behind some boxes of savings withdrawal slips in the vault, I found a folder of Head Office correspondence, which had obviously been mislaid there several years earlier. I dusted it off and sat down on the cash safe to browse.

In February of 1930, the W. and C. Orey Furniture Company, one of the last of Benacady's old-time concerns, had gone out of business. The Orey brothers had manufactured a profitable line of plain, sturdy bedsteads and kitchen cupboards, but they had failed to keep up with changing tastes. Counting on solid construction to triumph in the end, they had held out long after their line was obsolete, and further postponed the end by selling off their raw inventories and fixed assets piecemeal over several years. Still, the actual liquidation marked the end of an era, and Mr. Gidney had taken the occasion to unburden himself in a six-page letter to Head Office of much that was on his mind. The office copy of that letter, its pages fastened with a rusty pin, was the choicest item in the collection I read on the cash safe that day.

It started with a report of the Orey windup and its immediate effect on the branch (we were left holding some dubious promissory notes), then broadened into a survey of local conditions:

> This morning, from his office window, the undersigned counted the able-bodied men passing by on the street and tabulated them as follows:
>
> 26 Gainfully employed
> 25 Honest unemployed, unprofitably employed, and vagrants. (Lumped for purposes of this report.)
>
> In another community, this ratio would be cause for alarm, but in Benacady it is the normal state.

There followed a few paragraphs of praise for the way the Benacadian people were bearing up under their doddering economy, and a few more on the ills that had crept into that economy:

> I.O.U.s are circulated like currency. Small debts are juggled and retired from unexpected quarters, often in forms other

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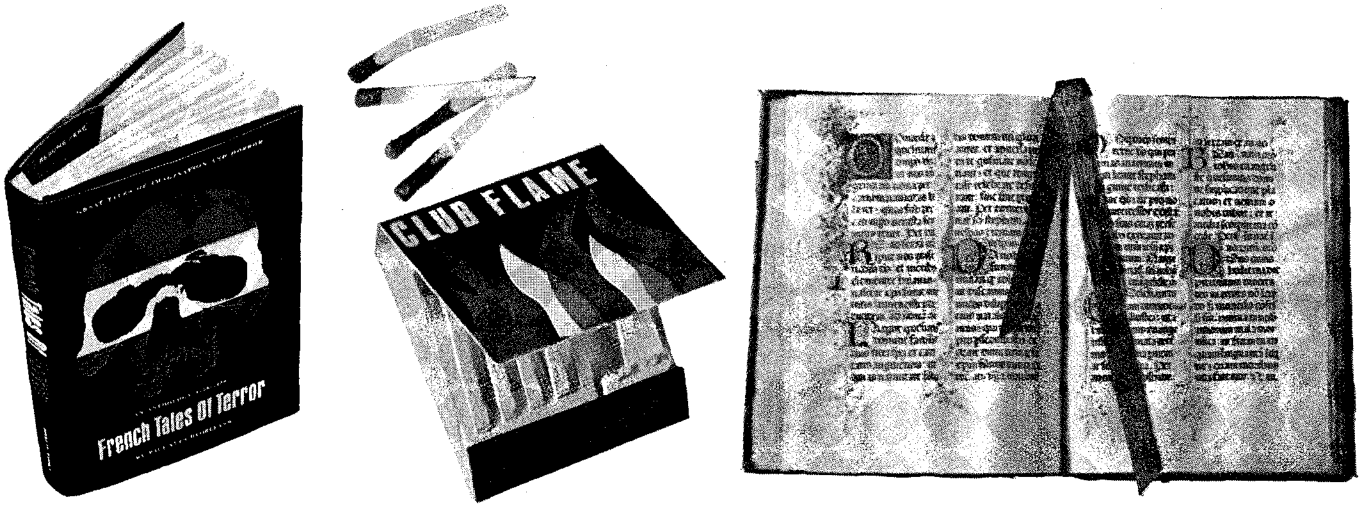

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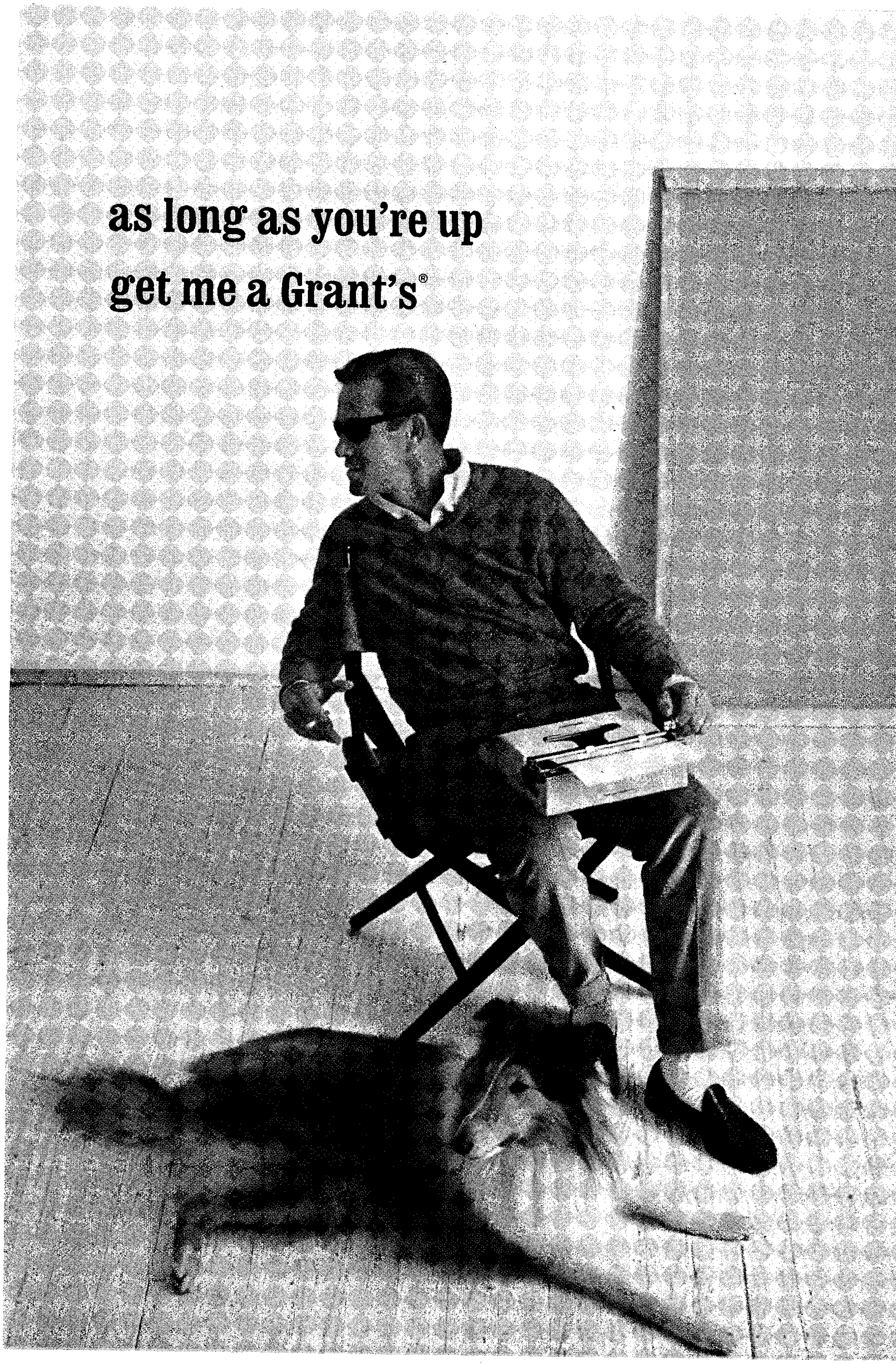
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get me a Grant's®

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YEARS OLD
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD

Would you please. That's right. The bottle with the 8 on it. Because it's 8 years old. And that's how long I think it takes to smooth out a Scotch. As long as you're at it why not join me? Thanks. Cheers love.

The light and legendary eight-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported to the United States by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York. © 1964

> than money and over which the creditor has no control. The tailor patronized by the undersigned received a chicken from a man with whom he had had no direct dealings. It turned out to be in payment for a coat he had cut down for a schoolboy earlier in the week. The debt had passed from the boy's father through unknown channels, and was now being retired with this fowl.
>
> There is, of course, no resort to banking facilities in these matters.

This was preliminary. His main point emerged on the fifth page:

> A manager left here for an undue number of years is one who has lost touch with the main body of the bank. In the present instance, he has married here, acquiring various relatives. Propinquity has done its work. For all practical purposes, he is a native Benacadian—that is, banker to his own flesh and blood, a situation which, the undersigned has always understood, the bank avoids as the financial equivalent of incest.
>
> The undersigned does not know if he has made the foregoing completely intelligible to your good selves, but he invites your attention to what is plain enough: that he came here ten years ago as junior manager of a branch with assets of two hundred thousand, and is now a senior manager in charge of half those resources. He has no intention of harping on this. He has put his cards down on the table once and for all, and will continue to carry on as he thinks fit, within the limits of his authority.

Head Office did not welcome this kind of guff from its rural managers. Its traditional attitude was one of lofty formality, varied with an occasional frigid reprimand for a tardy report or an unhealthy past-due loans situation. The Rule Book had a chapter on official correspondence, devoted mainly to restrictions but giving at the end a list of subject headings under which a manager could properly address himself to Head Office. Not even remotely did Mr. Gidney's letter fall under any of them. It was a letter that few managers in those years would have cared to put in the mail unless they had other means

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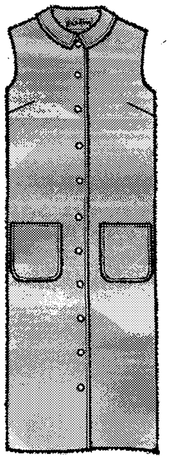

the active or

This is the Positive Shift. Sleeveless. Stripped for action. The fabric, blended of Dacron polyester and rayon, closely follows every move you make. The colors . . . ah, the colors. Forceful. Passionate. Honest. Clear Pink, Bright Yellow, Bright Orange, Bright Blue. 5 to 15. At nicer stores. About $18.

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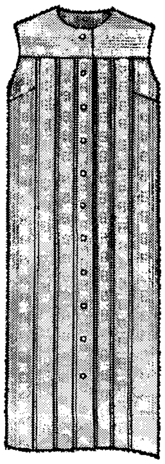

the passive mood

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of livelihood to fall back on. And Mr. Gidney did not have.

But the ways of Head Office were inscrutable. They may have reasoned that a truculent manager in Benacady was not a bad thing at the time. After all, Mr. Gidney had proved himself trustworthy over the years, and no harm could come of allowing him to blow off a little steam, at decent intervals.

If Mr. Gidney suspected such an arrangement, he did not hesitate to overstep the bounds that it should have imposed on him. One day during my first summer, we had an unexpected visitor from Head Office—the chief inspector of banking premises, an alert little man in pince-nez and with white piping on his vest. Head Office had recently begun a campaign to modernize its more outmoded structures, and the inspector, who was a man high on the executive roster, could only have stopped off at Benacady between more important errands to see if anything of that nature would be worthwhile there. He was clearly unprepared for what he found when he entered the door—a late-nineteenth-century banking cathedral in carved oak and mahogany, bedizened with scrolled grillwork and huge crystal chandeliers. He surveyed it all, pince-nez in hand, from the doorway of Mr. Gidney's office, and drew back in dismay. "What are you expecting *here*, a gold rush?" he asked Mr. Gidney in a ringing tenor voice, and trotted out into the working space, adjusting his glasses for a closer inspection. "Fantastic!" he cried. "Fantastic and impossible!"

Mr. Gidney lit a cigar stub and watched him complacently. He was not much interested in the subject of premises, which was more Head Office's responsibility than his. Anyway, he knew it would do the inspector no good to decry the appointments, because Head Office would never consent to spend money on Benacady for an overhauling.

The inspector doubtless realized this, too. But he soon found something he could fasten on Mr. Gidney—the upkeep. "It's all falling apart through negligence!" he called out from a far corner of the lobby, where he had discovered some loose wainscoting.

He went out to his car and returned with a little kit of nickel-plated tools, with which he began systematically tamping and probing the fixtures. He pried grillwork apart with a screwdriver, and ran up the walls on a ladder I fetched him from the basement to scratch at the peeling paint. All this time he kept up a running commen-

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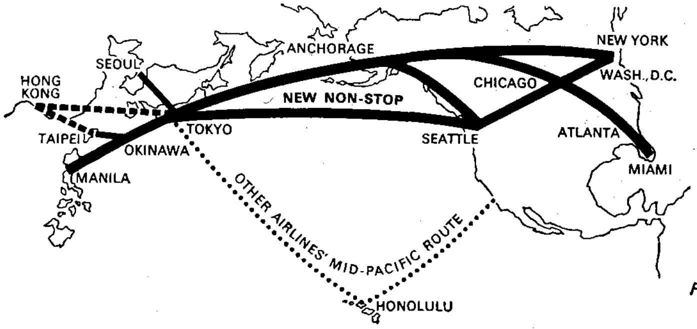
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tary. "Just because you're in the country doesn't mean you're running a cow barn here!" he shouted down from under the ceiling, oblivious of some overalled yokels who had wandered in, attracted by the black Chrysler with strange license plates at the door.

When he had finished, he scolded Mr. Gidney for some time in the office doorway. Mr. Gidney looked patiently out the window, dropped his cigar butt and ground it under his foot, and said nothing. The inspector would likely have carried the day if he had stayed within his jurisdiction. But he became personal. (Any debate with Mr. Gidney was apt to involve personalities. Mr. Gidney tossed off insults casually, and his manner invited them from others.) He stepped back and stared Mr. Gidney up and down. "But looking at you," he said, "I'm not surprised at the state of things here. My dear man, you look more like some backwoods Christmas-tree magnate than a bank manager."

Mr. Gidney considered this for a moment, then reached behind his door for the length of broom handle he kept there against bank robbers. (The revolver was locked up in the cash safe when he wasn't out hunting with it.) Brandishing the stick, he advanced on the inspector, who fell silent, backed away, and then broke for the door. The men in the lobby respectfully made way for him, then lined up before the lobby window to watch him back his car into the street and drive away with his gears grinding.

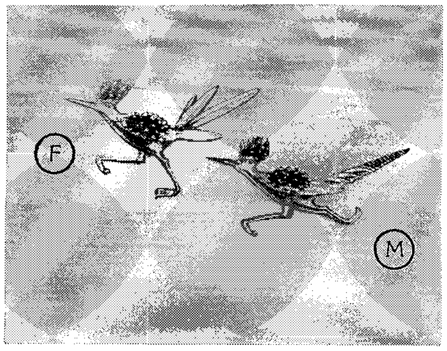
At the first signs of hostilities, MacEachern, a conscientious young man with a wholesome respect for Head Office, had climbed down from his stool and retreated into the vault, as if to disassociate himself from the whole affair. He came out now, after a cautious look around, resumed his seat, and buried his nose in his ledgers. But by the end of the afternoon, curiosity got the better of him. "What are you going to do now?" he asked Mr. Gidney as we were putting the books away for the day.

Mr. Gidney affected not to understand. "Right now," he said, "I'm going across the street for a bottle of beer."

"I mean—taking a broom handle to a Head Office man. They won't let that pass, will they?"

"That fellow's too smart to go running to Head Office with a story like that, MacEachern. He'd never live it down."

Mr. Gidney was apparently right. It seemed incredible that the incident should pass without repercussions, but



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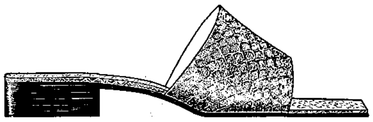

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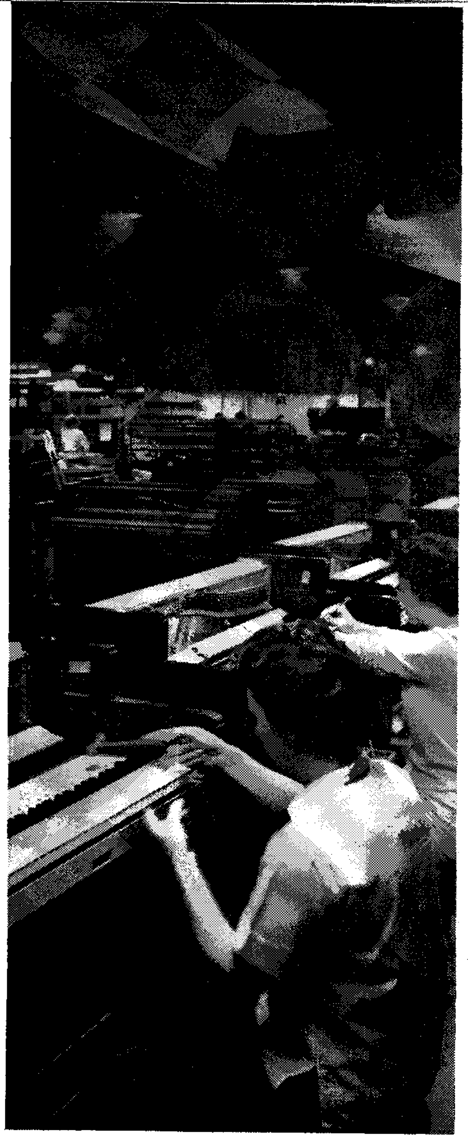

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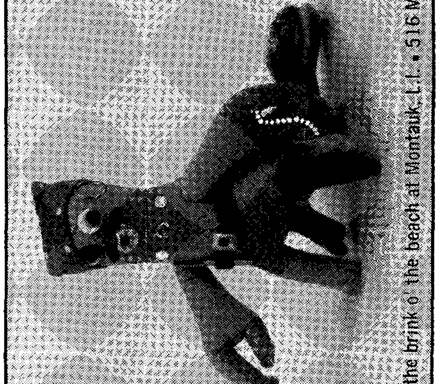

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it did. Over the next few days, Mr. Gidney's friends all came in to hear the story at first hand, and he obliged them, although he did not seem to think it was much of a story. He had not quite grasped the nature of the inspector's insult. "Hey, MacEachern!" he would call through the doorway. "What was it that little premises bastard called me?"

MacEachern would step inside reluctantly and whisper it so as not to be overheard by the customers, and Mr. Gidney would repeat it to his listeners. " 'A backwoods Christmas-tree magnate.' I don't know what the hell he meant by it, but from his tone of voice it was no compliment."

I KNEW of several people who did not care for Mr. Gidney. "Mrs. Doctor" Williams, a fastidious little woman who was originally from Halifax, was horrified by him, and sent the Doctor in with her deposits, and there was a small group of financial men, headed by A. J. Farquharson, a contractor and backstairs politician with interests all over the province, who had once fallen afoul of him over a question of collateral margins. They did their banking in Eelbrook now, and spoke of Mr. Gidney contemptuously as the "piggy-banker."

But Mr. Gidney was on good terms with most of our valuable customers, and almost solidly popular with the cruder elements for his blunt manners and for his wretched personal finances. It was extraordinary how little he had to show for the money he spent. The major part of his modest salary went to satisfy the unrewarding demands of the poker table; the old, hypochondriacal Buick he and his wife drove around town; the coal furnace in his large, unheatable house on the High Road; and his wife's horticultural experiments in their back yard. (Mrs. Gidney was under the delusion that the hybrid tea roses she planted every spring could be made to survive a Benacadian winter.) To tide himself over, he issued occasional I.O.U.s, and there were signs that he was active in other types of unorthodox financing. Every now and then, a tall, solemn man from the swamps by the New River came into the bank and handed him a chicken, which he would pluck in his office. (There were always pinfeathers around.)

Since he never ran for election or asked favors of anyone, his popularity was largely wasted on him. About all he ever got out of it was the privilege of wearing the post-office coat, a mangy but illustrious bearskin that had protect-

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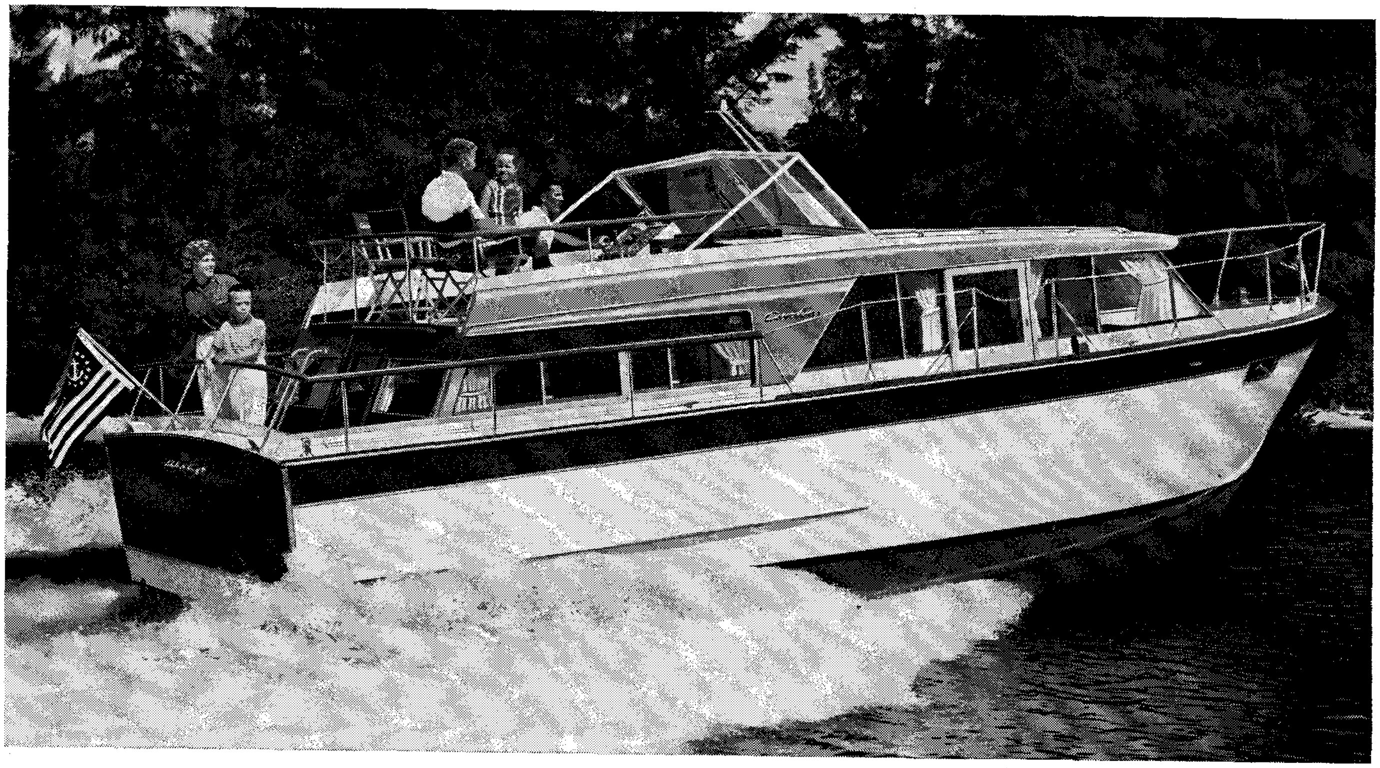

Chris-Craft's Cavalier 35′ Yacht sleeps six in three private cabins. Read what this exceptional boat offers for only $19,990.*

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3. The owner's stateroom, aft, is definitely not a cubbyhole, has large twin beds with box springs and foam mattresses, wardrobe, dresser, and an adjoining lavatory which may be equipped with shower. A door opens to the cockpit.

4. As much thought went into the decorating as went into the building of the boat. All three cabins have draperies, full paneling, carpeting, and headlining as standard equipment. Rich wood finishes are color-coordinated with durable, stain-proof fabrics.

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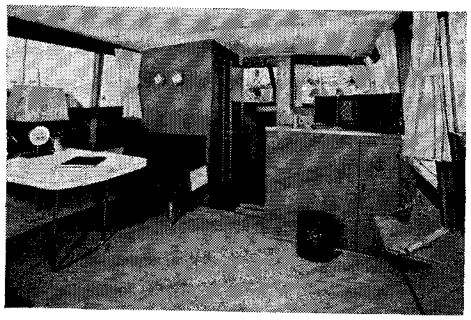

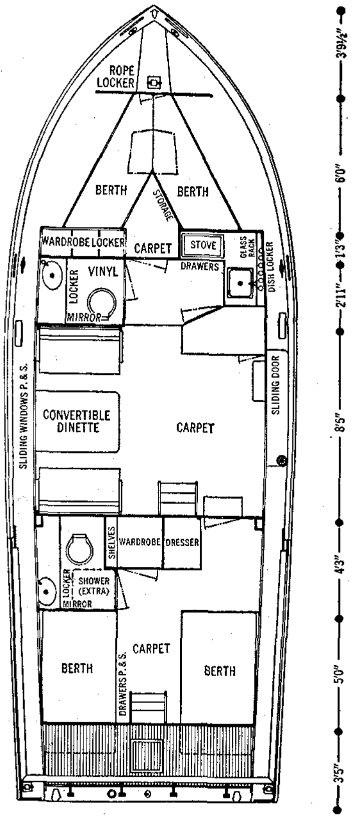
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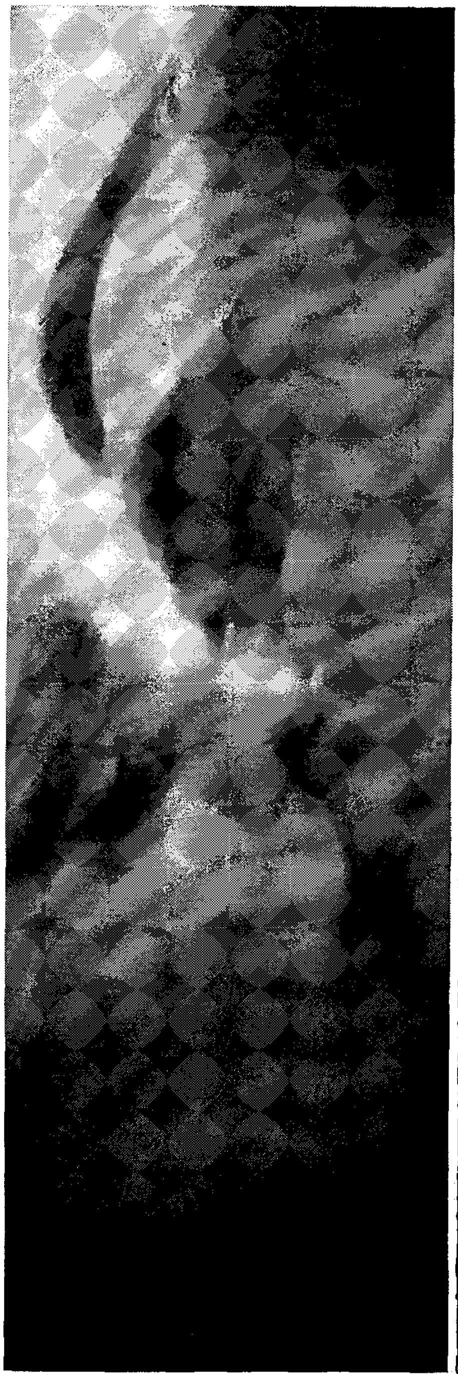

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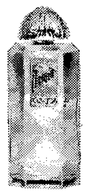

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ed generations of mail drivers on the winter run to and from Eelbrook, some thirty miles to the south. Up to 1934, when a heated snowmobile had been put on that job, the mail had been driven in open sleighs, often in weather fit only for polar bears. The drivers had been, of necessity, men of endurance and dedication, and the coat, after its retirement from official service, was held in somewhat the same veneration as a Wells Fargo coach might be in other climes. It was disturbed from its resting place under the post-office counter only on exceptionally cold days, to be worn by certain citizens on specific occasions: Dr. Williams on his morning rounds; Rudy Barker, the undertaker, on his sad business; and Mr. Gidney on his Section 88 visits to outlying lumber camps.

Section 88 of the Canadian Bank Act permitted the chartered banks to lend money to developers of natural resources on the security of the products they wrested from nature. The small lumbering operations carried on around Benacady fell under the Section, and on certain dates Mr. Gidney had to go and verify the existence of the cordwood pledged to us and forward to Head Office a report entitled "Certificate of Inspection of Section 88 Security." He had occasion to wear the post-office coat on one such inspection trip he made, in late December of 1938, when the temperature, although only a few degrees below zero, was aggravated by a penetrating northeaster, and the snow of several recent blizzards was swept up in high drifts. He went on his mission clinging to the post of a horse-drawn bobsled—the kind used for hauling logs through the woods—that a camp foreman had placed at his disposal. He took the revolver along, in the hope of bagging a snowshoe rabbit or two. (However raw it might be in the open, it was always pleasant under the close-growing evergreens.) But he found the snow too deep for hunting, and returned early. In his report he wrote, with perhaps undue technicality, "Security not inspected. Completely covered by snowbanks due to recent blizzards."

Around New Year's, there was a spell of rain and mild weather, which melted most of the snow and swelled the New River until it spilled over into the fields and engulfed a number of henhouses. The High Road and the lanes became quagmires. But the main roads were passable, and the bus service from Eelbrook, which had been suspended for nearly a month, was resumed. Cars broke through from other directions. A

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contingent of wholesale grocers' representatives, who spent their winters following the thaws around Nova Scotia, arrived in a body one evening and took over the lobby of the Commercial House, the town's only hotel.

The following day brought another group of visitors—two men and a woman from Montreal. The word from the Commercial House was that the new arrivals were the representatives—indeed, one of them seemed to be the head man—of a fish firm that had just acquired the old Ajax property and proposed to put up a plant there.

Within an hour, the whole town was buzzing with the news. The hangers-on in Monroe's grocery store, where I stopped after work for cigarettes, were discussing it in the guarded way they always approached unconfirmed good news; to have shown enthusiasm would have been risking no end of ridicule later on if the rumors turned out to be false. But they were all agreed that where there was smoke there was fire.

Early next morning, the strangers visited Binney's Field and then began paying business calls along Main Street. They breezed into the bank shortly before lunch, a prosperous and capable-looking trio, a little pale by Benacadian standards, and breathing hard from their morning's tramp through the slush, but obviously full of energy—a kind of business-efficiency energy not often encountered in Benacady. They carried bulging briefcases. The one who seemed to be the leader—a big, jovial man in a camel's-hair coat—strode ahead of the others, halted in the center of the lobby, and looked around with wide, bright eyes. He spotted Mr. Gidney standing idly at the staff entrance gate. "Mr. Gidney?" he said. "Jack Gidney?" He had informed himself about his man, apparently—or, at least, he had made a stab at it.

Mr. Gidney looked him over cautiously. "Gidney, yes. Jack, no," he said.

The stranger beamed and extended his hand. "I'm here to triple this little banking business of yours," he said. "George Westover, president of Fisheries, Incorporated." He waved at the others. "Charlie Northrup, my controller; Miss Davis, my secretary. I found, on my calls around town this morning, that my news had preceded me. I suppose it has here, too?"

"It has."

"You know, Jack," Westover continued, leaning an elbow on the counter, "I was nosing around on the coast before I came up to Benacady, and I

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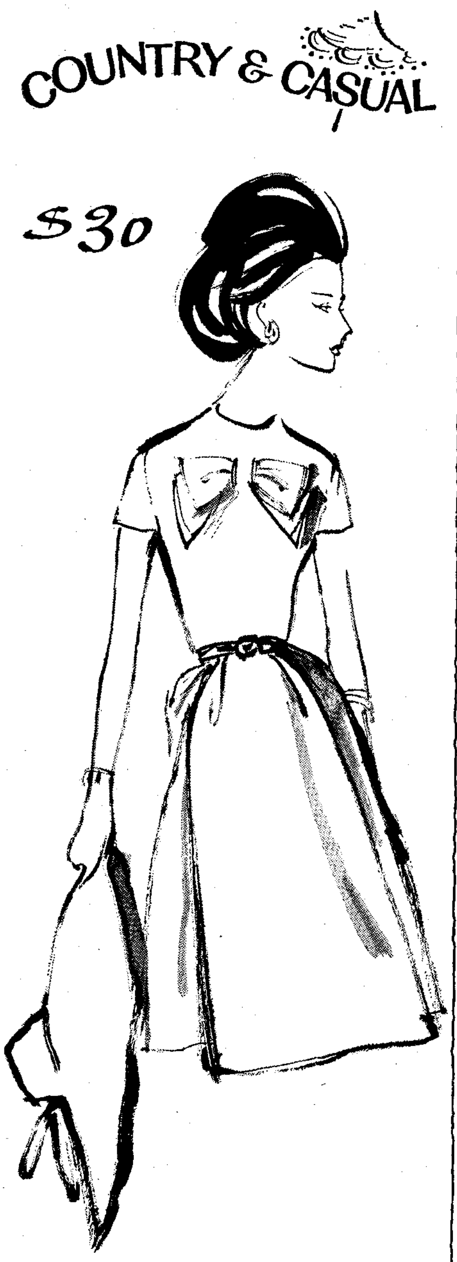

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was shocked at the primitive state of the fish industry in this area. A little cod drying here, a little mackerel pickling there, lobsters canned in tumble-down shacks on the wharves. I'm going to revolutionize all that, Jack. In two years from now, fish will be a big business around here."

Mr. Gidney seemed unimpressed. He had heard plenty about the fish industry from his colleagues in the coastal towns. "There are more than enough fish handlers along the shore now," he said. "All starving. What makes you think you can do any better?"

Westover gestured impatiently. "You're still thinking in terms of two-bit lobster canneries, Jack. What I'm talking about is live lobsters delivered to New York, to Montreal, to Chicago even, in fleets of refrigerated trucks, fish cakes tastefully packaged in cellophane and promoted over the radio. I'm going to supply markets that these people around here haven't even heard of. Have you ever considered the potential demand in this country for that great British delicacy the jellied eel? We're going into this thing with all the valves open, Jack. No fish that swims in the sea will be too humble for us. Even the dogfish, the curse of the east-coast fisheries, will be welcomed to our cat-food department. The possibilities stagger the mind, Jack. Cod-liver oil, the kosher market . . ."

Mr. Gidney looked more thoughtful. "How are you fixed?" he asked absently.

"I'm solid, Jack. That's the beauty of it. Charlie here will sit down with you before we go, to open the account. He'll give you all those details."

It was only late that afternoon, when I happened to notice Mr. Gidney seated on the corner of his desk and staring at the wall, that I thought of looking at the new development from his viewpoint. It made a confusing picture. To have all this suddenly dumped in his lap after thirty-eight years—fish, prosperity, the chance of a promotion. Head Office might prefer to have some other manager in Benacady now, but surely they were morally bound to accept the situation, if Mr. Gidney was just polite to them during the next few months.

If any of this occurred to Mr. Gidney, it did not trouble him longer than overnight. By the next morning, he had his course charted. As soon as he had unlocked the safe combinations, he sat down at the typewriter desk and picked out a letter to Head Office, relaying the substance of his meeting with

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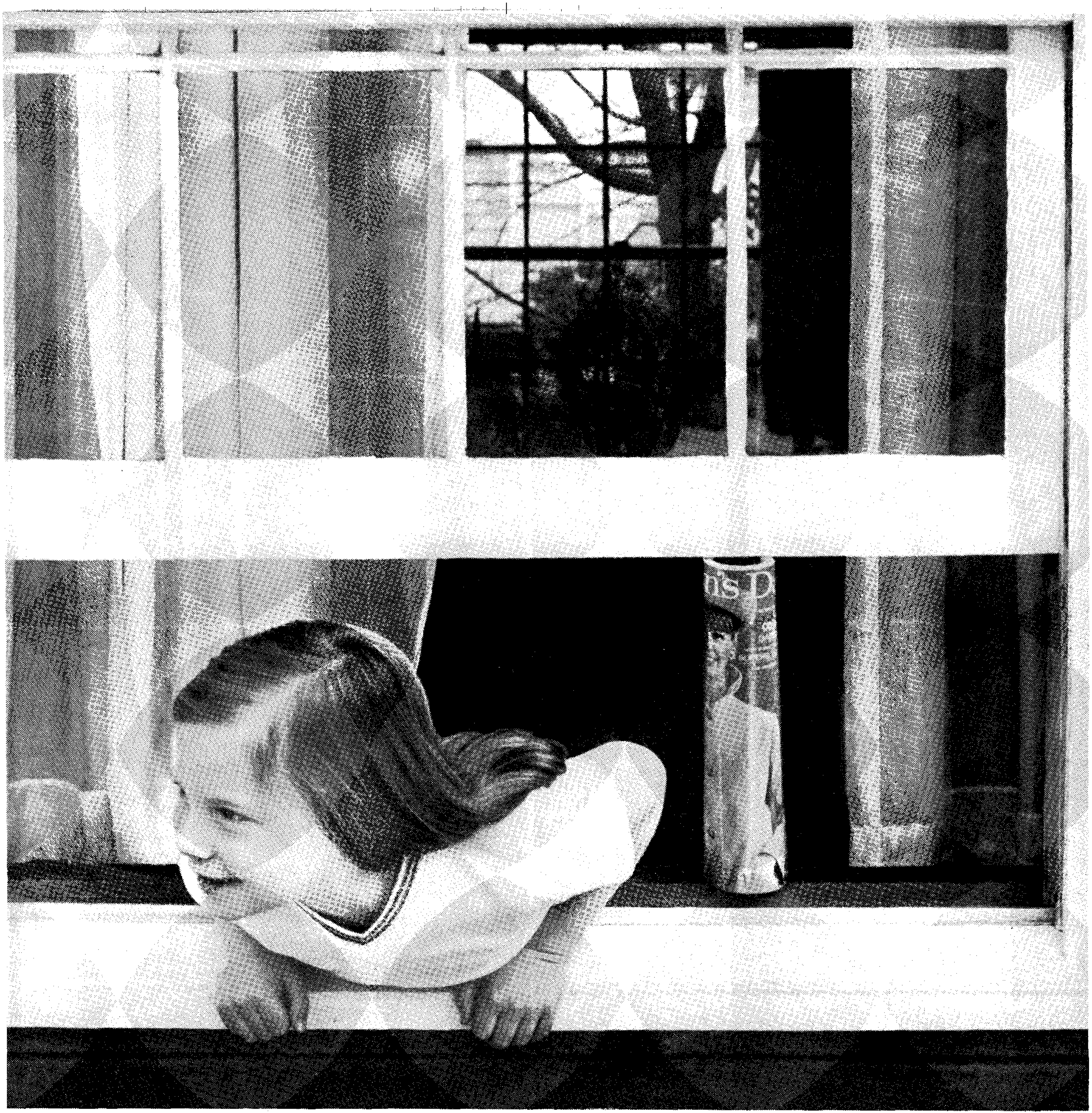

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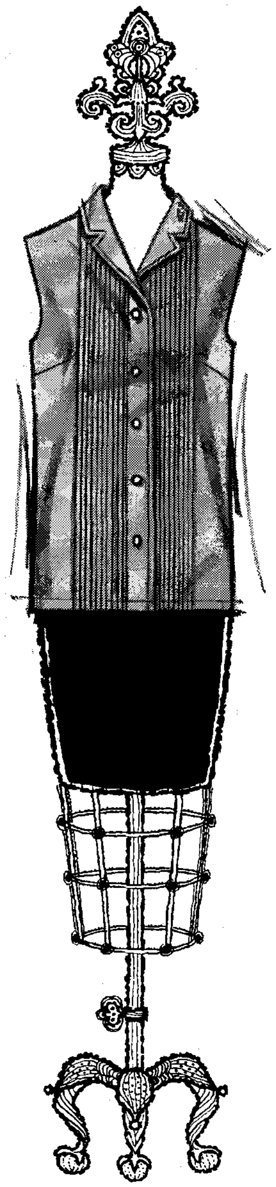

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Westover, without comment. Then he turned to another piece of Head Office correspondence that was waiting for his attention. This was a query he had received in the previous day's mail about his recent Section 88 report. Head Office was not satisfied with it. Why, they asked, had security not been inspected? Mr. Gidney rolled the form into the machine and typed, in the reply section: "Because the undersigned was God-damned if he was going to scrape the snow off two hundred cords of split birch in a Benacadian northeaster at five degrees below, Fahrenheit." He signed it. Then he put the form back into the typewriter and added a postscript: "What else could have been under that snowbank? Two hundred cords of snowshoe rabbits?" He read it over. It was, perhaps, unnecessarily strong. With an eraser, he rubbed at the first syllable of "God-damned" until it was pretty well deleted. Then he folded both letters into a Head Office envelope, which he tossed into the outgoing mail.

His notice came at the end of March. His successor would arrive within a week. After handing over to him, Mr. Gidney was to report to Head Office, where he would be temporarily attached to the clearing department. Head Office clearing department was known as a kind of Ellis Island for senior men in transit, under a cloud, from one division to another.

His last few days in Benacady were probably the busiest of his long term there. Old depositors, alarmed at the idea of a new manager—a complete stranger—taking charge of their accounts, came in to be soothed, and other people, through similar fears, came to borrow money while the borrowing was good. His evenings were taken up with dinners and farewell parties.

"I leave you to your dogfish and your jellied eels," he told a large, noisy gathering at the Commercial House on the eve of his departure. "It's time for all of us who were cocks of the walk here the past twenty years to get out of the way. Our usefulness is over. An energetic and forward-looking crowd is moving in. When I come back for a visit in a couple of years, I'll find you all fat and prosperous—tastefully packaged in cellophane, like Westover's fish cakes."

They presented him with a twelve-gauge shotgun and a volume of Stephen Leacock, defaced throughout with their autographs and ribald inscriptions.

MR. GIDNEY did not remain long at Head Office. That summer, a managership opened up at an obscure branch in New Brunswick, some fifty miles from his home town, and his appointment to that post was reported in the fall issue of the bank magazine. On looking up the place in the bank directory—I had never heard of it before—I found it described as "sawmill, rr junc. pop 723." In the same issue, Benacady's pop was given as 912.

I received a card from him the following Christmas, redirected from Benacady to Halifax, where I had been transferred. Below the verse, he had scribbled a few lines in his large, uneven, angry-looking scrawl: "This town something like Benacady but quiet. Hasn't changed in fifty years. No chance of a Westover, either. Too far from the coast. Good luck." That was the last I ever heard from him. I went into the Army a few months later, and after the war I heard that he had retired, but where he was spending his leisure years I never discovered.

—CLIFFORD AUCOIN

• •

A FACT IN THE FABLE

That one, like every myth, had something behind it:
a sadness handed down and changed to art;
time after time, the telling had refined it,
and formed an Orpheus from some amorphous guilt—
either an evil that the earth had written
with abstract web and mystic snake, or else
someone like Eurydice was bitten
once at a wedding, in the actual grass.

Then, as the season blazed and she grew dimmer,
there must have been a grief, a singing sorrow,
the tragic husband as the magic strummer
bringing her back from death toward tomorrow,

and something of a fable in the fact:
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—HAROLD WITT

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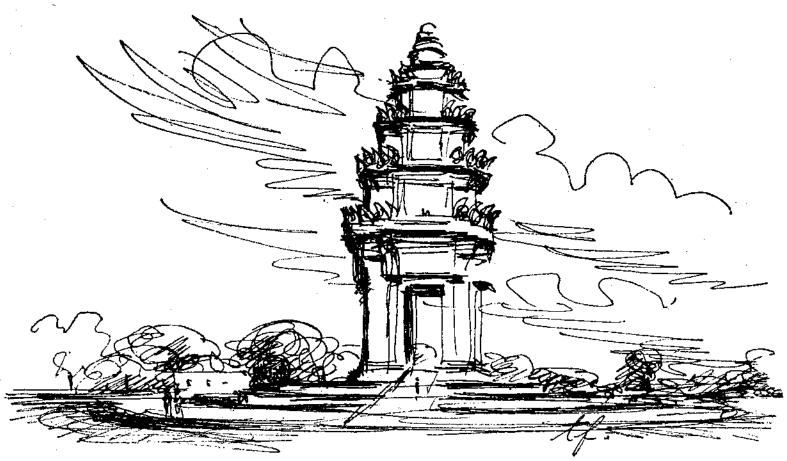
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

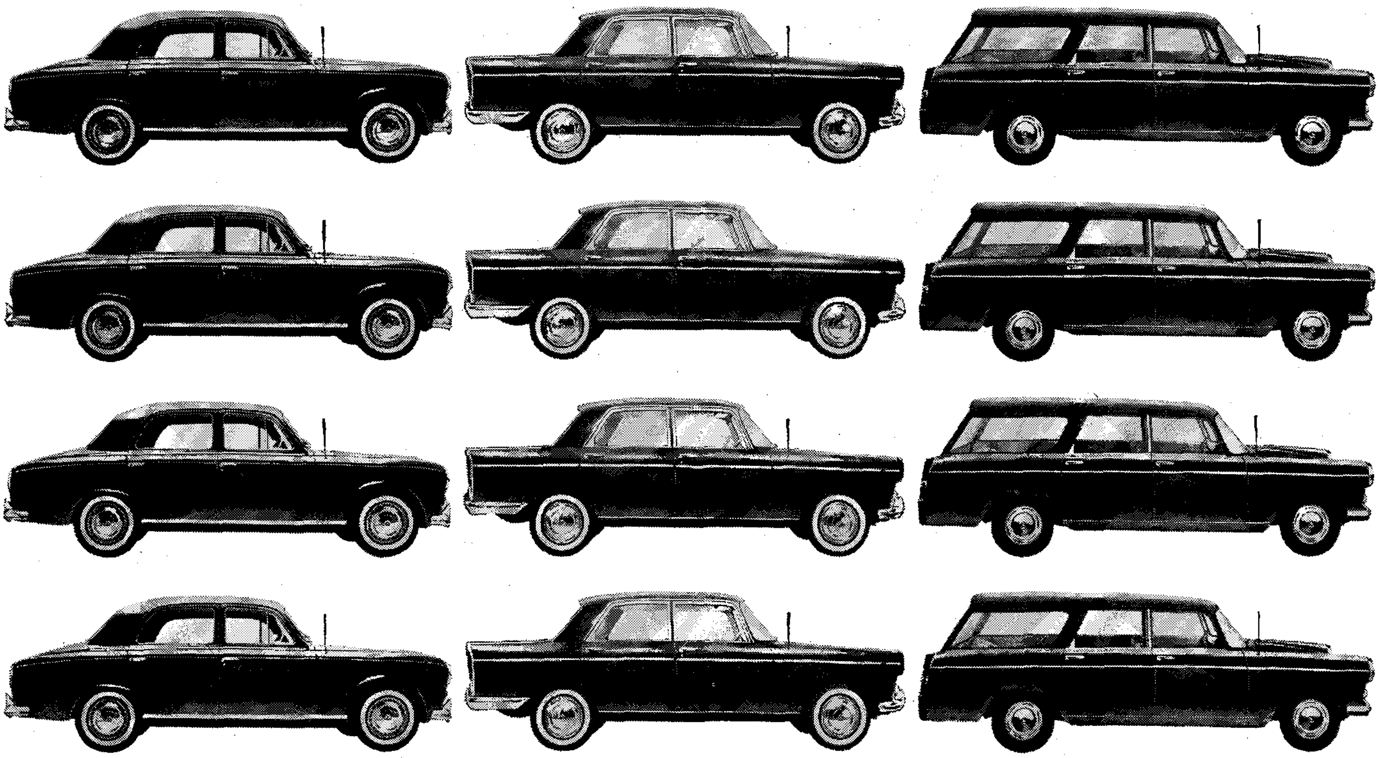
BACK AND FORTH IN PHNOM PENH



His Royal Highness Prince Norodom Sihanouk, a self-deposed king who, as Chief of State of Cambodia, prefers the ambivalent title of "Lord Comrade" or the simple designation "Monseigneur," is probably the most unpredictable and the most articulate one-man government in the world. He likes to explain, with a disarming laugh, that there is no need for spies in Cambodia because all anyone has to do is pay attention to what he says. Because Sihanouk has always had a lot to say, this advice may at first sound reasonable, but because Cambodia has for some time been engaged in a particularly delicate balancing act between East and West, much of what he has been saying of late in his effort to prove his neutrality has been so contradictory and so confusing that even the shrewdest and most assiduous spy would have a terrible time figuring it out. Sihanouk's maneuvering makes life in Cambodia anything but dull, and one Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago in Phnom Penh, the attractive, verdant capital, which combines qualities of Kipling's East with touches of Kafka's Castle, I found out that one's enjoyment of Cambodian life may be sharply modified or swiftly terminated according to the whim of the smiling Prince and the color of one's passport—in my case State Department Blue. Just as I was settling down for a siesta in my room at the Hotel Le Royal, a rambling stucco inn built in the style that the French favored when Cambodia was part of their Indo-Chinese empire, a messenger knocked on my door with instructions for me to appear immediately at the immigration office of the ministry of security, a few blocks away. Half an hour later, I had presented myself there and been joined by seven other non-resident Western correspondents—a Lebanese who represented the Associated Press, a Japanese, and five French journalists—and all of us were peremptorily told to leave the country as soon as possible, the order being set down in red ink in our passports. I was aware that the United States was involved in a political wrangle with Cambodia, yet since my arrival no dispatches of mine, derogatory or otherwise, had been filed, and I was still hopefully waiting for an audience with the Prince, so I was at a loss to account for my expulsion; the others seemed equally perplexed. I asked the immigration officer if we were being declared *non grata* at the express request of Sihanouk himself, but because nothing is ever done in Cambodia without Sihanouk's knowledge and consent, this was a rhetorical question, and the immigration man, in the classically vague way of such functionaries, replied to it merely with a wan smile (its wanness enhanced, I supposed, by his having had to come to work on Sunday) and the statement that the action was being taken "by order of the government." I left early the next morning by plane, bound for Saigon, and my associates prepared to depart for other points; two were bound for Bangkok and one for Tokyo, while four of the French journalists (a team composed of three men and a comely young woman) were going to Hanoi, the capital of Communist North Vietnam, on their way back to Peking, where they had spent some time earlier. There was, of course, a degree of ironic symbolism in the fact that half of those expelled went to Communist territory and the other half went to pro-Western sections of the globe—a division completely in keeping with Sihanouk's own recent behavior patterns, which had been so schizoid that one couldn't help wondering if even he knew just where he stood from day to day.

I have learned that since my departure at least three other American correspondents have been amicably received by the Prince, and some others I know of have been issued Cambodian visas. Visas are a problem for those who plan to enter Cambodia from neighboring Thailand or South Vietnam, as most Westerners do, because relations between Cambodia and both of the adjoining countries have been severed as a consequence of border disputes and other political differences. Cambodian affairs are handled in Thailand by the Indonesian Embassy and in South Vietnam by the French Embassy, and even after a correspondent has wheedled a visa out of one or the other, he may arrive at Phnom Penh Airport to discover that it won't be honored by the Cambodians. It all seems to depend on Sihanouk's mood of the moment and on how his immigration men interpret that mood, so the whole business is now as chancy as playing bingo.

Shortly before my banishment, Prince Sihanouk had terminated all American military, cultural, and economic aid, amounting to some thirty million dollars annually, and had ordered his embassy in Washington closed. For some time, he had been making it increasingly clear that among all the nations of the world he regarded the People's Republic of China as his best friend and chief protector; in fact, the very morning of the day I was told to leave, the Prince had addressed a huge outdoor session of the National Congress, a mass gathering of ordinary citizens from all over the country held semi-annually on the Field of Men in Phnom Penh, and had gone further than ever before by declaring that the danger of Cambodia's encirclement by the Western nations and their Southeast Asian allies (by which he meant South Vietnam and Thailand) might force him to "renounce neutrality in its present form and negotiate an alliance with certain receptive powers, particularly with the People's Republic of China." The game of guessing just how seriously Sihanouk means such threats, if threats they are, has become the main preoccupation of diplomats, correspondents, and businessmen in Cambodia, and the difficulty of gauging the Prince's true aims has lately been further attested to by more instances of hedging and retracting. In mid-January, he suddenly decided to keep his embassy in Washington open after all, declared that he could never make Cambodia a Chinese satellite,



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and indicated that he might deign to go on accepting certain forms of American aid to supplement assistance that he was arranging to get from France and China. But since then the situation has deteriorated. First, it became apparent that the United States had no intention of resuming any form of aid to Cambodia unless Sihanouk settled down and gave some firm indication that he would negotiate with the West on other than his own stubborn terms. Then, in mid-March, there were three other developments. After he had proposed a four-power conference to be attended by Cambodia, South Vietnam, Thailand, and the United States, the Prince reneged on the idea. After the American Embassy in Phnom Penh had been attacked by demonstrators who were obviously encouraged by the government and who did considerable damage, and after a small, peaceful demonstration had taken place in front of the Cambodian Embassy in Washington a day or so later, Sihanouk decided to bring his ambassador, Nong Kimny, and all his embassy personnel in Washington home, leaving only a small delegation at the United Nations to represent him in America. A few days later, a conference between representatives of South Vietnam and Cambodia to deal with border questions fell apart when it coincided with an open violation of Cambodian soil by South Vietnamese forces, accompanied by American military advisers, during which sixteen Cambodian villagers were killed. Sihanouk refused to accept the quickly proffered apologies of both Saigon and Washington. As of now, although relations between Phnom Penh and Washington have not formally been broken, Sihanouk seems to be moving closer to the Communist camp. He has announced that he will hold further talks with the Chinese and North Vietnamese, but he is first planning to visit France, sometime in June, to talk over his situation with President Charles de Gaulle, who favors neutrality for all of what used to be French Indo-China, including Cambodia.

THERE are a number of theories about Sihanouk's multiple gyrations, and he has been variously described as a psychotic with a persecution complex, a frightened rabbit about to be devoured by Communist tigers, and a brilliant political strategist who is doing his best to disprove the concept of the survival of the fittest by effecting, through a mixture of monumental pride and astute opportunism, the survival of one of the weakest and most vulnerable

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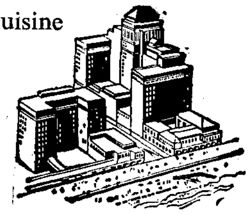

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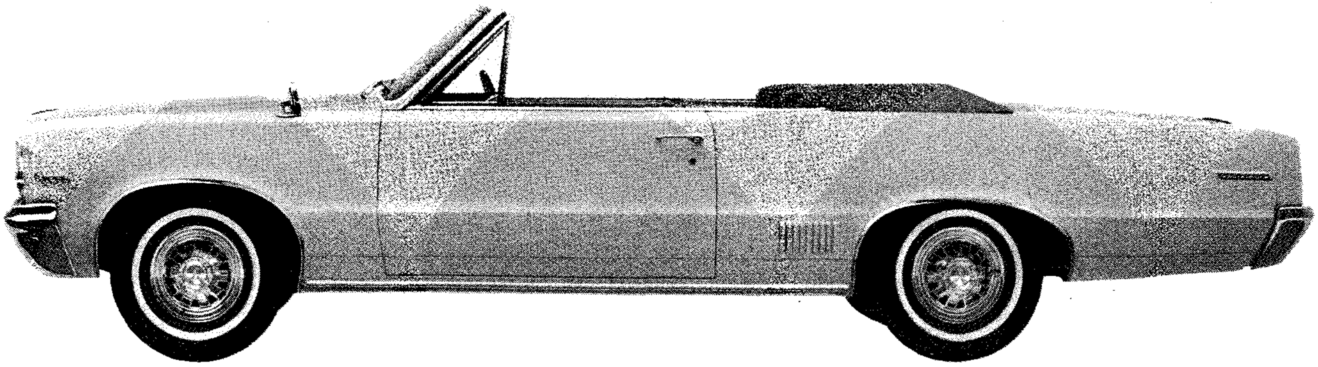

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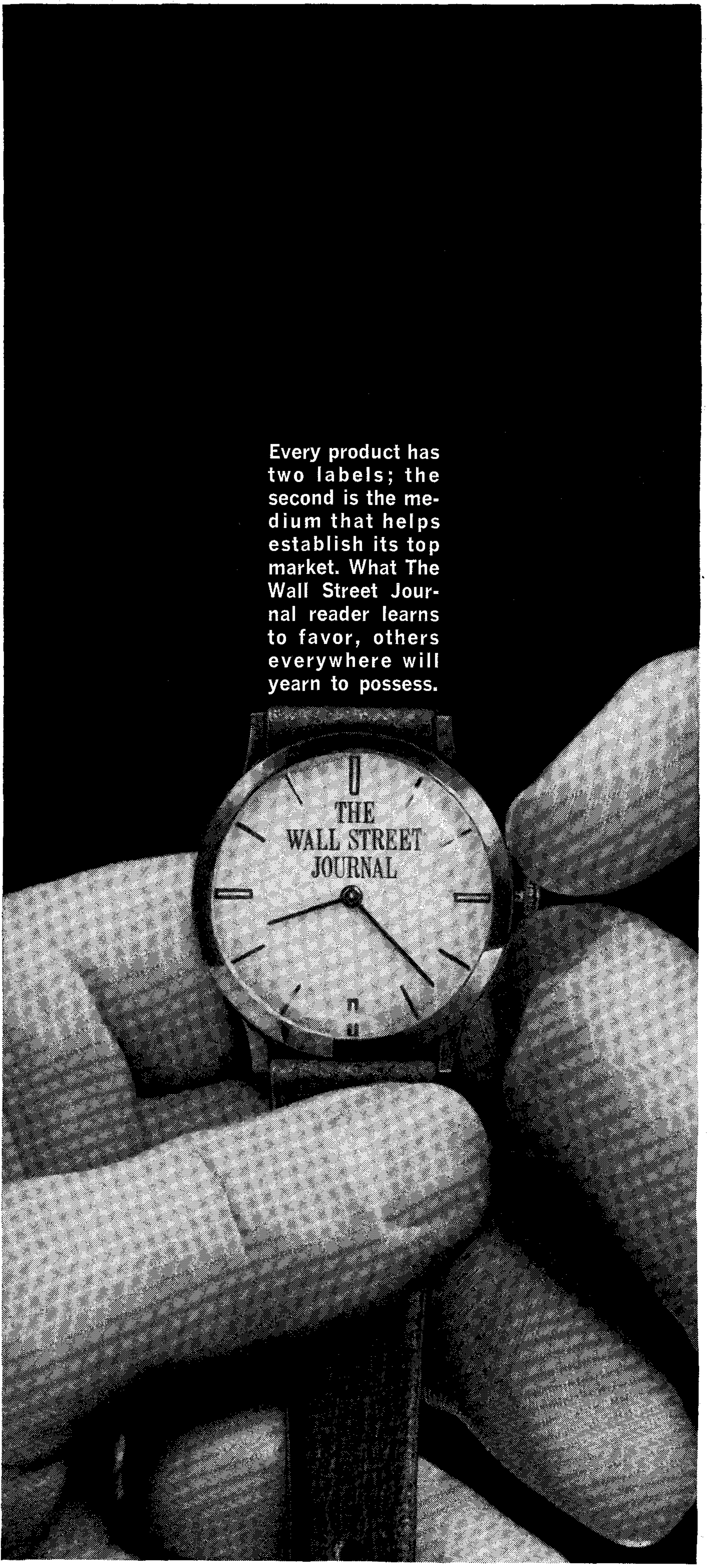
nations on the seething Southeast Asian peninsula. It should be noted that those people who have had the best chance to study Sihanouk, including Westerners who have watched him at work in Cambodia, express more respect and admiration for him than those who have observed him only from a distance. If his tactics and his manner seem mystifying and exasperating, his fundamental strategy seems realistic enough when viewed in the light of his own prognosis of what is likely to happen in Southeast Asia. Like a number of other people, including de Gaulle, Sihanouk is convinced that the war in South Vietnam cannot be won by the anti-Communist forces, and that all of Vietnam, plus Laos and Cambodia, and perhaps eventually Burma and Thailand as well, should become a neutralized bloc, whose identity can only be preserved by some sort of international guarantee against interference from either China or the West.

Sihanouk's attitude is basically not pro-Communist, despite his efforts to make it appear so. Rather, it is a by no means illogical outgrowth of present realities considered in the context of the recent past—a past that includes Sihanouk's and Cambodia's postwar struggles for independence (the two are virtually synonymous), the collapse of the French-colonial heritage in Southeast Asia, France's recent efforts to regain influence there, a history of always difficult relations between Cambodia and her Vietnamese and Thai neighbors, and the United States's presence in the area since the end of the Second World War. Sihanouk is only forty-two years old, but he is well aware of all these situations and events, for he has been actively engaged in the affairs of his country for half his life; indeed, his story is the remarkable one of a once carefree young monarch whose political consciousness and, to some extent, whose social conscience have grown with each successive crisis and each new responsibility. As his curiosity and his desire to make closer contact with his people, the Khmers—the indigenous Cambodians, who make up ninety per cent of the country's population of nearly six million—have also grown, he has emerged as one of Asia's most dynamic nationalist leaders. Being a born extrovert, he has tackled his job with boundless energy and the flair of a born showman. Perhaps because he himself has a tendency to put on weight—he is a stocky man, of medium height—he has always been enthusiastic about sports; his favorites are basketball and volley-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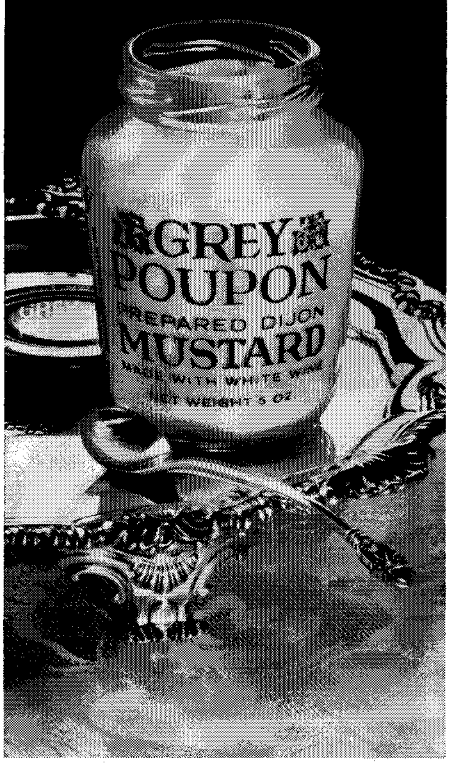

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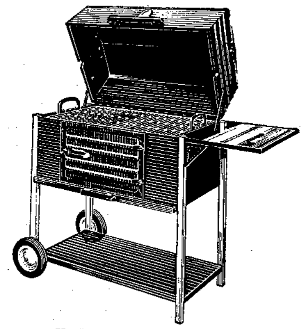
ball, which he plays regularly, and skillfully, with his subjects, and lately he has initiated a nationwide physical-fitness program that involves the building of basketball and volleyball courts in most villages. He is also fond of automobiles, and though in recent years he has come to consider them a sign of conspicuous consumption—for a time, he took to riding a bicycle around Phnom Penh as an object lesson—he still keeps a fleet of cars for state and social occasions. Another of his hobbies is playing the saxophone, and though his skill at jazz has been praised by experts, this talent has not done him much good in the eyes of the world, for it helped give him an undeserved reputation as a lightheaded, pleasure-loving ruler. As it happens, all his hobbies, which also include painting, are entirely incidental to his passionate involvement with his country's progress, to which he now devotes himself for as much as eighteen hours a day.

The first phase of the Prince's public career began in April, 1941, when his grandfather, King Sisowath Monivong of Cambodia, died and Sihanouk, although only nineteen, was chosen by the French to succeed to the throne in preference to his father, Prince Suramarit, and several other male relatives. If the French thought Sihanouk would be easier to handle, they were quickly proved wrong. The new king was immediately embroiled in a crisis. The French, fighting to hang on to their Far Eastern empire under the Vichy regime, were trying to stave off nationalist rebellions in Cochin China and Annam (both of which are now parts of Vietnam) and to check the Siamese, who had become allies of the militaristic Japanese and were taking advantage of France's troubles to nibble territory from both Laos and Cambodia. In May, 1941, after a brief flurry of naval warfare between the French and the Siamese, Siam seized three of Cambodia's rich rice-growing provinces—Battambang, Sisophon, and Simreap—which the Siamese claimed had been "stolen" from them by the French earlier in the century. The Japanese, acting as "mediators" with the backing of the Germans, compelled Vichy to accept the loss in order to shore up their Siamese puppets and facilitate their own subsequent moves south to Malaya and Singapore. Under the same "agreement," the Japanese secured for themselves the right to establish bases and to station troops in Indo-China, and were accorded some economic concessions; in return, they permitted the French to retain administrative control. This tenuous and difficult relationship



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lasted until March 9, 1945, when the Japanese, seeing defeat near, interned the French and themselves took over. Three days after that, King Sihanouk announced Cambodia's "independence"—with Tokyo's blessing. The Premier in the new government, and the man actually behind its creation, was a Cambodian nationalist named Son Ngoc Thanh, who is now in exile and is the one Cambodian who represents a threat to the Prince's power. In 1941, Thanh, who is one-quarter Chinese, had led a group of Buddhist monks in a demonstration against the French, and had then fled, under Japanese protection, to Bangkok, where he organized the first elements of a movement called Khmer Issarak (Free Cambodia); later, he had gone on to Tokyo, attained the rank of captain in the Imperial Japanese Army, and returned to Cambodia under Japanese orders. In mid-October of 1945, when British, Indian, and French units moved into Phnom Penh following the Japanese surrender, the French seized Thanh as a collaborator. He was taken to Saigon and tried, convicted, and sentenced to twenty years at hard labor, but the sentence was later commuted to house arrest in Paris. Many Cambodians still regarded him as a national hero, and some of them organized Issarak bands in the provinces of Battambang and Simreap, where the Siamese, who were still in control, allowed them to operate. In spite of the traditional Cambodian dislike and fear of the Vietnamese, who had encroached on Cambodian territory many times in the past, the Issaraks also formed an alliance in Cochin China with the Vietminh, the Communist-led nationalists.

With the Japanese gone and Thanh out of action, King Sihanouk began determined negotiations for his country's independence from France. The reluctance of the French to grant any semblance of freedom made his task difficult from the outset, especially because it lent encouragement to the more radical Issarak movement. In January, 1946, however, Sihanouk agreed to a *modus vivendi* whereby Cambodia, as a kingdom within the French Union, would theoretically have a degree of internal autonomy; in reality, the French, through their High Commissioner and a host of "advisers" at every level of government, continued to run the country much as they had in the prewar era. In the fall of 1946, under a treaty negotiated in Washington with the help of United States diplomats, Cambodia regained the three provinces that Siam had taken in 1941. In the

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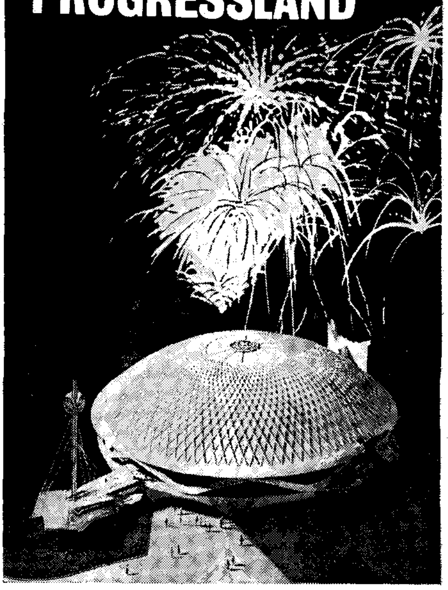

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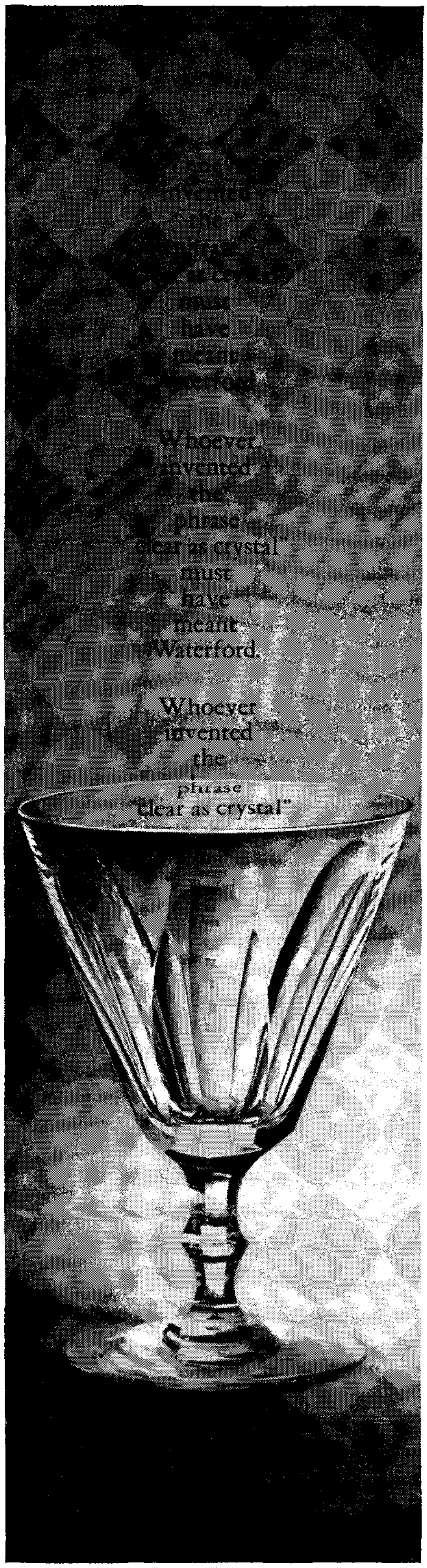

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same year, Cambodia, as a constitutional monarchy, became one of the Associated States of Indo-China within the French Union. Although the Cambodians were now allowed to elect a popular assembly and to choose their own Cabinet, the French still maintained effective administrative control, and, along with indigenous Chinese and Vietnamese, still dominated Cambodia's economy. The majority in the new Parliament was held by the Democratic Party, which regarded Son Ngoc Thanh as its head despite his exile, and which kept urging Sihanouk to get tougher and demand real independence. Sihanouk, however, still followed the course of patient negotiation rather than insurrection, and in the fall of 1949 he obtained *de-jure* recognition of Cambodia's independence, though the French actually were to retain control of defense, foreign affairs, and internal security. There was not much more enthusiasm in Phnom Penh for this agreement than there had been for the previous ones, and while negotiations for the actual transfer of power dragged on, unrest spread in the countryside, the economy went into a decline, and Cabinet after Cabinet fell. In October, 1951, to appease his opponents, Sihanouk arranged for the return of Son Ngoc Thanh. Thanh began delivering inflammatory speeches insisting on the instant removal of French troops, and founded a newspaper, for which he wrote rabidly nationalistic editorials; within five months, Sihanouk again decided that he had had enough. Thanh's paper was shut down, and he fled into the forests of Simreap, where he started a clandestine radio station and sought, with only indifferent success, to consolidate the various Issarak guerrilla bands, which by now had split into pro- and anti-Communist factions.

In Phnom Penh, Thanh's departure precipitated new anti-French demonstrations, which were followed by more political chaos. At length, Sihanouk dismissed the Democratic Cabinet and the National Assembly and announced that he was taking over the leadership of the government himself. He promised to achieve order and independence within three years, at the end of which he would submit his regime to the people's judgment. To begin with, Sihanouk put himself in charge of the campaign against Son Ngoc Thanh, managing to split the rebel movement further and to obtain the support of some important Issarak leaders. Then, in the spring of 1953, when Thanh was momentarily weakened and isolated in the jungle,

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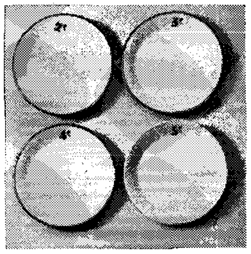
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Sihanouk took a real gamble. He left Phnom Penh on what he described as a "vacation trip" to Europe and America. After a stay in Paris, during which he failed to convince the French that Cambodia must have full freedom, he came to the United States and announced that unless this was granted "within a few months" his people would very likely go over to the Communist Vietminh. Having returned home by way of Canada and Japan, he shut himself up at a retreat in Simreap, declaring that there he would stay until independence was won, and meanwhile he worked out a plan of his own for armed rebellion against the French, if this should become necessary. In November, 1953, Sihanouk's well-calculated effort, which became known as "the Royal Crusade for Independence," and which moved even Thanh to call him "a true patriot"—at least for the time being—resulted in the final capitulation of the French, who by that time were so deeply involved in the war against the Vietminh that they were ready to do anything to halt the spread of hostilities. The following year, at Geneva, France and eight other Western and Asian nations met to draft the treaty that terminated the Indo-China war by setting up two separate Vietnams and led to the creation of Laos and Cambodia as free states.

Sihanouk had won his battle by a combination of perseverance and adroit maneuvering, the latter culminating in his trip abroad, which was part bluff and part sulk, and which had been timed perfectly. Back in Phnom Penh, the Hero King, still only thirty-two years old, was ready to embark on the second phase of his career. In February, 1955, he fulfilled his earlier promise by conducting a national referendum on whether or not he had achieved freedom and security for Cambodia. The "ayes" had it resoundingly, to the tune of 99.8 per cent of a total of 927,000 ballots cast. A month later, Sihanouk jolted the nation by announcing his abdication as king. "I want to renounce the throne in order to show that I do not cling to power, authority, and privileges for my own person, for my happiness, and for my private well-being," he declared, and went on to say that as king he had been too isolated and too revered: "I could only see the flowers and hear the lies." Now, he said, he wanted to help the Cambodian people find "the means of removing the injustices, corruption, and exploitation from which they have suffered for so long." Sihanouk's father, Suramarit, replaced him

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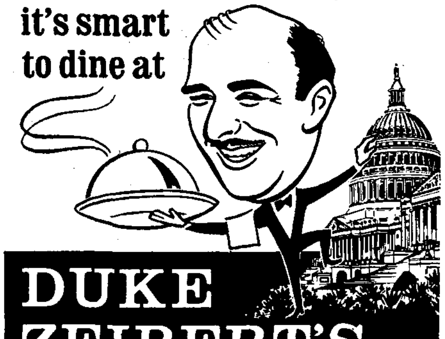

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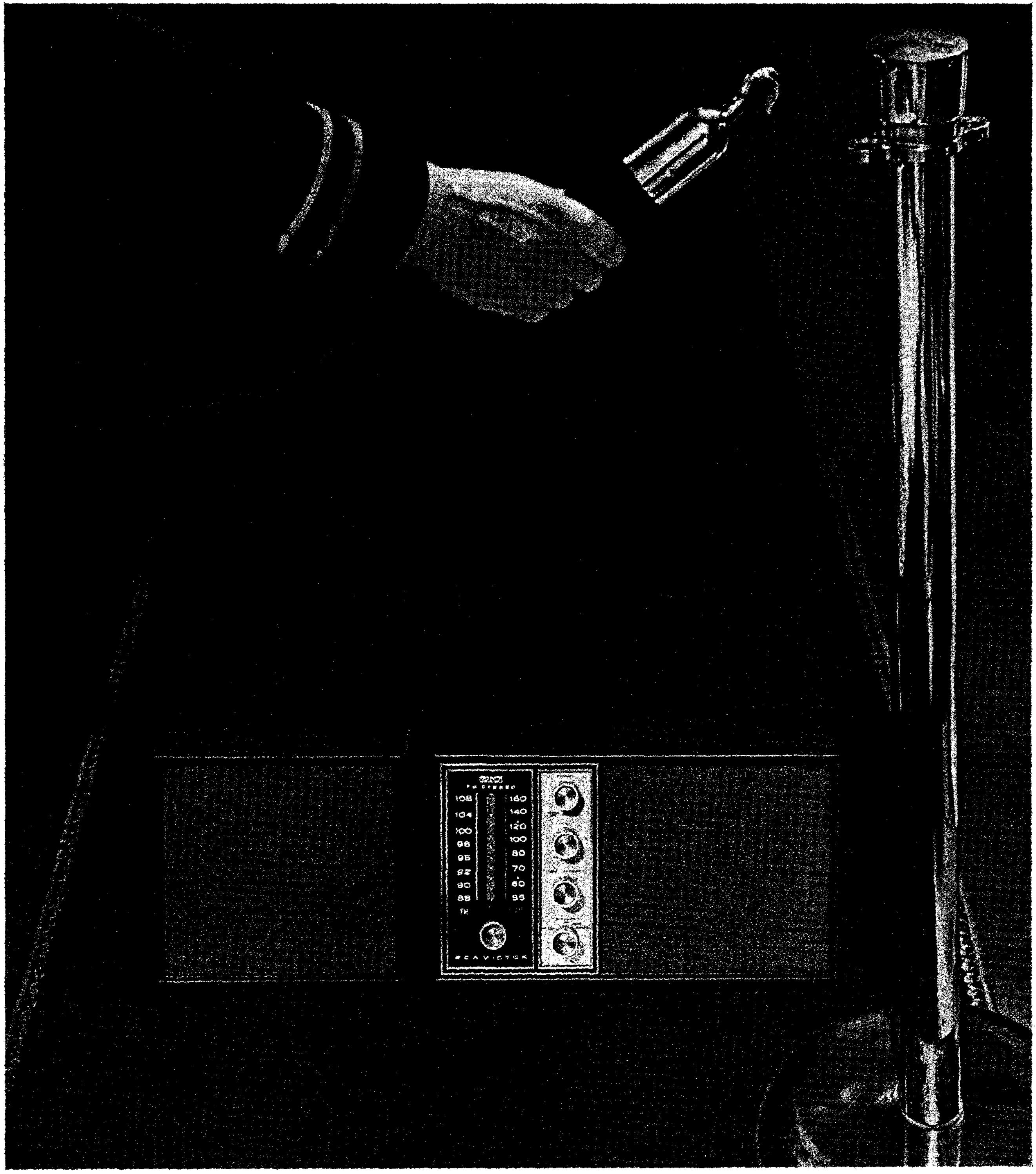

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on the throne, and since Suramarit's death, in 1960, the sovereign has been Sihanouk's mother, Queen Kossamak. By thus formally renouncing his royal role, Sihanouk arranged to gain the best of both worlds, the divine monarchical and the temporal, and he has been extraordinarily successful in representing himself to his people as the exemplar of each.

After his abdication, Sihanouk spent several months travelling around the countryside, delivering talks on his plans for social and economic improvement. He developed a down-to-earth manner, calling his people "my children," and his speeches were full of homespun references to country ways and customs; these rambling talks, if often deliberately chauvinistic and even demagogic, by their very excesses achieved the desired effect of inspiring a national consciousness. Having established his new image, and obviously having come to relish his new role, perhaps as a kind of game that was both educational and fun, Sihanouk announced the creation of the Sangkum Reastr Niyum, or People's Socialist Community. Though he insisted, then and later, that this was not a political party but, rather, a "movement for the expression of the will of the poor classes," the Sangkum soon became the only effective political machine in Cambodia. In September, 1955, when it put up candidates for the first time, it won all ninety-one seats in the National Assembly, and it has ruled the country almost unchallenged ever since. In 1957, in order to counteract charges by the dwindling opposition—which consisted mostly of members of the Democratic Party, whose leader, Thanh, had by this time fled to Saigon—that the Sangkum was under the thumb of the entrenched nobility, with the backing of the conservative countrypeople and the Buddhist priests, the Prince established a more liberal-minded auxiliary organization, called the Socialist Youth of the Khmer Kingdom. In spite of this, among younger Cambodians there remained strong intellectual ferment and outright discontent—not necessarily unhealthy signs in a new country, though the Communists were quick to try to take advantage of them. The racial composition of Phnom Penh—a city of half a million, divided equally among Chinese, Vietnamese, and Cambodians—offered the Communists good openings for propaganda and infiltration, especially since Communist sympathizers were numerous among the Chinese, in particular, and since most of the city's newspapers, in all three languages, tended to

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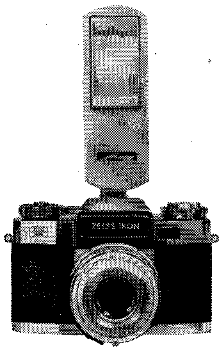

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be Leftist. Sihanouk, though, like Prime Minister Nehru of India, has never allowed his cordiality toward foreign Communist governments to weaken his vigilance toward domestic Communists, so whenever he has felt, for instance, that certain papers were dealing too sharply with local issues, he has slapped them down by threatening to close them.

The Sangkum has gone through several periods of internal dissension but has been held together through each one by Sihanouk, who has stepped in and out of the prime ministry repeatedly since 1954, and who, regardless of what official title or post he has held at any given time, has kept the passive and reverential Cambodians under his sway by virtue of the fact that he is always the acknowledged Chief of State—as well as a former king who may re-ascend the throne someday. In essence, then, the Sangkum has served as a perfect example of paternalism in action. In seeking to develop his People's Socialist Community, Sihanouk stresses the fact that it must be "rooted in national traditions and must reflect the authentic aspirations of the Khmer people and the teachings of the Enlightened One [Buddha], which have been transmitted to us by our ancestors and sovereigns." As he goes among his people, he contrives to follow this prescription, holding mass audiences to listen to family and personal grievances, kissing scores of babies, and enthusiastically joining his people in athletic contests and dances. But his program of social and economic reform, which began with a Two-Year Plan in 1956 and evolved into a much broader Five-Year Plan in 1960, has had a more qualified success, for while it has undoubtedly brought some benefits to the Cambodians, especially in the field of education, it has so far done little or nothing to alter the basically feudal political and social structure of the nation.

Sihanouk's proudest accomplishment, which he refers to, without false modesty, as "a masterpiece of this atomic age," is the creation of a new port, Sihanoukville, on the Gulf of Siam. Carved from virgin forest and mangrove swamp, Sihanoukville was opened in 1960, and since then, in addition to serving as Cambodia's only major seaport (in 1963 it handled almost three hundred thousand tons of merchandise), it has become a popular resort. It has been connected to Phnom Penh by a new hundred-and-forty mile highway, mostly the work of American engineers using American funds. A

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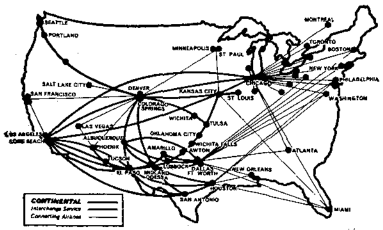

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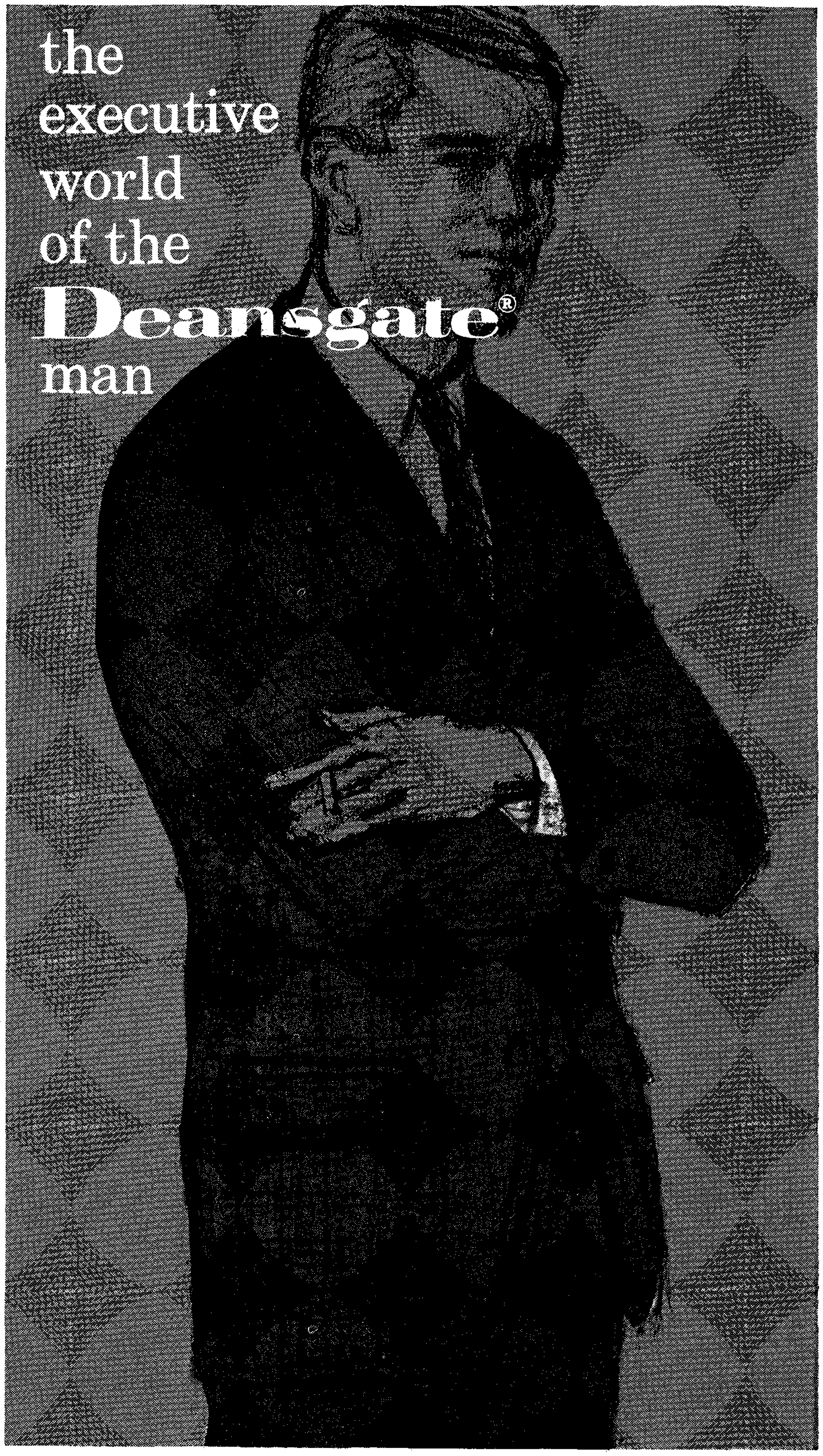
number of other new communities, including cities and model villages, have sprung up in outlying areas, and hundreds of miles of roads and irrigation canals have been built—the latter stimulating the production of rice, Cambodia's major crop, and also of cotton and maize. Just about every Cambodian village has some sort of project under way these days, and much of the work is done by voluntary manual labor; government officials, led by the indefatigable Prince, bare-chested and wearing shorts, step up the volunteering a bit by helping the peasants with their work on roads, dikes, bridges, health clinics, and, perhaps most notably, schools. In comparison with other underdeveloped nations, Cambodia has an outstanding record in education—a hopeful omen for constructive social change in the future. The literacy rate is still estimated at fifty per cent, but in the past eight years the number of primary schools has been increased from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred, the student population has risen from three hundred thousand to six hundred thousand, and the number of secondary schools has risen from ten to seventy-five, including a dozen college-preparatory *lycées*. A new normal school, built by Americans, and a new technical institute, built and staffed by Russians, have greatly increased the opportunities for professional instruction, and there is a newly organized Royal University of Phnom Penh, with four faculties—liberal arts, science, law, and medicine—attended by a thousand students.

When Sihanouk began his Two-Year Plan, he relied mainly on the Cambodian budget, plus some aid from France and the United States, to pay for it. The Russians had meanwhile initiated an aid program, too, and as Sihanouk's projects grew more ambitious he turned increasingly to the Soviet Union and then to China. Since 1957, China has given Cambodia thirty-five million dollars' worth of help, including materials and equipment for textile, plywood, cement, and paper plants, as well as assistance in building them; the two countries have also carried out annual trade agreements. The value of Russia's aid since 1955 has come to twenty-five million dollars, the most noteworthy contributions being the technical school, a modern five-hundred-bed hospital that can also take care of five hundred out-patients, and the promise of a long-term loan for a major hydroelectric project. By comparison, the United States has given Cambodia two hundred and sixty million dollars' worth of economic aid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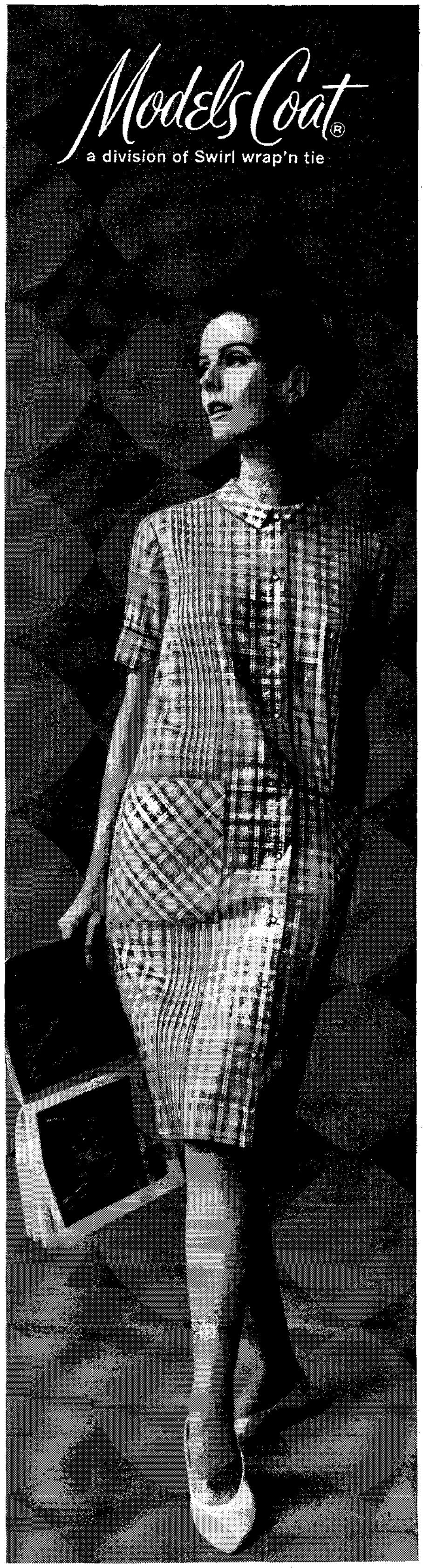
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in the past ten years, plus ninety-five million dollars' worth of military assistance. At first, the United States mostly underwrote large-scale projects like bridges, roads, and irrigation works; then it began to concentrate on education and, more recently, on specialized training in agriculture, public health, and internal (police) security. While the Cambodians have been grateful for the large quantity of American assistance—Sihanouk himself has described it as "the oxygen that keeps Cambodia alive"—they have grown increasingly critical of the fact that it has not been supplied in the form of outright grants, as the Communists' assistance has, and of the fact that Washington has consistently imposed limitations and restrictions on the use of it. In an article written in 1958 for the American quarterly *Foreign Affairs*, Sihanouk summed up this feeling by praising Chinese aid as "very flexible," because it emphasized consumer goods that "meet the requirements of the population," whereas American aid, he said, though it helped "provide us with the framework of a modern state," had a smaller impact on the poor, "because what they think about above all is the quick and easy satisfaction of their most pressing needs."

It is Sihanouk's aim to socialize sixty per cent of Cambodia's trade and industry, and he estimates that twenty per cent is socialized now. Late last year, he declared his intention of nationalizing the Cambodian banking system, as he had just nationalized the country's import-export trade, and said that his decision was prompted by a desire to wipe out corruption—specifically, corruption that had arisen as a result of the manipulations of middlemen handling agricultural products, and corruption that had arisen because of the manner in which American economic assistance was granted. About half of this aid has been in the form of money that is raised by the sale of United States goods sent to Cambodia. Some of this money, which is called counterpart funds, is used to meet the country's military payroll, but unfortunately the profits accruing to the merchants selling the counterpart goods have been used to import autos, phonographs, wristwatches, and other luxuries that can be quickly disposed of to the small segment of Cambodia's population that can afford them. While the whole concept of American aid may overemphasize the principle of forced feeding, giving such nations as Cambodia too many things too quickly, it is certainly true that Sihanouk could have prevented much of

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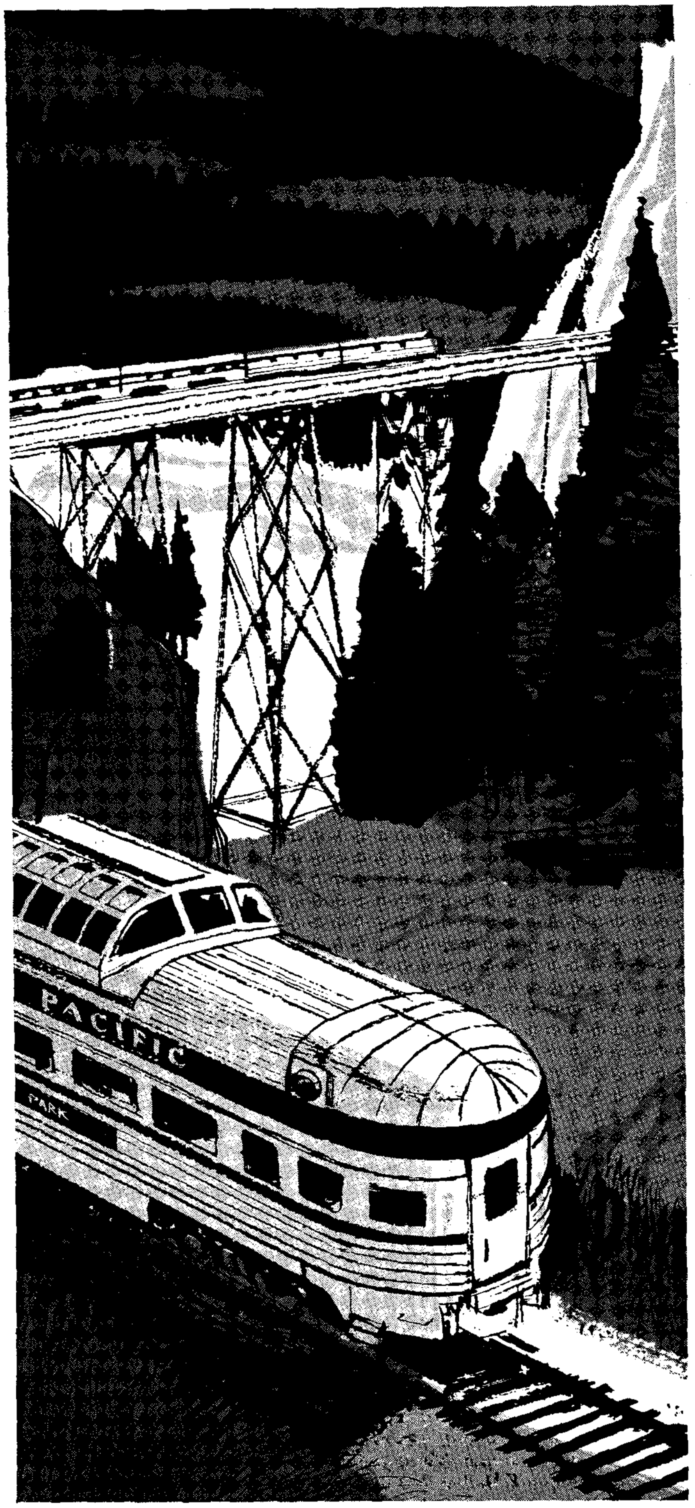

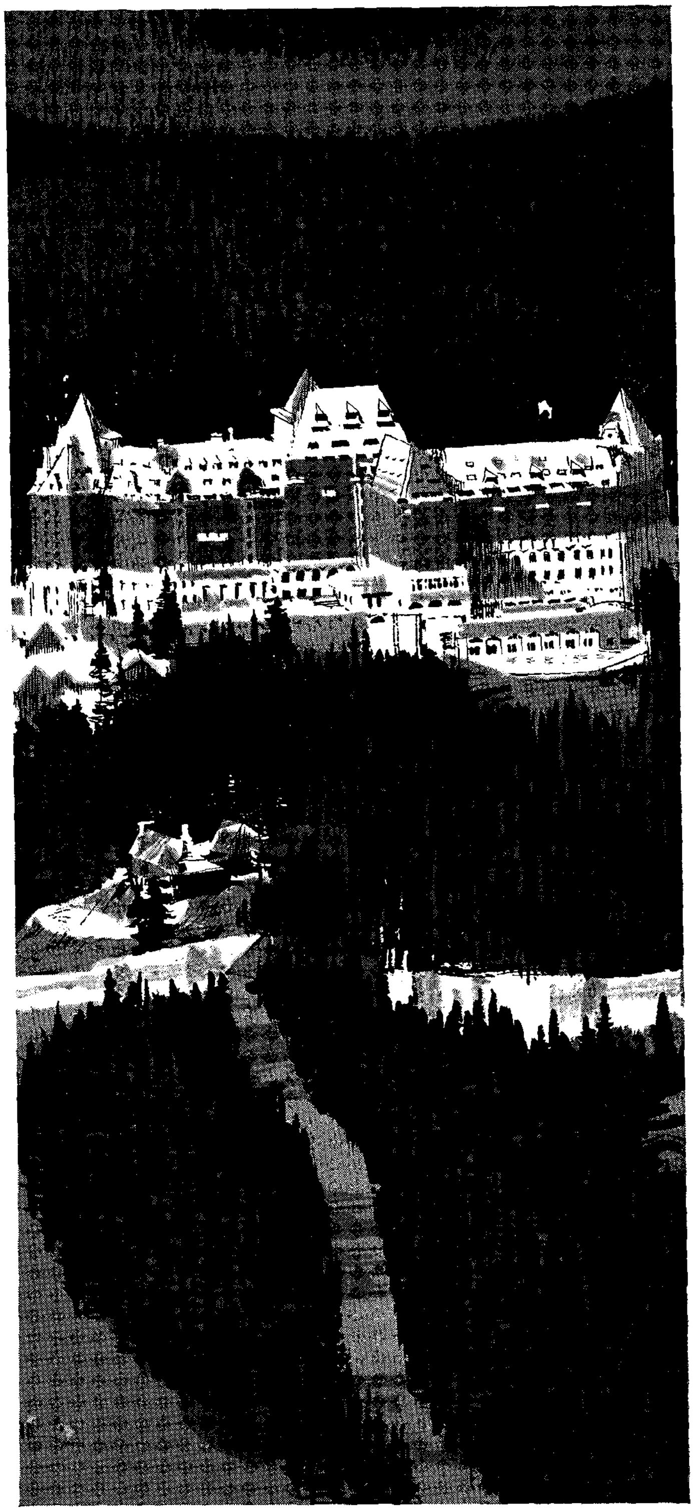

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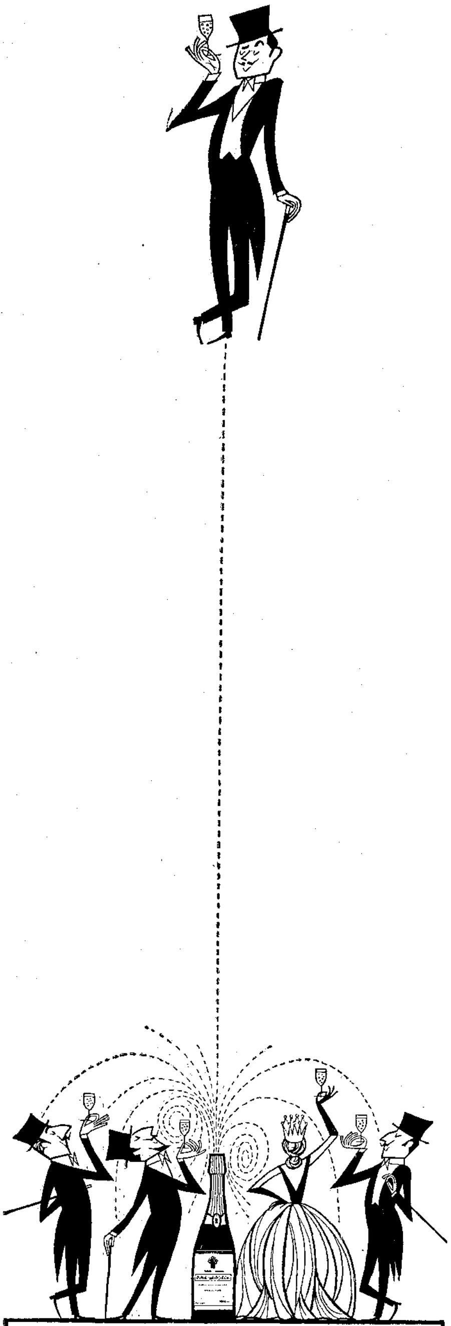
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Much of the criticism of the American aid program has stemmed from Cambodia's resentment of Washington's often awkward efforts to induce her to make some sort of avowal of support for the West, either by issuing a unilateral declaration or by joining the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, which extends what is called a "protective umbrella" over South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. Sihanouk, however, has thus far regarded the umbrella as more of an embarrassment than a protection. On a number of occasions, the Cambodians have accused the United States of delaying the execution of economic- and military-aid agreements by insisting on impossible conditions, with the result that even after Washington has backed down, an attitude of suspicion and resentment has remained. The idea—so frequently expressed in Congress—that American aid ought to be used as an immediate means of securing American political advantage has not been appreciated in Phnom Penh, and it undoubtedly has contributed to Sihanouk's decision to renounce United States help and consider closer ties with the Chinese.

SIHANOUK had his first contact with the Chinese—and with Premier Chou En-lai in particular—at the conference of Asian and African nations that was held in Bandung, Indonesia, in 1955, and about ten months later the Prince made the first of four state visits to Peking. Although on that trip, as on the subsequent ones, he received the red-carpet treatment, and though he returned with glowing accounts of Chinese economic progress, he certainly gave no indication afterward that he had any notion of taking Cambodia into the Communist camp; his most notable comment, in fact, was to the effect that "human life is of no importance" in China, where people "work day and night with hardly any respite." Sihanouk also observed that Cambodia's Buddhist tradition made it antipathetic to Communism, and suggested that his country "remain neutral in the same way that Switzerland and Sweden are neutral, not neutralist, like Egypt or Indonesia." It may have been inevitable that, having once accepted economic aid from the Communists, Cambodia would establish diplomatic relations with Peking. Early in 1958, the Prince declared, cryptically, "I know the Com-

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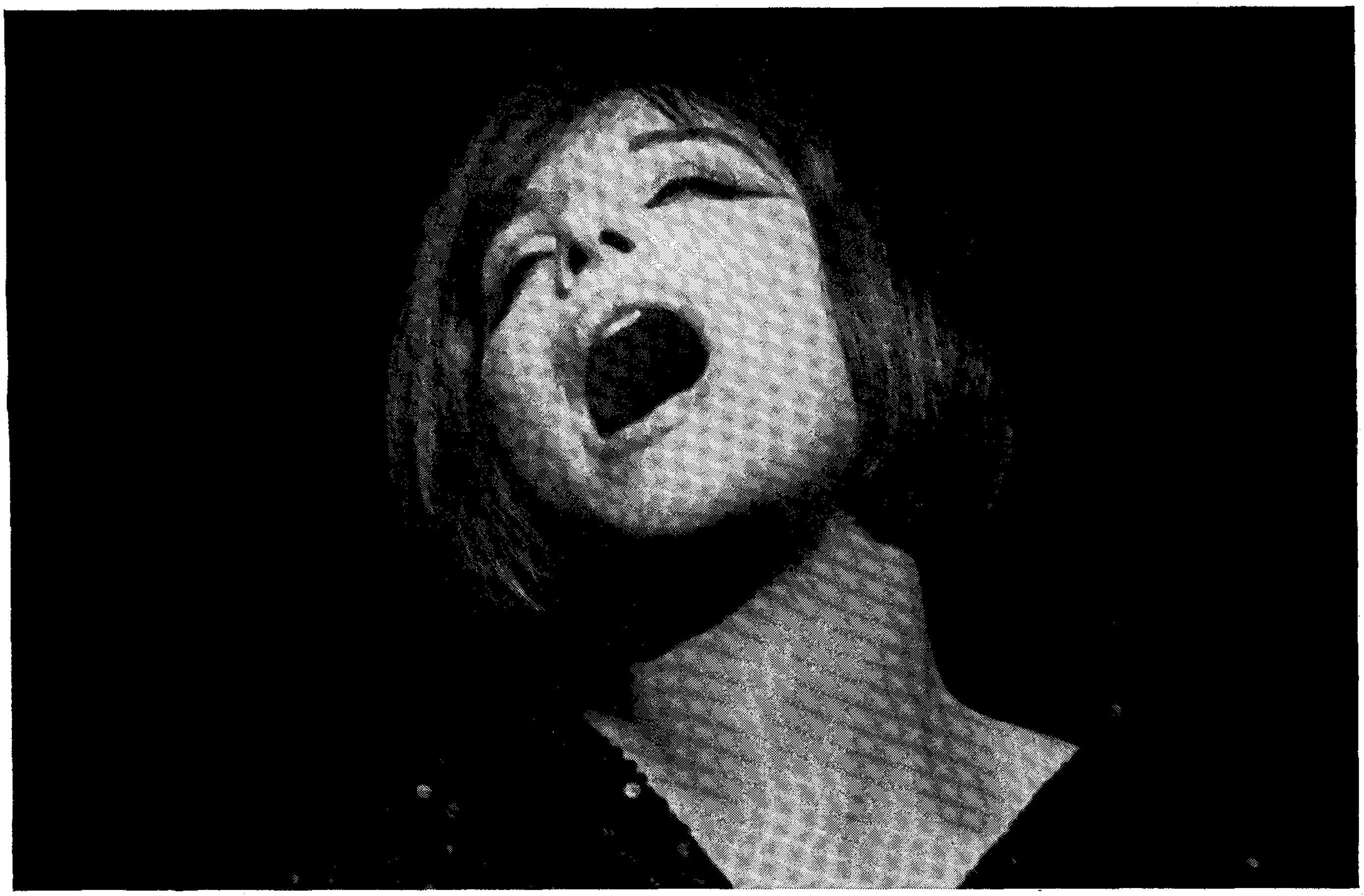

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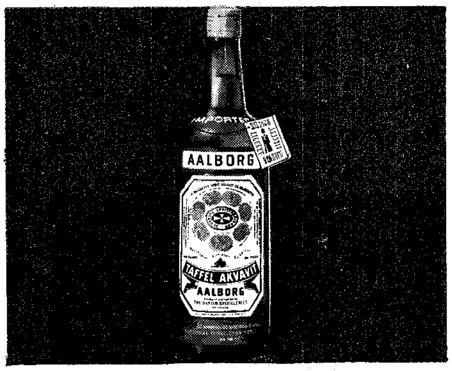

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munists are going to cut my throat, but I am ready to die for my country." A few months later, he warned the West that circumstances might force him to "invoke aid from the opponents of our aggressors." In this case, he referred to recent incursions by South Vietnam, and most impartial observers now agree that our government might have delayed Cambodia's *rapprochement* with China and stopped her drift to the Left if we had acted more boldly, or at least more flexibly, at that time. In June, 1958, as the culmination of a number of border incidents between South Vietnam and Cambodia, South Vietnamese troops, pursuing some escaped Communist prisoners, apparently entered Cambodia and tried to conceal their entry by moving some border markers about four kilometres back from the agreed-upon boundary line. Sihanouk instantly appealed to Washington to mediate, and Washington replied that it couldn't do so because the Saigon government hadn't also asked for mediation. Driven by the historic Cambodian fear of the Vietnamese, and also by despair over American impartiality, Sihanouk thereupon sent a letter to Chou En-lai recognizing the Peking government *de jure*. In August, 1958, ambassadors were exchanged.

Relations between the United States and Cambodia continued to deteriorate. Sihanouk, in his propaganda, associated the deterioration with the increasing hostility between Cambodia and its neighbors South Vietnam and Thailand, with which, in 1960 and 1961, it severed diplomatic ties. Thereafter, he kept repeating that his worst enemies were the late Premier Sarit Thanarat, of Thailand, and the late President Ngo Dinh Diem, of South Vietnam, and he pointed out that the United States was their protector. As his anger—or his paranoia, as some people describe it—increased, he accused the three nations of a conspiracy to mount a *coup d'état* against him. Moreover, he was able to muster some evidence to back up the accusation. In January, 1959, he uncovered what came to be known in Cambodia as the Bangkok Plot. This grew out of a series of border disputes with Thailand and was alleged to have been hatched by a Cambodian named Sam Sary—an early supporter of Sihanouk who had fallen out of favor after he became involved in a personal scandal in London, where he had served as Cambodian ambassador. Upon his return to Phnom Penh, Sary formed an opposition party and planned a revolt against the government, in collusion

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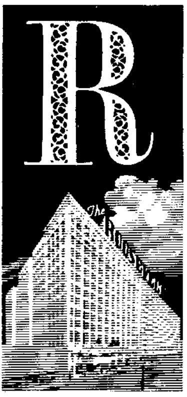

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68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 78, 80,
82, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 97, 98, 100,
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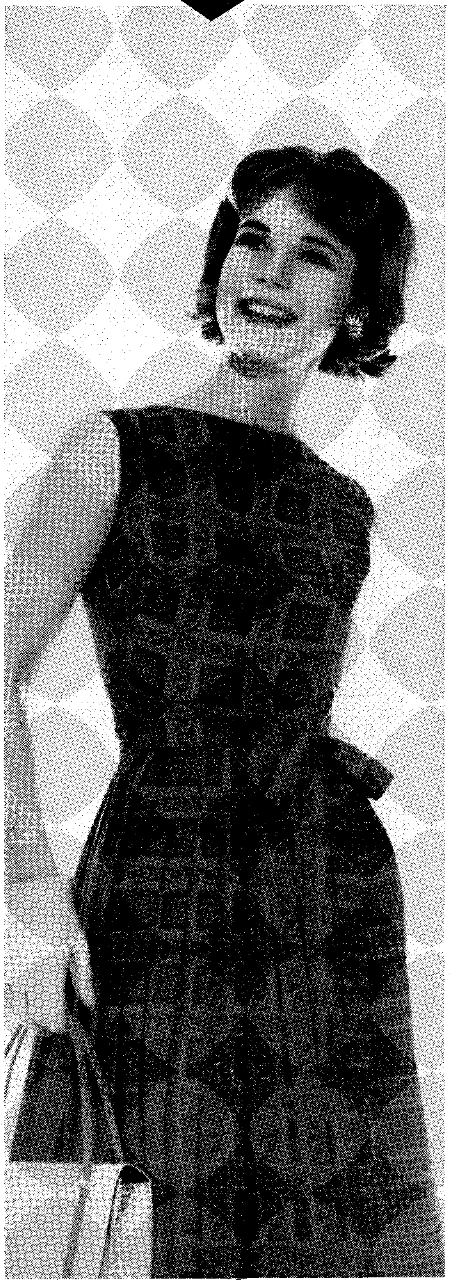

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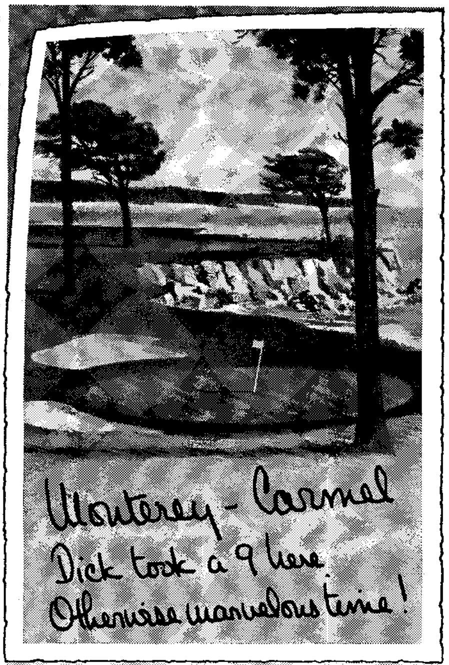
with Son Ngoc Thanh, in Saigon, and, according to Sihanouk, with the connivance of American C.I.A. agents. The conspiracy was quickly disposed of, but Sihanouk insisted that the Americans had known about it and had failed to inform him, and therefore were at least partly to blame. When the plot was uncovered, Sary fled to Thailand; he has since been reported, variously, as hiding in Laos, as hiding in Thailand, and as having been murdered. Not long afterward, a second plot, known as the Dap Chhuon Affair, more seriously implicated the Americans. Dap Chhuon was a former Issarak rebel who had joined Sihanouk in 1948 and had been named governor and military commander of Simreap. Early in 1959, he rejoined the dissidents, aligning himself with Thanh, who had just sent a batch of agents into Simreap. The man behind Dap Chhuon's shift of allegiance was a high Vietnamese official, who had been dispatched to Cambodia by President Diem and who later let it be known in Saigon that funds for the rebellion, including money to mount a powerful secret radio transmitter, were supplied by American agents. It was the discovery of the radio in the jungle that led to the unravelling of the plot. When Dap Chhuon learned that his part in it was known, he fled toward the Thai border, but he was caught before he could cross it, and was killed. Sihanouk then charged that "American bungling," stemming from attempts to force him into a Western alliance, had been a factor in both plots, and that the plots had served only to encourage the Cambodian Communists.

Thus far, despite the increase of Chinese Communist influence—and the increase among Sihanouk's entourage of Left Wing advisers, some of them French-born, most others Chinese—the local Communists are still biding their time politically, and the only serious opposition that Sihanouk faces is still that of Son Ngoc Thanh and the movement he heads, which is now known as the Khmer Serai (Free Khmer). It is estimated that two thousand members of the Khmer Serai are at large, armed mostly with old French guns—equipment that they have been issued by the Vietnamese government for the purpose of helping to subdue the Vietcong in the southwestern Vietnamese provinces that are adjacent to Cambodia and are populated largely by Cambodians. The majority of these Khmer Serai troops, though under Cambodian leaders, are considered part of the South Vietnamese paramilitary organization,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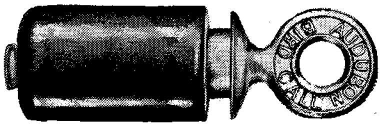

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and they are known to have had some association with American Special Forces contingents that have been acting in a training and advisory capacity in South Vietnam. Between 1954 and 1960, the Khmer Serai obtained some financial and material support from the Vietnamese government of Ngo Dinh Diem, whose hatred of Sihanouk was as strong as Sihanouk's was of him, and this aid undoubtedly included some American equipment that had been given to Diem. Presumably, our people were aware then, as they must be now, that the Khmer Serai's ultimate aim has always been to overthrow the Sihanouk regime and establish a government that, while maintaining neutrality, would lean toward the United States and the West. In recent months, Sihanouk has asserted that the C.I.A. is still secretly backing the Khmer Serai; specifically, he says, it has furnished it with mobile radio equipment for broadcasting from jungle hide-outs in South Vietnam, southern Laos, and northeastern Thailand. The State Department has officially denied that the United States government is in any way associated with these clandestine transmitters, and it has refused to have anything to do with Son Ngoc Thanh, who spends part of his time among his troops in the jungle and part in Saigon, where his presence is known to the new South Vietnamese government, which apparently continues to countenance it. However, while it is doubtful whether the C.I.A. or any other American organization is at present engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow Sihanouk's regime, there is evidence to support his suspicion that the United States must share the responsibility for efforts to discredit him. For instance, while we may not have had anything to do with setting up or operating the secret radio transmitters, whose broadcasts are still going on, we know that the Vietnamese know where they are, or could find out; the official American story is that we have tried to bring pressure on Saigon to locate them and shoot them down but have got nowhere.

A VISITOR to Son Ngoc Thanh's secret headquarters in Saigon not long ago found the Khmer Serai leader still confident that he would take over in Cambodia eventually, though obviously worried about the growing role played by the Chinese Communists there. Thanh, who is a muscularly built, bespectacled, youngish-looking man of fifty-six, with a crew cut, was particularly disturbed over the recent arrival in Phnom Penh of half a dozen

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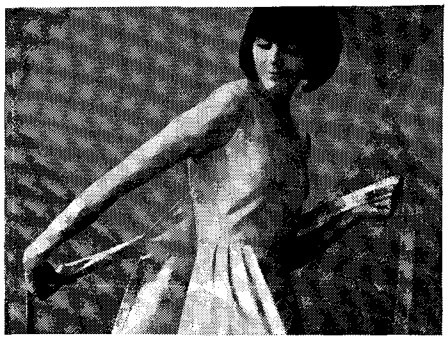

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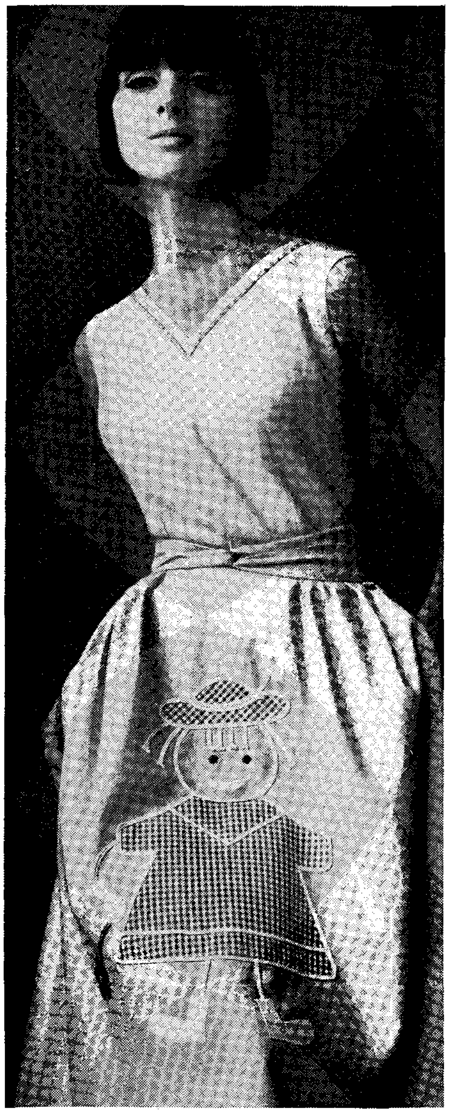

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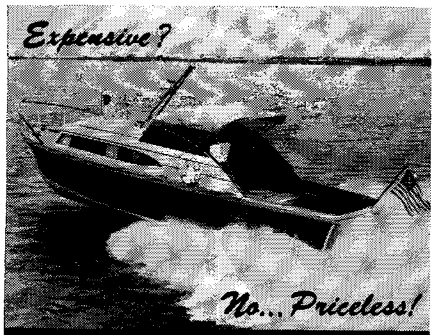
Chinese economic advisers, allegedly to help in the implementation of Sihanouk's newly announced nationalization plans. The Chinese, Thanh claimed, were being much more "realistic" than de Gaulle's French, who are continuing to act as military advisers, and who have also announced a stepped-up program to furnish Cambodia with transportation equipment. While biding their time until the Americans were forced out of Cambodia completely, Thanh said, the Chinese were quietly pushing Sihanouk down the economic path toward Communism, and he predicted that eventually they would try to overthrow Sihanouk forcibly or turn him into a puppet. The only way this could be avoided, Thanh maintained, was for Sihanouk to institute a basically free economy—one that would do away with all the old feudal relationships and thereby really benefit the peasants; according to Thanh, Sihanouk has patronized the peasants with economic "gifts" instead of making any attempt to awaken their social conscience or encourage them to increase their productivity for their own advantage.

Last October, Thanh revealed, Sihanouk had made new overtures to him, suggesting that he return to Cambodia and make another attempt at working within the government. Thanh said he had answered that his own return was unimportant and that what mattered was that Sihanouk alter his domestic policies and his anti-Western neutralist position and agree to resume the throne and allow political parties to function freely once more. Thanh had also obviously been leery of returning to Cambodia for reasons of personal safety, and his apprehensions were proved to have been justified when, in mid-November, two officers of the Khmer Serai who crossed the border from South Vietnam to look things over for him were immediately arrested and, after questioning, haled before a mass meeting in Phnom Penh that amounted to a Chinese "People's Court." After their "confessions," one of the men was executed and the other, who had given evidence against his comrade, was set free.

Thanh told his visitor that he was continuing to operate his clandestine radio stations, but he denied that he was any longer getting help from either the Vietnamese or, indirectly, the Americans. He added that he had no immediate need of further outside financial support, because a prominent Cambodian banker, Songsakd Kitchpanich, who had left Phnom Penh last December with more than three million dollars,



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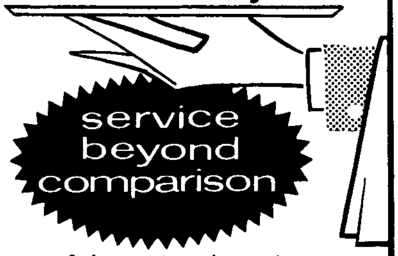

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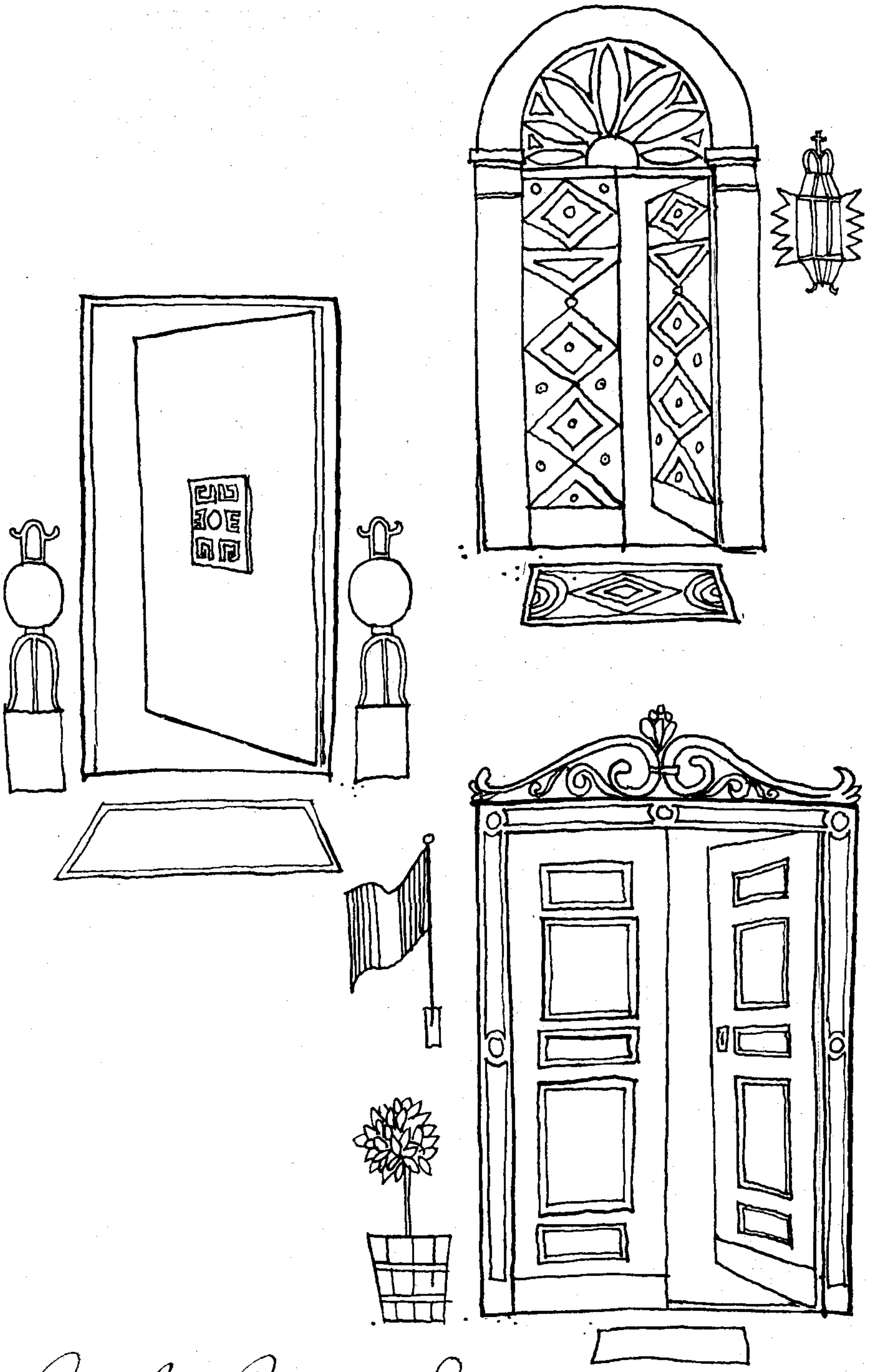
had donated some of this to the Khmer Serai. (The Cambodians, who insist that Songsakd absconded with the money, have been seeking, so far to no avail, to get the Vietnamese to return him. He claims that he merely liquidated his assets and left because of the imminence of nationalization.) Thanh repeatedly emphasized the point that he regarded his dispute with Sihanouk as one between Cambodians, and that he wished to avoid involving any other country, including the United States, in the argument.

SIHANOUK won't let Thanh off that easily. He is equally emphatic in charging that Thanh, the Vietnamese, the Thais, and the C.I.A. are all engaged in a vast conspiracy against him. For a month and a half last fall—between early October and the twentieth of November, when he formally demanded of the American Embassy in Phnom Penh that all United States military, economic, technical, and cultural aid be ended—he carried on a highly emotional campaign on the radio, in the press, and at political meetings and public rallies, playing adroit variations upon the theme of persecution and showing himself, in the words of one observer, as "alternately humorous, abusive, self-pitying, bawdy, frantic, and dramatic." Sihanouk, as usual, appeared to have a variety of motives, the most important one probably being his growing conviction that the tide of war in South Vietnam was going against the Vietnamese and their American backers. "Indeed, Communism will sooner or later take over all of South Vietnam, and by consequence us also," he said at one point, and on another occasion he declared that the Vietnamese "mercenaries of the Americans" had agreed "to die in the place of the white-race Americans of the Free World." He added, somewhat less than parenthetically, and in typically cryptic fashion, that "the Communists do not do any harm to the Khmers," that "without Chinese support I would already have died," and that "it is absolutely impossible for me to serve as a satellite of the Americans and to become an enemy of the Chinese." A second motive undoubtedly was the murder of South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu in Saigon early last November. Believing that the coup had been instigated by the Americans, Sihanouk also believed that he was next on their list. Such suspicions were further aroused shortly afterward by, first, the resumption of broadcasts against him by the Khmer



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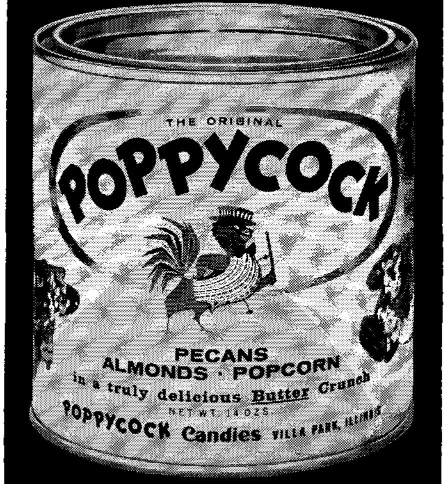

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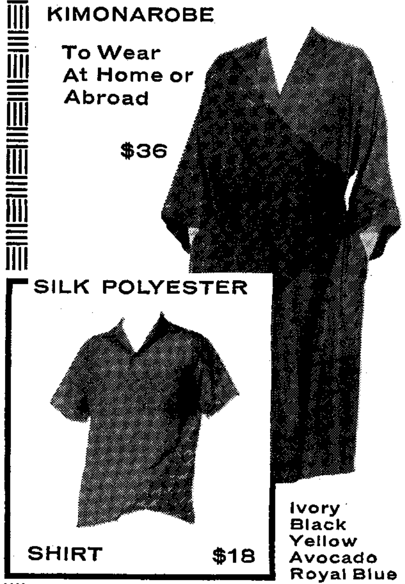
Serai radio, which had been silent for a time, and, second, the "confessions" of the two captured Khmer Serai agents. "It is clear to us that they intend to throw against our country this horde of Khmer-Thai-Viet mercenaries, in default of regular troops from Bangkok and Saigon, to carry out a punitive expedition against neutral Cambodia hidden behind the appearance of Khmer dissidence," Sihanouk declared. A third motive was the revelation of corruption in the Cambodian economic community dramatized by the departure of the banker Songsakd, which embarrassed the Prince domestically and led him, in his anti-American mood, to blame most of his economic troubles on the misuse of counterpart funds. And, finally, he had become incensed when we refused to give him armed jets and anti-aircraft guns as part of our military-aid program.

Between 1955 and the end of 1963, the United States supplied a Cambodian Army of thirty thousand men with small arms, recoil-less rifles, machine guns, mortars, howitzers, scout cars, trucks, half-tracks, and light tanks. An American military advisory group, composed of sixty-three officers and men, plus several mobile training teams of experts and thirty technicians under special contract, was supposed to be supervising the distribution and use of this equipment, but the Cambodians consistently refused to take any military advice, or even to permit the Americans to go out into the field. Many of the weapons were never uncrated, many of the vehicles were badly maintained, and many of the men in the Cambodian Army seemed to spend their time building accommodations for themselves and their families. The French, with a staff of two hundred and fifty, were supposed to be doing the actual military training, but they had scarcely more success than the Americans. Consequently, American officers are of the opinion that the Cambodians are incapable of standing up to the Thais or Vietnamese in battle, and that their usefulness as soldiers is limited to the maintenance of internal security. When Sihanouk asked the Americans to install guns on four training jets, which he wanted to use for patrolling the Vietnamese border, the Americans told him this was technically impossible. Sihanouk turned to the Russians, who gave him not only three armed jets but also some twenty-five-year-old anti-aircraft guns. Sihanouk then got furious at the Americans all over again because Congress had placed a prohibition on "commingling" (as the Pentagon puts it) our aid with the Rus-



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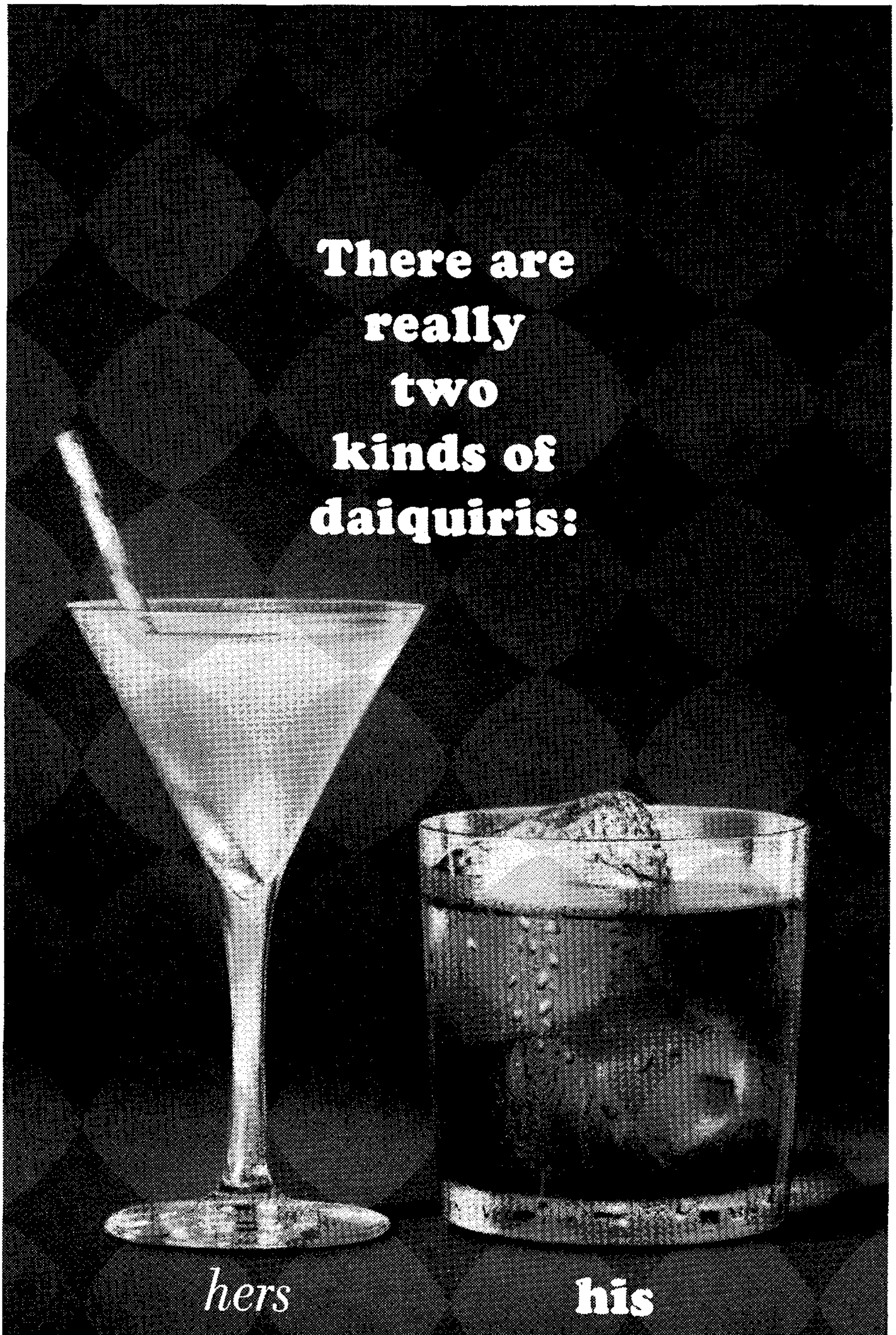
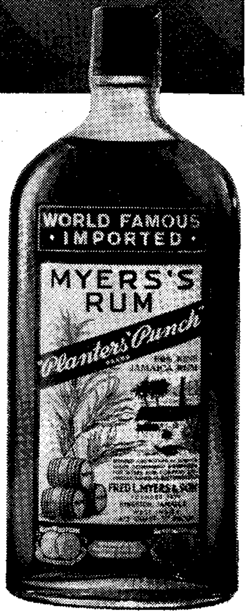
sians'—for example, using our gasoline to fuel the Russian-built jets. In his anger, Sihanouk called American equipment "so old that it can be used only in theatrical performances or military parades."

As time went on, Americans and other Westerners in Phnom Penh who sought to explain Sihanouk's philippics were forced to conclude that it was useless to subject them, or him, to rational analysis. The Prince, as if he was aware of the problems he was creating and was enjoying every moment, began to sound rather like a man who has become used to being mentioned in gossip columns and wants to keep the items rolling. When the Khmer Serai underground station criticized his personal life, for instance, he picked up the charges with relish and expanded upon them: "This radio accuses me of having numerous mistresses, including a beautiful Chinese for whom I have sold out to the People's Republic. It is true that from 1941 until 1952, when I was king, still young and handsome, certain pretty specimens of the feeble sex liked my company and it came about that I sinned. But I am able to swear that since 1952, the year that there was taken from me the most dear and most affectionate of my children, my personal life has been beyond reproach. . . . I back China's legitimate rights, but not because of the beautiful eyes of a Chinese girl who exists only in the stupid and morbid imagination of traitors." (In point of fact, Sihanouk has had six "favorites," including two "permanent" wives, and of his dozen children five are the offspring of one wife, who happens to be the half sister of his mother. The child who died in 1952 was a five-year-old daughter. The other wife, who has been his chief companion since 1952, is a beautiful Italian-Laotian named Monique, whom he first saw at a beauty contest in Phnom Penh when she was seventeen years old. He has had two sons by her, who are studying in Moscow and Prague. Another child, Prince Norodom Naradipo, who is being educated in Peking, was significantly named by Sihanouk last November to be his successor as president of the Sangkum "in case I am assassinated.")

Sihanouk has recently shown further signs of thoroughly enjoying the furor he causes. In an article in a local French-language newspaper that he uses as a mouthpiece, he commented gleefully, "The legend of a 'mad Sihanouk' who should be tied up is more fashionable than ever in the respectable Anglo-Saxon political and diplomatic circles of





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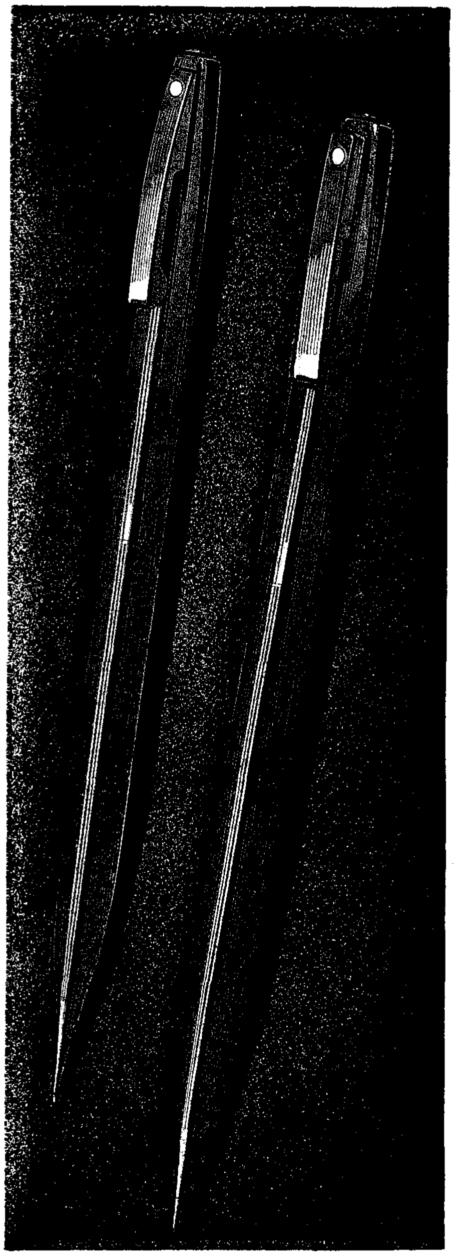

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Washington and London." Actually, the Prince is not widely regarded as mad, but one theory, which may have some medical validity, has it that his particularly violent outbursts last fall were at least partly caused by a drastic diet he undertook on the advice of a French doctor. In the typical French fashion, Sihanouk has long followed an annual reducing program that lasts about a month and involves such a strict regimen that his nervous system is likely to be affected. In any event, by the time the Prince had finished the reducing program he had said so many shrill things that he could scarcely have retracted all of them if he wanted to. However, he did at least begin to give some indication that he was sorry he had acted so precipitately in regard to the American aid program. He had spoken contemptuously of, among other things, "the intolerable humiliation" to which the program had subjected Cambodian "dignity and pride," and he had referred to his "immense relief" in having ended "this opium that tries to enslave us." Since all attempts to persuade him to phase out the aid program gradually, in a sensible way, had been met with persistent invective, the Americans decided to take him at his word and get out, lock, stock, and barrel, by January 15th, as he had demanded.

Upon belatedly realizing how much damage he had done, Sihanouk seemed ready to swallow some of his pride, but he could hardly have been termed contrite. When the abrupt termination of American aid threatened Cambodia's economy by depriving it of such desperately needed items as jute bags for the rice crop that was about to be harvested—to say nothing of gasoline—the Prince accused the United States of trying to "asphyxiate" Cambodia by making "an abusive and erroneous interpretation" of his request for us to leave. When he realized that the French had no intention, despite General de Gaulle's grandiose pronouncements about reestablishing France's role in Asia, of giving aid to Cambodia on anything like the scale the United States had employed, and that stepped-up Russian and Chinese aid would not be adequate substitutes, either, he grew panicky. He faced not only the termination of supplies of military equipment and spare parts for such equipment but also the abandonment of some twenty major building projects, including the resurfacing of the highway to Sihanoukville and the construction of half a dozen educational institutions he very much wanted.

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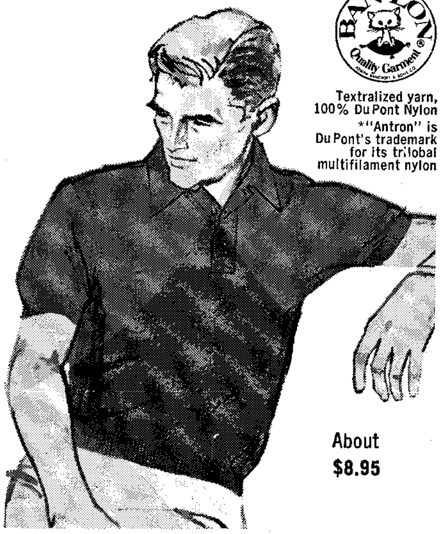

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He was further upset by a flurry of inflation that sent the Cambodian riel sky-high on the black market and brought home to him the realization that his economic-reform program, which was to be implemented largely through new state-owned concerns, would require a lot more belt-tightening than he had anticipated. The announced nationalization, moreover, had caused many Chinese and French merchants to shut down their businesses preparatory to leaving Phnom Penh. The Prince tried to calm their fears by assuring them that his new Socialism would be "Buddhist," rather than "Marxist"—whatever that meant—but the tradesmen had become convinced that their time was up, and many of their shops stayed closed. Then Sihanouk indicated that he was willing to extend his deadline for the termination of American aid beyond January 15th, and negotiations were quietly started to see what could be done. However, they bogged down in technicalities, and almost all the American staff was gone or getting ready to go by then anyway. (When Sihanouk initially announced that he was cutting off United States aid, there were about seven hundred Americans in Cambodia, including dependents; today there remain only a skeleton staff of about forty Embassy and Information Service people and some thirty dependents.)

Over the last few months, other circumstances have served to bring relations between Washington and Phnom Penh close to the breaking point. One of them concerned the assassination of President Kennedy. Immediately afterward, Sihanouk ordered three days of national mourning and sent his Premier to Washington to represent Cambodia at the funeral. In Phnom Penh, anti-American signs on the streets were taken down, and the newspapers ceased their vitriolic attacks on American policy. On December 9th, however, our radio monitors picked up a broadcast over the official Cambodian station which expressed joy not only over the death of President Diem of South Vietnam and of Premier Sarit of Thailand (who had died just the day before of natural causes) but also over the passing of "the great boss of these aggressors." The next day, Sihanouk himself declared in a broadcast that "the three enemies of Cambodia are now in Hell to pursue their SEATO meetings." The American ambassador in Phnom Penh, Philip D. Sprouse, at once asked for an explanation. Sihanouk responded by ordering his ambassador and entire embassy staff in Washington to return

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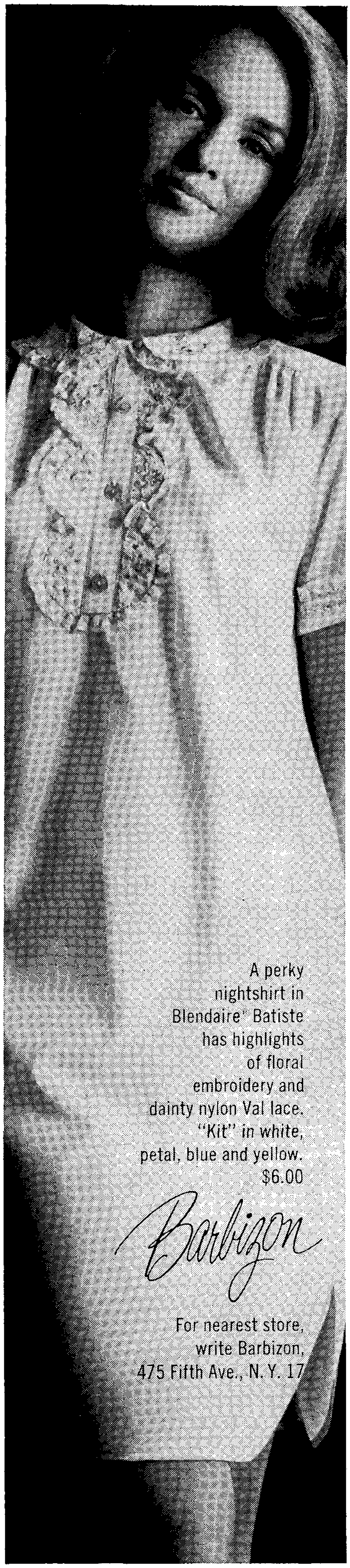

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to Cambodia, and on December 13th it was announced that Ambassador Sprouse might be called home for consultation. But when Sprouse suggested that he linger long enough to supervise the departure of the American aid staff, Sihanouk allowed his ambassador, Nong Kimny, to stay on in Washington. Sprouse subsequently became ill and went to Manila for medical treatment, while Kimny remained in the United States. It was only two weeks ago, after the demonstrations in front of the embassies in Phnom Penh and Washington, that Kimny and Sprouse both returned home. In the interval, the contretemps arising from the Cambodian reaction to President Kennedy's assassination had degenerated into a ludicrous debate about who should apologize to whom for what. An effort to send former Secretary of State Dean Acheson to Phnom Penh to repair relations failed when Sihanouk, having denied that Kennedy's name had ever specifically been mentioned in connection with any rejoicing (this was literally true), demanded that before any such mission could take place the United States must first apologize for describing the alleged Cambodian rejoicings as "barbaric," withdraw its demand for an inquiry, and see to it that the Khmer Serai radio was shut down. Washington would accept no conditions, and Acheson was kept home. The Philippine government, which had offered to act as mediator, suggested a formula whereby the United States would drop its complaint about the broadcasts and Cambodia would forget about the secret-radio charge, and this formula has been tacitly accepted by both sides, though nothing official has come of it.

Overshadowing the whole situation at present is the question of whether or not there will eventually be some sort of international conference to guarantee Cambodia's neutrality—something that Sihanouk himself has been seeking since 1962, when he succeeded in arranging such a conference to "guarantee" the neutrality of Laos. Although everyone now agrees that if he had succeeded sooner in that venture—he had been trying for two years—the chances of peace in Laos might have been better, the subsequent failure to halt hostilities among the various Laotian factions has not encouraged the United States to accede to the Prince's most recent proposal for summoning to Geneva the nine nations that met there in 1954. Although Washington admits that the political and military picture in Cambodia is not nearly as fragmented as the one in Laos, the State Department is

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afraid, despite Sihanouk's assertions to the contrary, that at a conference attended by the Soviet Union and China there would inevitably be a debate over President de Gaulle's idea of neutralizing all the former Indo-China area. The United States feels that the Vietnamese situation is not a proper matter for such debate, and so do the South Vietnamese and the Thais. What the United States thinks would be far more useful is a smaller conference, such as the four-power one briefly advocated by Sihanouk, that could deal specifically with the problems of the Cambodian-Vietnamese and the Cambodian-Thai borders and seek to reduce or eliminate both the violations of Cambodia's borders and the traffic in men and supplies carried on by the Vietcong across those borders. Sihanouk's rejection of the four-power idea that he himself had suggested apparently stemmed from his objection to a recommendation by Washington that the conference consider establishing mixed commissions to demarcate the disputed borders; Sihanouk wants his definition of the borders accepted, he wants fixed control posts established to prevent future violations, and he wants the United States to pay for the control posts. Washington still hopes that, as an important first step toward settling the border issues, the discussions between Cambodia and South Vietnam which broke off last month will be resumed. At the same time, because the Russians and the British, who were joint sponsors of the Geneva Conference of 1954 and of the truce-keeping apparatus established by it, are more in favor of a comprehensive approach, the United States is still willing to consider the idea. Both Great Britain and the United States, however, feel that proper groundwork must be laid first, preferably through bilateral talks, and they also feel that there is no point in calling a big conference without the approval of South Vietnam and Thailand.

For the moment, things are in abeyance, pending Sihanouk's projected trip to Paris. De Gaulle has indicated his strong support of the Prince's demand for another Geneva conference, and the Prince still threatens alternatively to go to Peking "to discuss our problems with our good Chinese friends" and to call upon the Chinese to settle Cambodia's border problems with "the ultimate masters of South Vietnam—that is, the government of North Vietnam." Sihanouk's further threat is to accept more military aid from both China and Russia, neither of which has made clear just what else it is willing to give Cambodia. The Prince, though, has said that he

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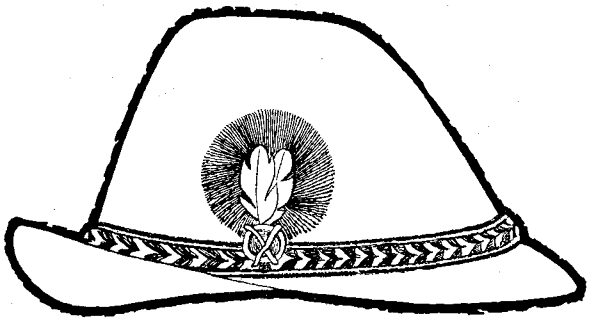

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has already negotiated for the construction by the Chinese of two jet airbases, one facing Thailand and the other facing South Vietnam. He has also said that if the West continues to ignore his wishes he will personally lead delegations to Peking and Hanoi to sign firm military alliances with the Communists. Whether he is simply bluffing again is hard to tell, and the critical military situation in South Vietnam, combined with President de Gaulle's neutralization proposals and his suggestion that Great Britain and the United States give in to Sihanouk, increases the risk of assuming that he is. Sihanouk obviously believes that if he shouts long enough and loud enough and makes enough threats some sort of conference is bound to take place, and that it will give him his best chance of remaining both neutral and independent, but there are those who fear that in the meantime he is getting himself so far out on a limb in the direction of China and North Vietnam that he may not be able to crawl back. On the other hand, there are still some Westerners in Phnom Penh who, though they readily acknowledge the difficulty of dealing with the volatile Prince, and wish he were not quite so ill-mannered and irascible, remain convinced that he will never let Cambodia go Communist; they hope his fierce passion for survival will yet succeed in forcing a solution that will not only satisfy him but may, in time, provide a formula for Vietnam and possibly for other countries in the area as well. Perhaps more clearly than anyone else in Southeast Asia, Sihanouk, supreme realist that he is, recognizes that what will happen there in the long run depends on future relations between China and the United States, and his furious maneuvering may yet serve to make those relations more realistic.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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MUSICAL EVENTS

"Kaddish"

I DO not consider myself qualified to comment from a theological standpoint on Leonard Bernstein's Symphony No. 3, titled "Kaddish," a combination of music and text that had its first New York performance in Philharmonic Hall on Thursday night of last week, but I suspect that the text, which was devised by Mr. Bernstein himself, may cause a good many devout Jews to shake their heads in dismay. This text was recited—rather shrilly, I thought—by Felicia Montealegre (Mr. Bernstein's wife) before a Mahleresque array of forces (the Camerata Singers and the Columbus Boychoir, as well as the Philharmonic itself, with Jennie Tourel as solo singer), and it pervaded most of the forty minutes required to perform the work. It is apparently intended to be an amplification of a fine old Hebrew prayer that is used at funerals, but the amplification is somewhat removed in spirit from the original. In his text, Mr. Bernstein seems to be on very free-and-easy terms with the Almighty; most of what he says to God takes the form of adjuration, criticism, and highly emotional denunciation, and though there is one sequence—a lullaby sung by Miss Tourel—that strikes an affectionate note, even it is rather condescending, being an invitation to God to go to sleep. Indeed, during a good deal of the recitation and the solo singing the listener is not quite sure whether God created Mr. Bernstein or Mr. Bernstein created God. At one point, toward the end, there is a veiled threat that God had better be a good God or Mr. Bernstein might cease to believe in Him, in which case He would cease to exist, and how would He like *that*? Of course, Mr. Bernstein's text purports to be the voice of humanity, or of the Jews, or of some other entity larger than Mr. Bernstein himself. Still, the point of view is sufficiently individual for one to assume that it is Mr. Bernstein's own, and I doubt whether it is widely shared among the devout.

The music that ornaments this curious concoction attempts to take an apocalyptic stance, and the physical

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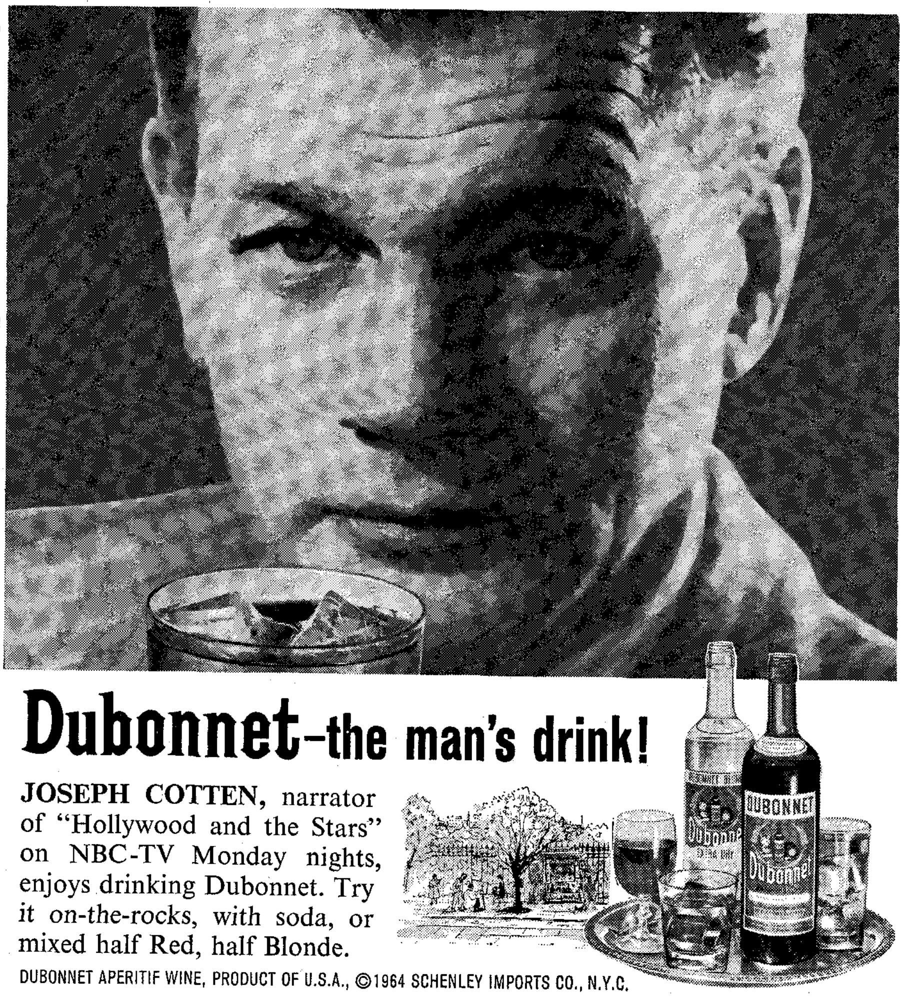

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machinery is, as I have said, reminiscent of Mahler. Tiers of choristers rise behind the orchestra, and they hum and shout between and during the sequences of recitation. From time to time there is a great pummelling of drums, bells, gongs, and other percussion instruments. There is a discreet but fashionable use of the serial idiom—mainly to express anguish, which seems to be the only emotion that serialism is capable of expressing. There are also lighter moments—moments when a great deal of contrapuntal skill is in evidence. And there are even moments of considerable theatrical effectiveness, most of them dependent on the peculiar excitement that invariably arises when spoken lines are heard against a musical background. But when the symphony was all over, I found that I retained very little of it in my memory except a general impression of noisiness. Even Miss Tourel's solo—the only lyric episode—seemed formless, aimless, and without the sort of melodic distinction that makes music remain in the mind. "Kaddish," I am afraid, is not for the ages.

Earlier in the program, Mr. Bernstein turned in a first-rate performance of Brahms' "Tragic Overture" and a performance of the same composer's Third Symphony that, while not as deeply inspired or as knowingly organized as some I have heard, was presentable.

ON Tuesday evening, I attended the New York Philharmonic's Gala *Pension Fund Benefit Concert*, at which Artur Rubinstein chose to undertake another of his pianistic marathons—this time, both of Brahms' piano concertos. In the absence of George Szell, who was the victim of a virus, Alfred Wallenstein had jumped in at the last minute to lead the orchestra, and though there was a certain amount of thickness in the orchestral tone, which Mr. Wallenstein would have clarified with adequate rehearsal, the evening as a whole qualified as one of the more memorable events of the season. Mr. Rubinstein was in fine form, playing with all the discernment that one has learned to expect from him. He is, after all, a unique artist—the last, perhaps, of the great, aristocratic Romantic pianists, and what one hears when he plays is not a mere studious rendition of the notes but a manner, a tradition, and a whole philosophy of art that are rapidly becoming lost to us. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rubinstein missed some of the notes in the First Concerto.

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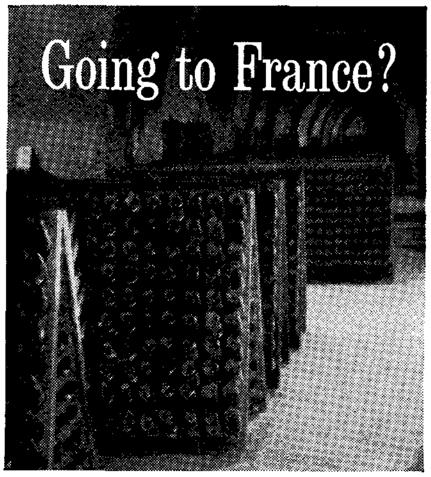
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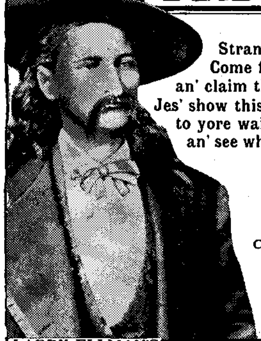
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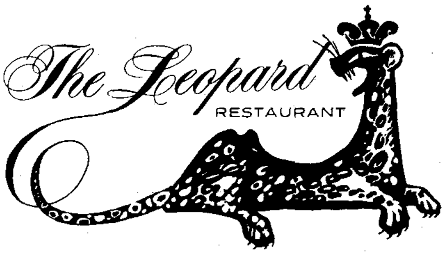
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But I would rather hear Mr. Rubinstein miss a note or two than hear most pianists hit them on the button. He misses with such authority.

I HAD to tear myself away from this concert after the First Concerto to spend the rest of the evening at Carnegie Hall, where the young Polish conductor Stanislaw Skrowaczewski was making his New York début with the Philadelphia Orchestra. I had calculated my schedule carefully. Mr. Skrowaczewski, naturally, was presenting a program designed to show off his abilities in a great variety of music. In the first half, which I missed, he offered Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, K. 504, and Prokofieff's Second "Romeo and Juliet" Suite. The second half—Schumann's Fourth Symphony and Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite—interested me more. The world is crawling today with good Mozart and Prokofieff conductors, but Schumann is something different, and I felt that the Fourth would be a formidable test of Mr. Skrowaczewski's powers, since it involves an infinity of matters in which taste counts, rather than mere fidelity to the notes. It is a compliment to Mr. Skrowaczewski to say that after leaving a performance by a highly skilled Romantic like Mr. Rubinstein I found *his* approach to Schumann quite eloquent. It was distinctly on the electrifying side; he scarcely paused between movements, and his performance was impetuous. However, he showed a refined sense of phrasing and rubato, as well as considerable genuine musical temperament. Minneapolis, where he does most of his conducting, is lucky to have him, and will be still luckier to keep him. The "Firebird" Suite did not have quite the finish or the variety of color it might have had, but this shortcoming may well be attributable to the lack of long acquaintance between conductor and orchestra.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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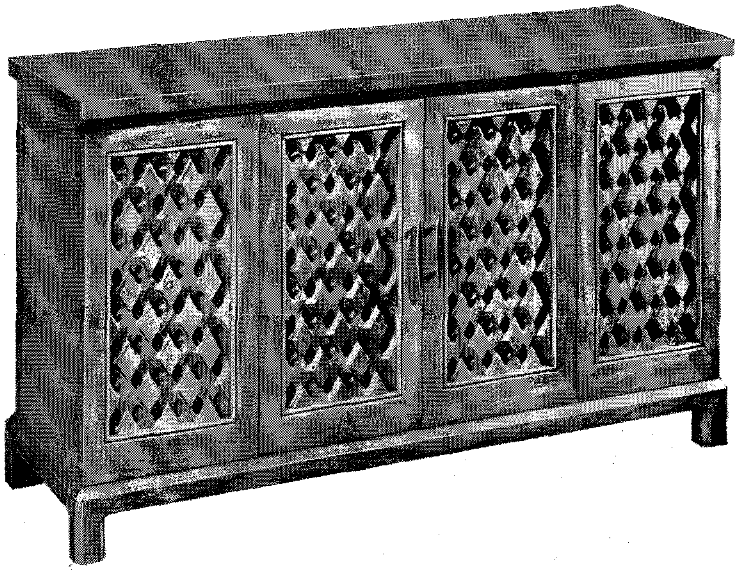

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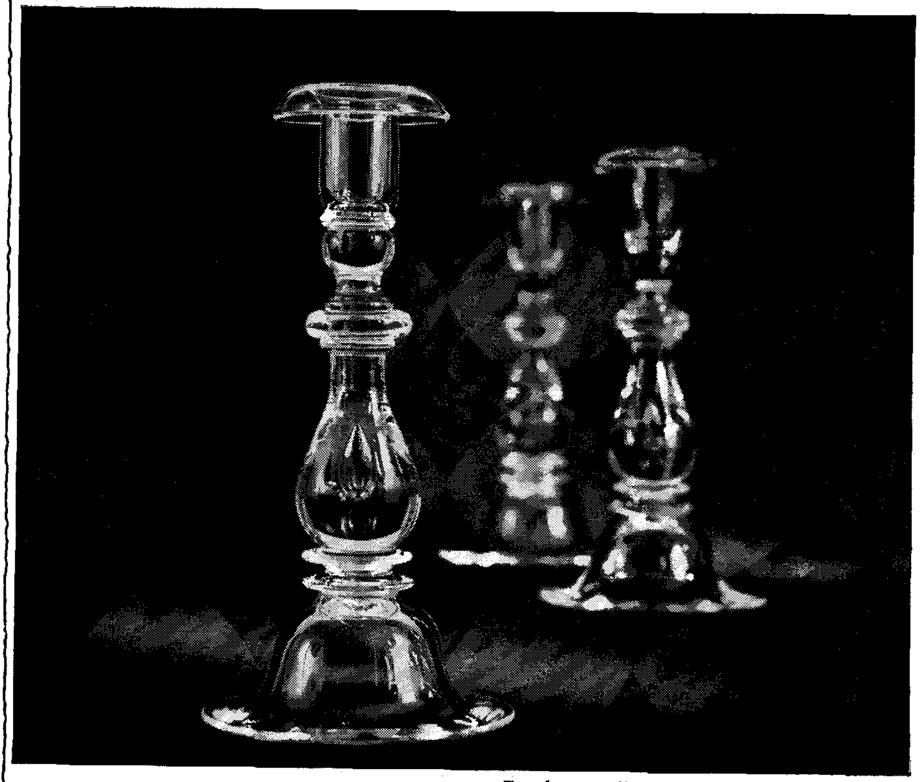

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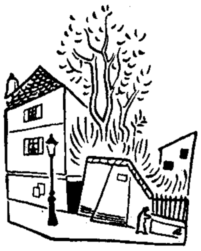
LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 7

BY the energy of his imagination and the generosity of certain of his cultural practices—frequently startling to the French, such as his having lent the Venus de Milo to the Tokyo Olympics—M. André Malraux, as Gaullist Ministre d'Etat Chargé des Affaires Culturelles, is unquestionably the most discussed and most powerful figure in European culture today, and certainly the only one backed by a government. A dazzling conversationalist who never gives interviews, he recently answered a few questions put to him, over coffee, as a luncheon guest of the Anglo-American Press Association here, the answers swelling to a brilliant, important postprandial kind of lecture—fortunately taken down in stenotype, since the scintillating speed of his thinking and speech was beyond any of us in the way of adequate note-taking. In answer to the opening question, put by the London *Observer's* Paris correspondent, asking what M. Malraux would think of a recent suggestion that Great Britain create a Ministry of Leisure (which France had already invented and temporarily enjoyed under Léon Blum and the Front Populaire back in the nineteen-thirties), he replied, in part, "This question is one of the most important concerning the human mind and thought in this half of our century. But we must first find out whether these problems of ours should come under the heading of leisure. I think they should not. For probably ten thousand years one civilization was very much like another, with the chief of state dealing basically with agriculture, the police, the army, and finance. I will repeat what I said to President Kennedy, what I have said to the French Parliament, what I have said all my life—that throughout all that time the same things dominated humanity. If a man like Rameses II of Egypt had found himself face to face with Napoleon, they would have talked about almost the same topics. One day, all that came to an end—and that day coincides with us. What changed everything? You all know what it was. The machine, naturally. This is where the essential problem arises. If the machine is victorious, it creates spare time and, consequently, what is called leisure. The machine creates objects but it also creates the multiplication of dreams. A hundred years ago, some three thousand people in Paris went to the theatre every evening. Today, if you count television, how many people in Paris see a show every night? Probably three million. You can put unimportant things on the screen. You can also put on comedy. Comedy is so important that it alone has unified the capitalist world, doing what the will to revolution did for the Communist world. In the cinema, there is, on the one hand, Chaplin and, on the other, Eisenstein. In between there is nothing with a comparably profound effect on man's sensibilities. But, comedy aside, what remains is the essential, what I have called the eternal—to put it clearly, the realm of sex and the realm of blood. Make no mistake about it, modern civilization is in the process of putting its immense resources at the service of what used to be called the Devil. There is a great domain of nocturnal darkness in man, which none of us can mistake if he looks at himself in the mirror; even the most cretinous people, out to make money by exploiting this among defenseless children, recognize it as clearly as we do. What counts against the appeal that the power of money holds for the powers of darkness? Here is the only great problem that exists for me behind the word 'culture.' "



The Paris correspondent of the New York *Post* then said to Malraux, "Monsieur le Ministre, a united Europe is being created culturally as well as politically. How do you envision a Europe in which nationalism has been left behind?"

To this Malraux instantly and elaborately replied, "Politically, I don't think it true that nationalism is outdated. I think we are involved in an appalling historical misunderstanding. The nineteenth century considered that nationalisms were provisional hypotheses, and that the twentieth century would be internationalist. That was not meant as a joke, since even Victor Hugo thought it childish to conceive of our century as an era of nations. Nations were what the provinces formerly had been; at the end of the nineteenth century, the provinces had become nations. Thus, the nations would become Europe. Opposed to all these ideas was somebody, who was by no means a nobody, named Nietzsche, who said, 'The twentieth century will be one of national war.' Well, has the twentieth century been one of

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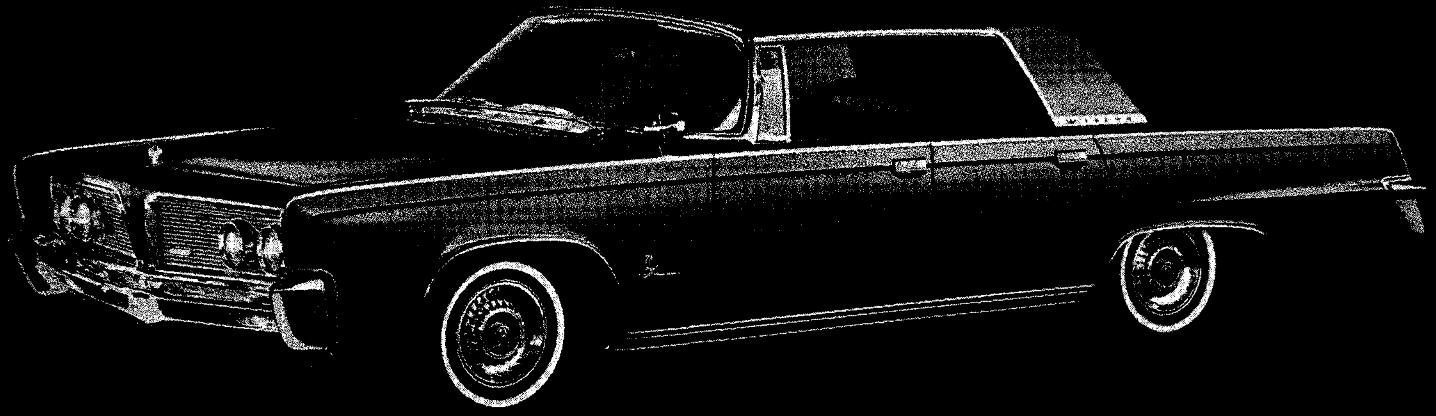

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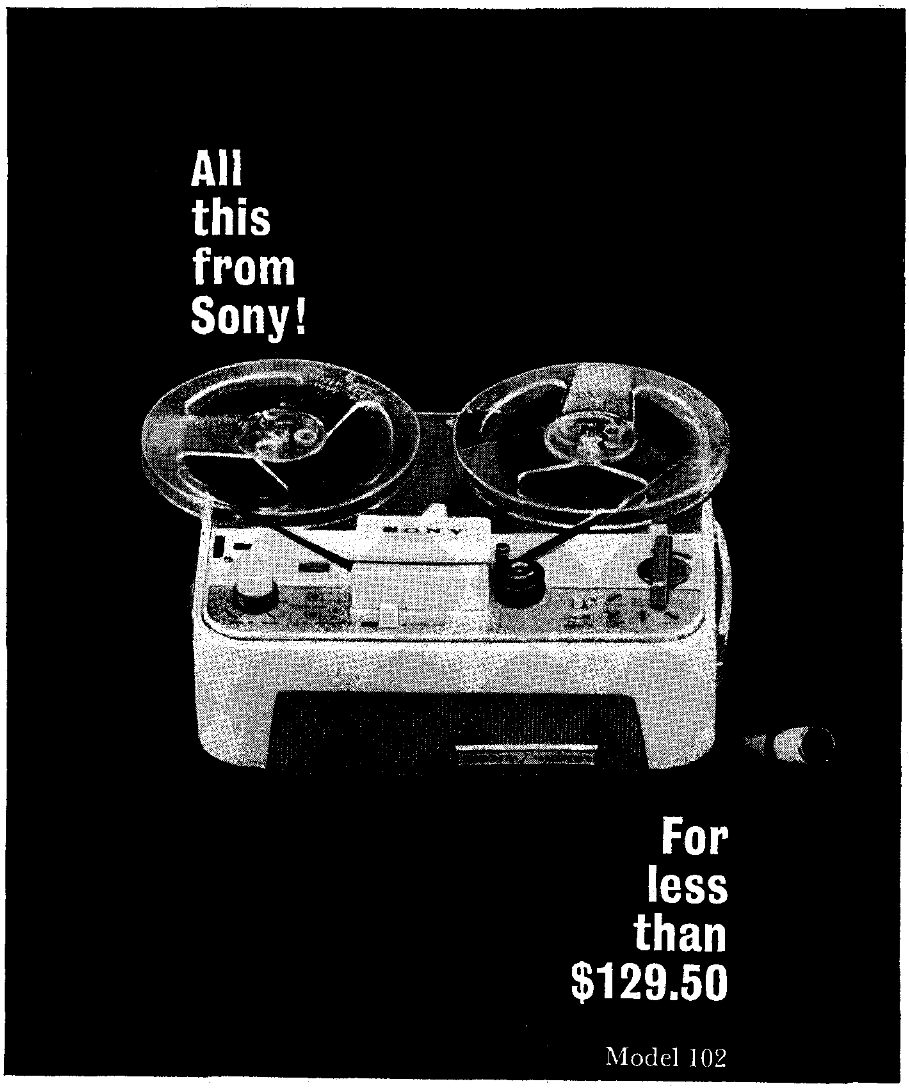
IMPERIAL DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION internationalism or one of national war? Has the Soviet Union become Russia? Leather-jacketed People's Commissars have become gold-braided marshals, but is that really internationalism? Has China, the most international country, become especially internationalist? Or Italy? Or Germany? In our time, the century's dream has turned out to be nothing but the drama of nations. We are in the century of nations, and our predominant problem is how to reconcile the essential reality of nations with our hope of happiness for the world—the hope for justice, which men cannot establish except on infinitely vaster structures. To sum up clearly, I think the notion of Europe is a fundamental one. But I think that to believe that an over-all Europe will be brought about by a handful of people who simply agree about it is absolutely puerile. The destiny of the world is made by hard realities, not by good intentions. Something very strange is happening in the realm of human thought. We have been initiated into the fraternal elements of the great religions. When the great religions were great, they hated each other. But the moment they found another enemy, the wars of religion ended, with reconciliations among Catholics, Protestants, and so on. For the first time in this century, there is a domain in which fraternity is possible—a domain containing all that is most mysterious and profound in our heritage in this field of thought. It is the most powerful ferment of the future Europe."

IN international left-wing circles, the French Communist Party has always been recognized as conservative and non-intellectual, with a rather humble set of brains at its head. Its secretary-general, Maurice Thorez, came of a poor miner's family, and his lieutenant, Jacques Duclos, was formerly a pastry cook. But the Paris C.P.'s mental sluggishness, and even timidity, in reacting to the present power quarrel between Moscow and Peking, plus the French Communist leaders' stoical air of shutting their eyes and ears to what has been going on in the Eastern world, have been truly remarkable. As late as March 25th, when the fat was already in the fire between the Russian revisionists and the Chinese hard-core ideologists, Thorez, in a speech at an important Central Committee meeting in the Paris suburb of Ivry, praised General de Gaulle for having "recognized the Chinese Republic, no matter what ideas he might have had in the back of his head" (which led to Party critics' supposition that Thorez had no ideas in his head anywhere at



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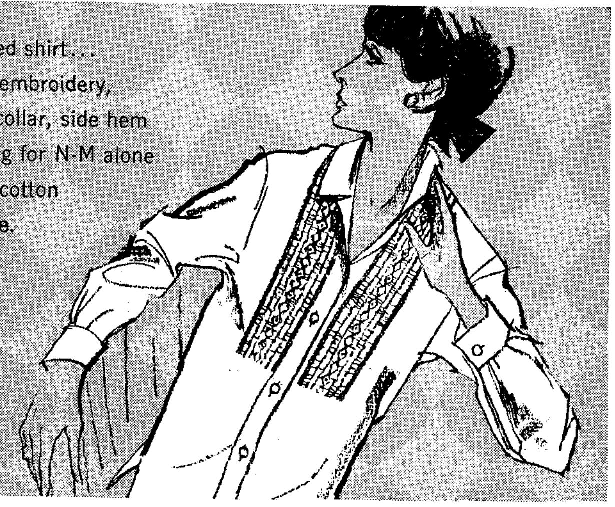

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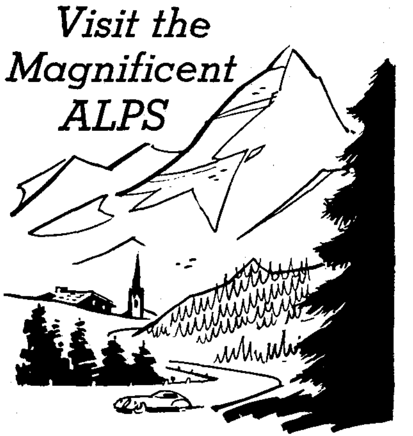
all). The principal topic discussed at this official committee meeting was, believe it or not, the success of the French Communist Party in the March cantonal elections; only secondarily did the Comité Central "reaffirm its condemnation of *les positions dogmatiques et aventuristes* of the Chinese Communist Party, and its activity in undermining and splitting the world Communist movement and the Workers' International." On March 31st, the Paris C.P. paper, *Humanité*, ran a tiny news story and editorial combined stating that *Red Flag*, the Chinese government mouthpiece, had just published "a new text, the eighth of the series, attacking with hitherto unequalled violence the leaders of the Russian and French Communist parties." *L'Humanité* concluded heavily, as if it had caught the wily yellow race napping, "In this text, where insults, especially against Nikita Khrushchev and Maurice Thorez, are accompanied by calumny, the Chinese leaders have finally dropped their mask." And that was all. It was this eighth Peking attack, so sketchily mentioned by *L'Humanité*, that characterized Khrushchev as "the greatest capitulator in history" and the French Communist Party as being "completely degenerate." It added, "Under the influence of Khrushchev, French Party leaders, represented by Maurice Thorez, have long since adopted the revisionist path, choosing the parliamentary route to power. They have ceased giving active support to the revolutionary aspirations of the French people, and have even folded up the banner of opposition to the American imperialists." With such omissions in *L'Humanité's* reporting, it is not astonishing that its readership has taken a deep drop. The more alert Paris Communists now read *Libération*, which is pro-Communist but non-Party, edited by M. Emmanuel d'Astier de La Vigerie, an aristocratic intellectual leftist, or else they read the liberal *Monde* if they really want to know the bitter news about themselves.

CLOSE to five thousand people assembled at Père Lachaise Cemetery this last Sunday morning in the sunless, wintery cold that has marked this spring to assist at the dedication of a monument to the memory of the fifty-six thousand French deportees who died at Buchenwald. Slowly paid for over the years by public subscription, the monument is a terrifying modernist statue of two skeletal men, starved close to death but still upright and sustaining each other. It is the work of Louis Bancel, a French Buchenwald prisoner who



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survived. On either side of the monument, for the dedication, were placed temporary urns with little smokestacks, from which wisps of smoke emerged during the services, in faithful recollection of the Buchenwald crematories. The opening dedication speech was made by the elderly Abbé Blanc, who had been the clandestine almoner at the camp. He began by saying familially, "I am addressing the mamas and papas, if any are still alive, of those young men who died there. I am also addressing their children who may be here, and their widows." These were many, to judge by the signs of grief manifested. Most of the middle-aged Frenchmen present (they had come from all over France) were camp survivors, who reminisced together or could be heard suddenly recognizing each other—"*Tiens, c'est toi!*"—as they met for the first time since they were liberated nineteen years ago on Saturday of this week. It was a most affecting scene and ceremony for all present.

THE first number of a new English-language international quarterly bluntly called *Art and Literature*, which is backed in London, published in Lausanne, and edited in Paris by Sonia Orwell, has just appeared here. It contains a large variety of writers, ideas, material, and forms, with one or two items sufficiently avant-garde as to be nearly non-understandable, but in general marked by high, clear writing standards. Most of its contents are valuably, and even intimately, clear, with fluent translations of foreign writers. There are some famous names, like Jean Genet; some new people; and also some revivals of writers not enough appreciated before. Genet's piece, oddly called "Something Which Seemed to Resemble Decay . . ." starts out as an interesting and curious consideration of the values common to men, giving them a kind of fatal brotherhood of identity, and then proceeds to the painting and person of Rembrandt—all this expressed with the classic French precision that Genet can be master of, and written with almost complete modesty. The English essayist Adrian Stokes recalls "Living in Ticino"—private, concentrated recollections of Italy, as if painted on his memory. There is a fine, lyric short story in the nineteenth-century mystery manner by the American poet Kenneth Koch called "The Postcard Collection." The most important translated reprint is "Corners," an essay on the various privacies of mind, psyche, and body by the radiant French philoso-

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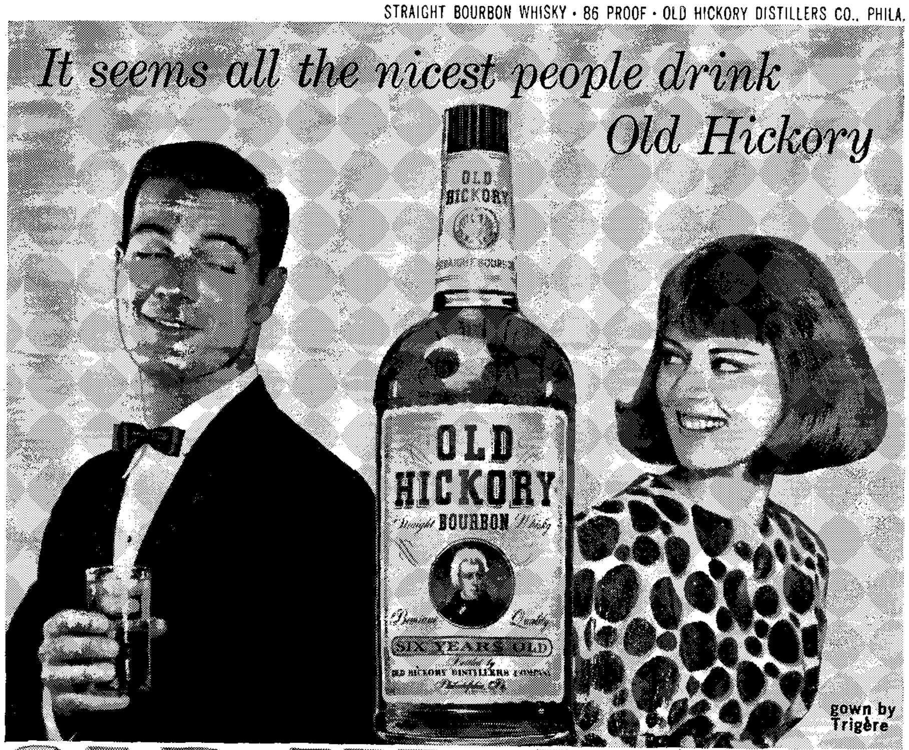

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pher Gaston Bachelard, who recently died—a self-taught provincial phenomenon who began as a mathematician and ended as a popular Sorbonne sage with an extraordinary following for his theories of conditioned liberty. There is an uncommonly levelheaded analysis of a painter's mind by the distinguished French painter Jean Hélion, taken from his notebooks and containing illustrations of his transition from abstractions to figures. He says, "What is figuration, then? It is looking for and keeping your path between proud, obvious Creation and the Void whose dizziness affects us all." The most exotic contribution is a lengthy one taken from a coming novel, "Wide Sargossa Sea," by the English writer Jean Rhys, who was born in the West Indies and was apparently discovered here in Paris by Ford Madox Ford in the twenties. She has now just turned seventy—a woman of remarkable literary gifts and style who fell out of sight several years ago. Long haunted by the figure of the mad, invisible wife in "Jane Eyre," she revives this first Mrs. Rochester as a mad Creole heiress in her new novel, set in Jamaica in the eighteen-thirties. The chef-d'œuvre of this new magazine, though, is a lengthy article called "Fifty Years of Little Magazines," by Cyril Connolly, founder of *Horizon*, which was one of them. "Little magazines," he opens by saying, "are the pollinators of works of art: literary movements and eventually literature itself could not exist without them." His article is a masterly piece of documentation of the little magazines from before the First World War until yesterday, plus their discoveries—Joyce, Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Hemingway, and all the others who abounded—with each magazine analyzed like a person or an international citizen, which in a way they were, with their weaknesses, tastes, integrities, courage, failures, and faith. It is a wonderful and entertaining article that Mr. Connolly has written on little magazines, and this latest one, *Art and Literature*, is lucky to house it. —GENÊT

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> The Choral Art Society shared in that spirit, as did the members of the accomplished instrumental ensemble. It was an evening of quiet artistic reverence. childlike charm. Instead, it concentrates on the shock value of children self-consciously using nasty language.
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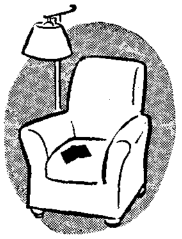
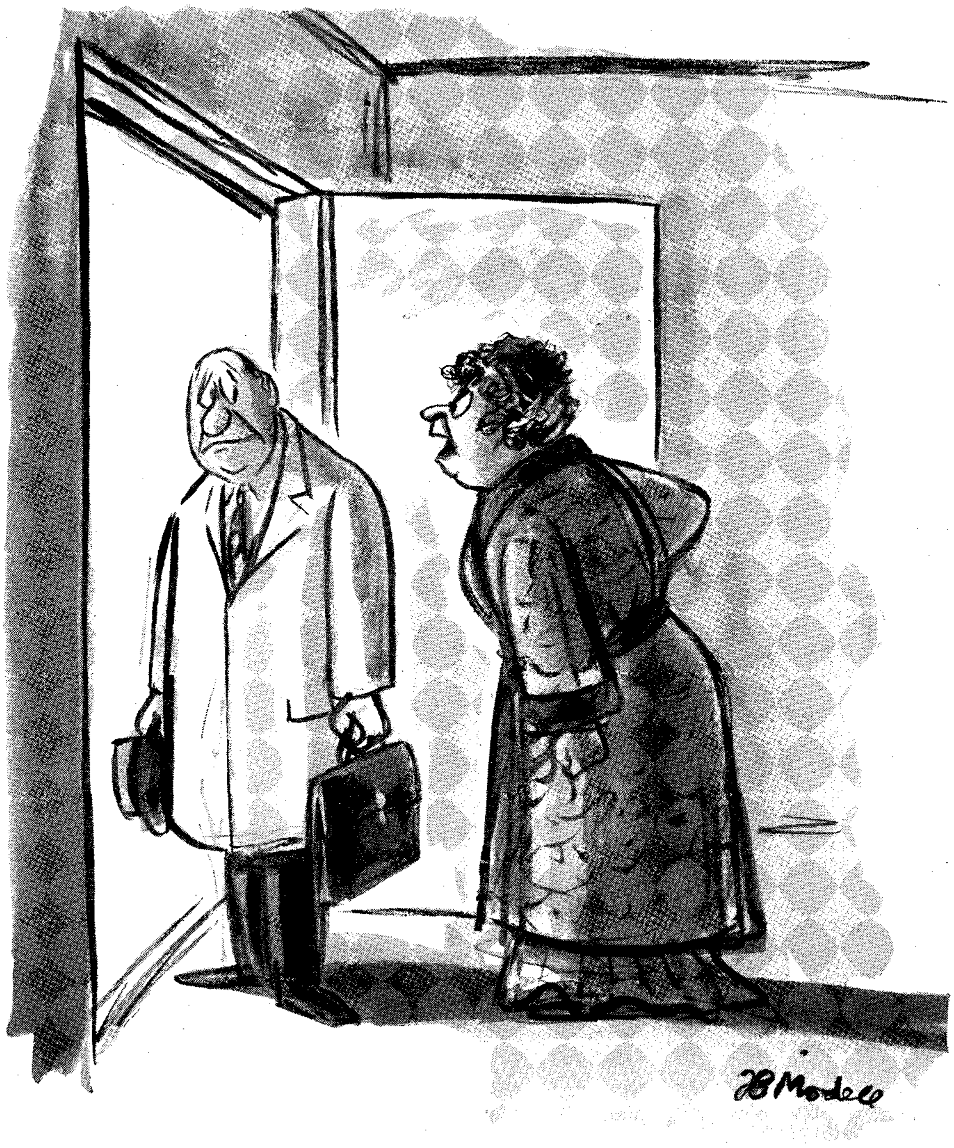


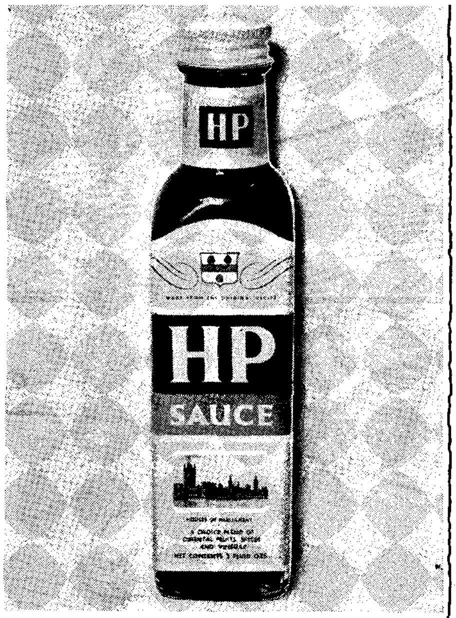
ALTHOUGH the "race question" (or the "Negro problem") lingers, no one has much new to say about it, apart from making new, practical suggestions for its liquidation. It remains a difficulty, but it doesn't seem insoluble; it no longer offers any moral uncertainty or calls for much intellectual effort. A book is partly responsible for speeding the clarification of what its author thought would eventually have cleared up by itself. It is "An American Dilemma: The Negro Problem and Modern Democracy," written by Gunnar Myrdal, with the assistance of Richard Sterner and Arnold Rose. This great study, begun in 1938 and first published in 1944, has recently been republished, by Harper & Row, with a short new preface by Mr. Myrdal and a long introductory essay by Professor Rose, who summarizes the pertinent developments since the book was written. The original foreword—by Frederick P. Keppel, who was president of the Carnegie Corporation when it commissioned Myrdal to undertake the work—and Myrdal's original preface (which gives thanks to a large, eminent staff) both express gratification that a big, bold intellectual exploration is completed. Now we can see more than they could: that "An American Dilemma" was a large-scale and effective good deed, a favor to the United States. Yet it wasn't undertaken primarily to do good, although Myrdal thinks that, in general, social-science studies ought to have practical uses in view. It was undertaken to find out and explain. And however one reads it—whether its vast range of information causes dejection, repentance, or astonishment—one is likely to feel, most of all, exhilaration; it is among the most impressive achievements of social science in our day.

Mr. Myrdal's study ends with a series of appendices, several of them about methodology in the social sciences and about how he thinks the social sciences can be made scientifically respectable—a task that requires, among other things, he says, a self-conscious sternness toward the observer's own biases, an alertness that Myrdal doesn't pretend is easy. In 1938, there was very little good, relevant social science for Myrdal to build on. The members of his staff who investigated particular topics (the Negro in the economy, say, or the effectiveness of Negro organizations) were to a surprising extent pioneers; many of their researches were the first undertaken on aspects of a question that our nation had been debating since its founding. Even the meaning of the word "race" had become muddled because, as Myrdal points out, in America "the definition of the 'Negro race' is . . . a social and conventional, not a biological, concept." Everybody knew—more or less—that American Negroes, with their large admixture of Caucasian and Amerindian ancestry, are not "pure" Negroes. Yet some scientists were still attempting to correlate physical differences between American races with different mental or emotional endowments, although it now seems obvious that the American Negro, a melting-pot classification within the larger melting pot, scarcely offered a suitable subject for such an investigation, any more than did the crossbred American white. (As Myrdal remarks, bias in the social sciences shows itself less frequently in misusing collected data than it does in asking the wrong—inappropriate, unanswerable, or just plain loaded—questions.)

The word "race" having been ruled out by popular misuse, Myrdal made do with the word "caste" to describe where the Negroes stood—a group restricted by birth, irrespective of any individual member's talents, from full participation in the nation's life. "Caste," too,



"*If you cringe around the office the way you cringe around here, no wonder you never get anywhere.*"



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worried him. It had a connotation, he thought, of stability, but when he looked over American history, he saw that race relations had never been as stable as most Americans assumed. He realized, as well, that early-twentieth-century American sociology had been biassed in favor of finding fixity, stability, and laws of permanence. Our sociologists hadn't insisted that whatever was was right—only that it would probably stay as it was. This seemed odd because—one scarcely needed Myrdal to point it out—the history of the United States since the turn of the century, when sociology began sorting itself out in our universities, has above all indicated continual social change. (We have had, one after another, at least four distinct modes of child care.)

The quest for unchangeable social laws may have led American sociologists in the first quarter of this century, and even a little later, not to investigate subjects if they suspected change was due or overdue. The work that hadn't been done was amazing. There were all sorts of opinions about the intelligence of the Negro and the white, yet "no one," Myrdal found, "has sought a representative sample of either white or Negro children to determine what proportions were very superior" in intelligence. He was not satisfied, by the way, that intelligence-testing is reliable. He was confident that the Armed Forces' testing programs were going to provide a lot more raw data about all Americans' capacities than we had had, but he thought that both I.Q. and personality tests might better be used to reveal cultural *variations in the population* than to measure intellectual inheritances. These twenty-year-old inklings about psychological research could not be more timely today: Americans are just becoming sophisticated about aptitude and attitude tests, now that they and their children are failing so many.

In other things besides the matter of testing—a comparatively minor one among the immense, intricate explorations he and his staff conducted—Myrdal showed an astonishing ability to foresee what America would be thinking about years later. He discussed, among other things, the surplus of agricultural labor, the need to reconstruct cities, the growing pace of industrialization and with it the growing demand for skilled labor, the inadequacies of American unionism, the need for improving all kinds of education, including the need for *retraining adults to new vocational skills*—and, to be sure, the Negro's increasing protest at the inferior situation to which

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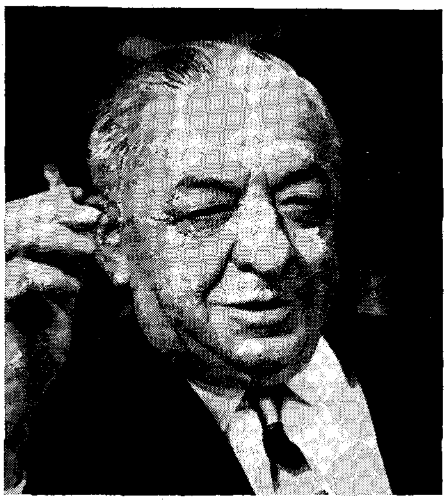

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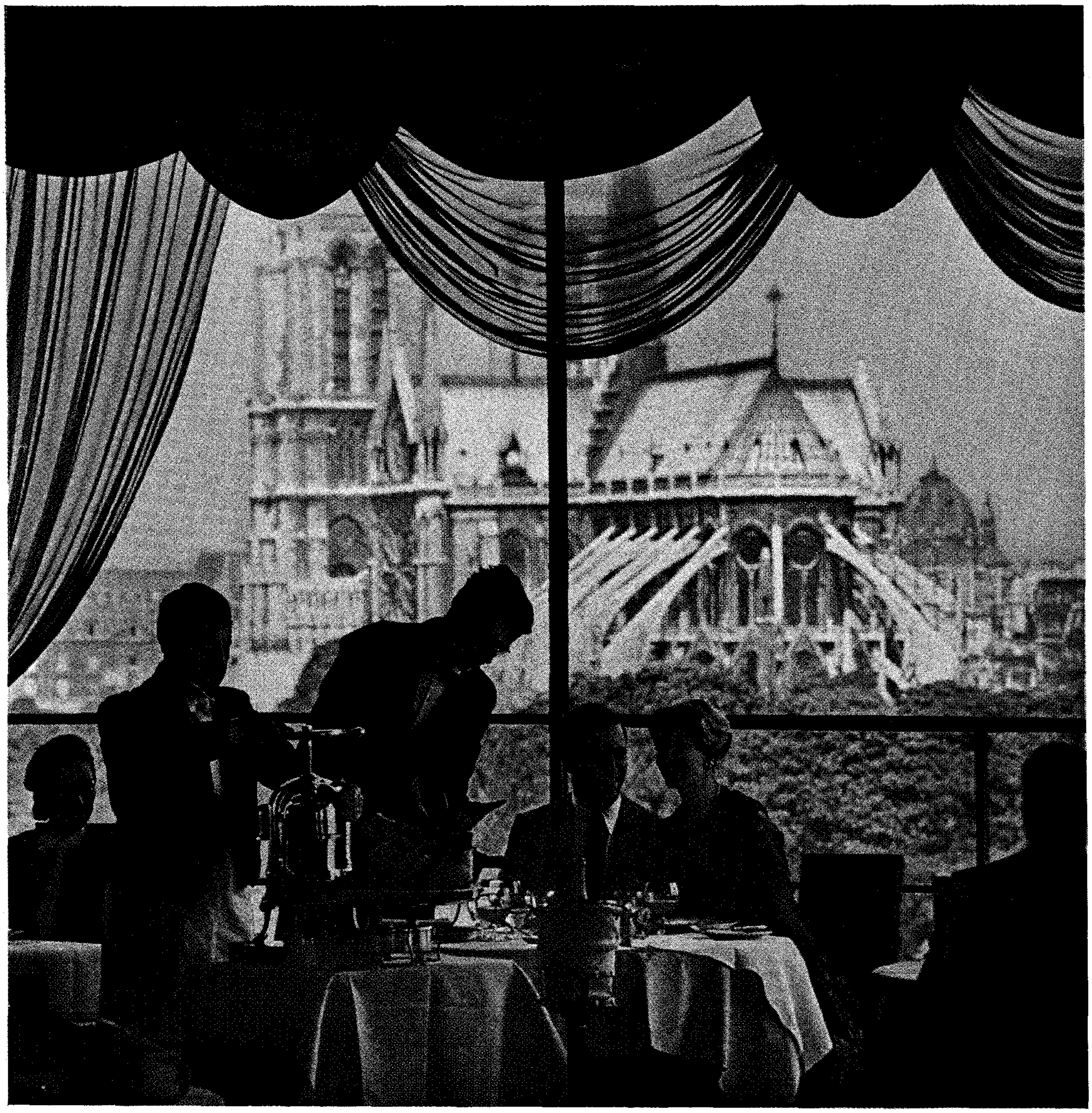

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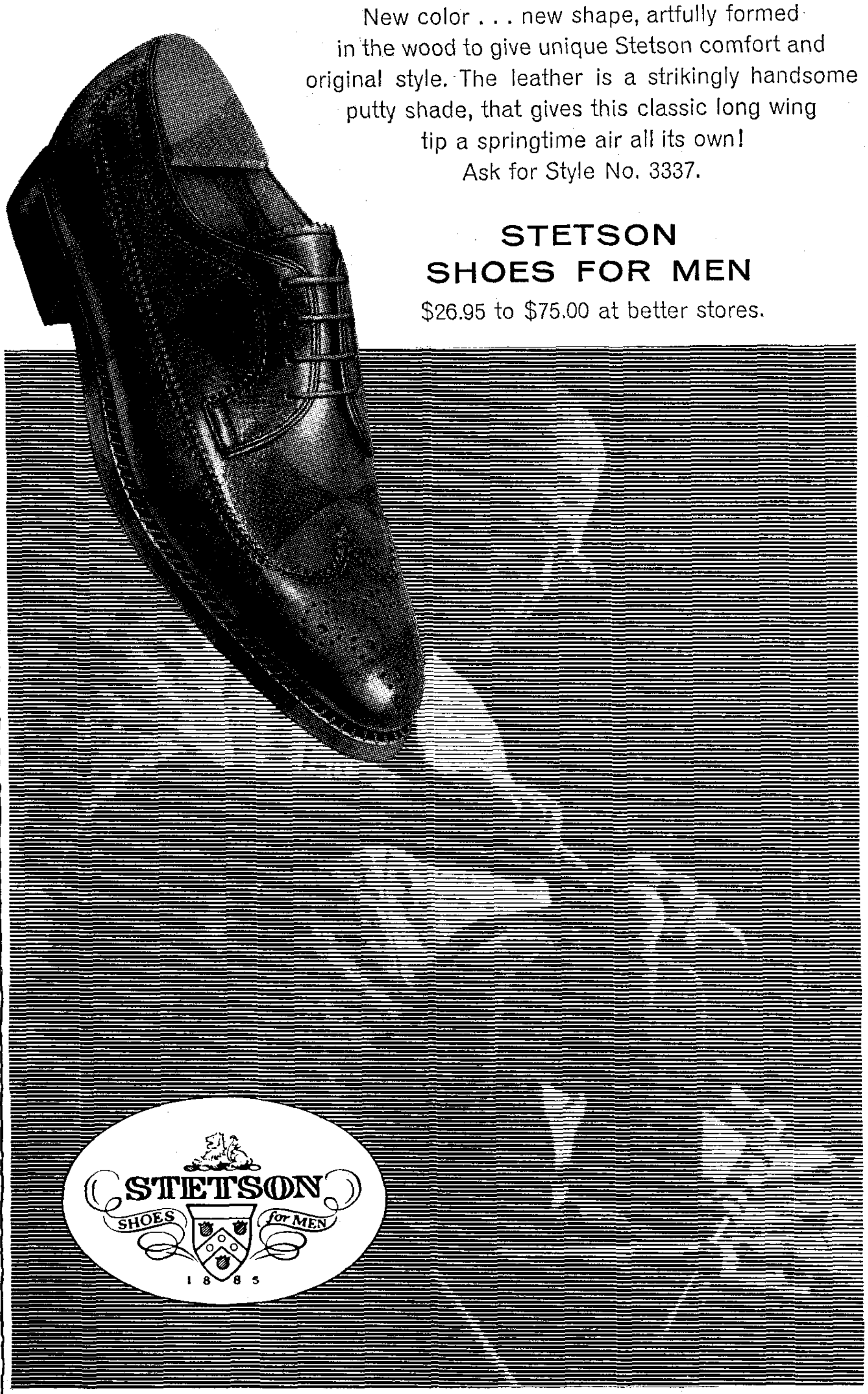
"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.

he was condemned. Myrdal's prescience wasn't uncanny; sometimes social science, like a physical science, can predict the future because it understands the present.

Myrdal understood the United States of the time between 1938 and 1944 better than many Americans. He saw, first of all, what his American colleagues couldn't see—that the depression had made them depressive. He found what he keeps referring to as a "defeatist" attitude among social scientists. Many members of his staff, both Negroes and whites, thought there was not going to be any improvement in the status of the Negro; others imagined improvement could come only after a total reconstruction of the economy. Some of this point of view, Myrdal suggests, may have been the result of sociology's old bias in favor of the static, but social scientists in other fields, with other traditions, were incredibly gloomy, too. Many American economists, not thinking particularly about Negroes, had concluded that industrialization had gone about as far as it was likely to go, that the American economy was, in the phrase of the day, "mature," and that it therefore could not be expected to make room in our factories for workers who were being displaced by machines from our farms—including Negroes from Southern farms. Some economists even suggested that unemployed Southern agricultural workers, black and white, be turned, with federal help, into peasants tilling small holdings not for the market but for their own subsistence—an early Neolithic economic pattern. Such hopelessness about America's future is unimaginable now. Myrdal thought it was nonsense then. But Myrdal—he admits a bias himself—is an optimist.

As for his specific subject, the condition of Negroes in the United States, he soon discovered that matters were worse—crueler, wickeder, and more senseless—than anyone had realized. His commission, he explains, was to analyze—to attempt to find causes and delineate forces—rather than to describe, and the purely descriptive material his staff collected was therefore published separately or deposited, unpublished, in the New York Public Library's Schomburg Collection. Still, there is enough description in "An American Dilemma," as illustration of its analyses, to make plain why, as Myrdal recalls in his new preface, he was "shocked and scared to the bones by all the evils I saw." Though he found one abomination after another, and though American experts kept tell-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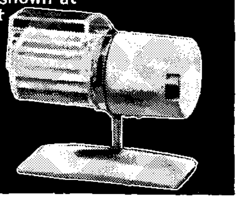

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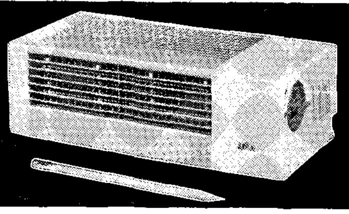

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ing him nothing could be done, he was nevertheless certain that the condition of the Negro would be bettered, soon and significantly. He felt that Americans believed in a secular creed (liberty, equality before the law, equality of opportunity) and in a religious one (he thought we were probably "the most religious country in the Western world"), both of which forbade the discrimination we practiced, and he discovered that most Americans were troubled by their own inconsistency. Very few white Americans, he learned, would attempt a complete justification of American race relations or would admit they wished them to stay forever as they were, although many preferred change to start elsewhere, or later.

One way to avoid the moral dilemma was ignorance. Myrdal found that whites and Negroes knew very little about each other as individuals or as groups, despite the fact that both sides were far more curious than they cared to admit. "One gets the feeling," he wrote, "that the two groups are sitting behind their fences, publicly ignoring each other but privately giving free rein to a curiosity emotionalized to the highest degree." Racial segregation by law, which had come to the United States around the end of the nineteenth century, had increased this mutual ignorance, and the whites in particular clung to ignorance to protect their peace of mind. "It is . . . an experience," Myrdal wrote, "of every social scientist who has been working on problems of social policy and has taken some interest in people's reactions that the strongest psychic resistance is aroused when an attempt is made to teach the better-situated classes in a society about actual lower-class standards of living and what causes them. This particular type of moral escapism works, sometimes with extraordinary effectiveness, in the American Negro problem."

Unconscious blindness made the problem worse, Myrdal believed; if whites had seen how bad matters were, they would have been ready to change. Negroes needed to make known their difficulties. Many Southern white people Myrdal talked to really thought that Negro schools were as good as white schools. The school boards must have known that Negro teachers were paid less than white ones, but white Southerners generally believed that Negroes needed less money to live on, just as the English upper classes once thought the poor didn't need plumbing—the coal-in-the-bathtub theory of society. State legislators must have

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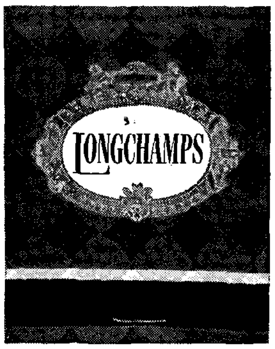

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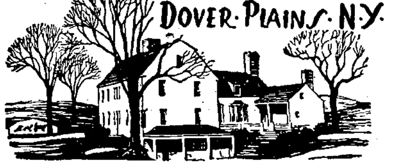

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known that they spent less for Negro schools than for white ones, and local authorities must have known that money appropriated for Negro schools was frequently diverted to white schools, so the best Southern schools for whites often existed where there were the most Negroes to educate. By and large, Southern white people, when it came to Negro education, Negro housing, or whatever, managed to believe what made them happiest.

In addition to not knowing how Negroes lived, most white people had no idea what Negroes wanted. Especially in the South, anxiety about race purity was such a hallowed obsession that few whites realized that Negroes wished—first of all—jobs or, almost as desperately, equal protection under the law. (The notion prevailed that Negroes were naturally criminal, aggressive, and violent, but in the South they were more often victims than attackers.) Southern Negroes also wanted the vote: the "Negro vote" in the North, in 1938, was not as large as it has since become, but Myrdal could understand—and so could many disfranchised Southern Negroes—that even so it gave Northern Negroes a lever; where Negroes vote, the police are less brutal and the courts are fairer to Negro defendants.

A number of Americans were familiar with some pieces of the Negro problem, but nobody had put them together. The owners of cotton plantations knew that they were turning off workers, and urban Northerners saw these workers crowding into Northern cities, but—except to allow them the ballot and give them relief—Northerners thought no more about the newcomers. They never asked themselves about the chances for employment in Chicago or New York of men whose job skill was driving mules. During the thirties, Negroes were exceptionally poor. They were ten per cent of the population, but they owned only four per cent of the wealth; no one took a hunger census, but it appeared that a substantial number were undernourished. Some theoreticians—white and Negro—convinced themselves that both the cause of Negro poverty and its cure were simply economic. Not Myrdal. He insisted on the "manifoldness" of the Negro problem, and he rejected any single explanation—racist or Marxist—of the Negroes' plight. This, besides doing credit to the steadiness of his judgment, makes his book a rich one. Myrdal watched to see how the money went, but he also considered things like manners. A Cotton Belt Negro learned to put on a

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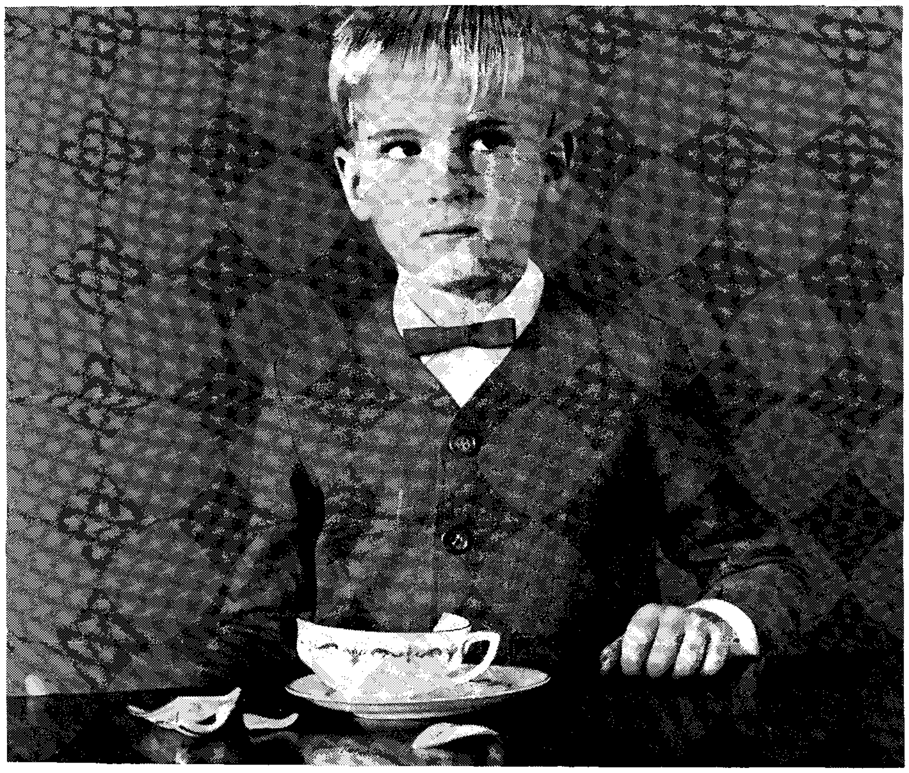

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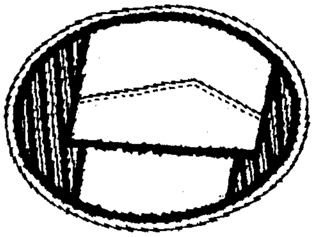
demonstration of humility with white people that involved all sorts of complicated formulas of speech, posture, and gesture (something unknown in the rest of the United States; it was court etiquette, really), but when that Negro came North to look for a job, none of his prospective employers knew what he was doing: they were not ingratiated, as were Southern employers, by exaggerated dialect and downcast eyes; they were irritated. The adjustment the Negro forced to move around the United States has had to make is not as simple as, say, adjusting to the jump from Naples to Mulberry Street; he was, and probably still is, expected to behave differently in the country, in the city, in the Deep South, in the border states, and in the North. It isn't surprising that the poorest Negro, trying to figure out not who he should be but who he should appear to be when he went out job-hunting in unfamiliar country, seemed either downright inferior or at least alien, even to Northern whites with slight feelings about race. Manner became an economic disability, although manner is not what you would call economic behavior.

Negroes with any money, Myrdal says, mostly acquire it by working within the Negro community; at the time his study was begun, they had got into the habit of spending their free time with other Negroes. It was widely held that the sight of Negro success or achievement would irritate whites, but Myrdal says no. He thinks that Americans respect success much more than they envy it, and that the withdrawal of successful Negroes—doctors, teachers, businessmen—from the notice or company of whites was probably a loss for interracial relations.

To some extent—invariably in smaller Southern communities—successful Negroes had to deal with whites. They were willy-nilly forced to become "race leaders," or communal spokesmen. As with Negro manners, so with Negro leadership; there were of necessity different styles—accommodating or "pussyfooting" in the South, and more intellectual, more outspoken, more professional in the North. Negroes differed about their leaders; Myrdal thought Northern Negroes often did not appreciate the difficulties Southern Negro leaders faced, but he felt that most Negro leaders were extremely able, and that in them the Negroes, though nobody realized it, had developed a pool of first-rate political and diplomatic talent.

There were—as there still are—



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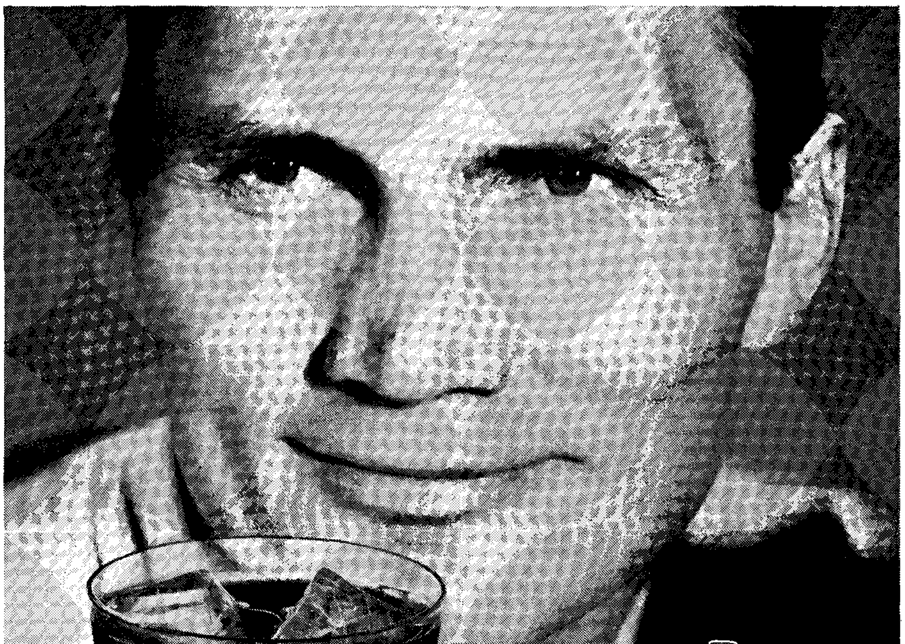
many organizations that worked on various aspects of the Negro problem and that engaged various sections of the white community. Myrdal considered that this was good; any breakthrough at any point would be a gain. He believed that Negroes who imagined racism is all economic in origin were indulging in "escapism in new form," and he saw grave flaws in American trade unionism, the movement on which most of his economic-determinist colleagues pinned their hopes. His criticisms—the passivity of union members and the bureaucracy of their leaderships, the technological conservatism of craft unions, and the frequent jurisdictional disputes between unions—are more frequently repeated now than they were then. It is interesting that Myrdal considered these failings signs of weakness rather than of excessive strength; strong unions wouldn't have to insist on closed- or union-shop agreements, for they could count on the support of workers and the respect of employers. He wished American labor unions well, but he nonetheless thought that government regulation was needed. He certainly was not prepared to wait for the solution of the Negro problem until the millennium expected by one of his colleagues—a millennium in which "labor, farm and industrial, black and white, has become so strongly organized and so bold as to present a forceful challenge to the . . . entrenched interests."

And of course he didn't have to. All the means and motives Myrdal descried—publicity, politics, and morality, along with economic pressures—have played their part, as he imagined they would. His faith in the power of an intangible—the American creed—is being vindicated. It is hard to say which is more impressive about this book—its recording of the past or its awareness of how that past would change.

SINCE he finished "An American Dilemma," which, though it's got every social science in it, is primarily sociology, Professor Myrdal has spent most of his time as an economist (he directs the Institute for International Economic Studies, in Stockholm), and his subsequent books (his latest is "Challenge to Affluence," published by Pantheon) have been mostly about economics. "Challenge to Affluence" is a short argument rather than a long analysis based on special research. It describes America's familiar problems (a low rate of economic growth, persistent unemployment, and leaking gold), suggests solutions, and warns of dangerous consequences if we do noth-



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ing. Myrdal, who has been in and out of this country (and of lots of others, too) since 1944, remains our benign if not uncritical Swedish uncle, maintaining his faith in American goodness, rationality, and strength. In "Challenge to Affluence," as in "An American Dilemma," he conveys his affection for us by description and analysis instead of by rhetorical declarations of love, and he sees our faults as problems to be solved instead of as blots on the national character. He is not a blamer, which makes him an excellent persuader, and his intellectual virtues exalt the disciplines of sociology and economics as techniques for fanning out into the rough terrain of ignorance and coming back with knowledge. His work in both these sciences also suggests how they now compare. Until recently, sociology was rather an upstart among the behavioral sciences; one often heard that its work consisted of putting the self-evident into cant. Now, though, it seems to me that sociology, which admits to ill-defined borders jointly occupied with anthropology, psychology, statistics, and who knows what else, can sometimes describe the authentic, existing mess with some clarity, while the subject matter of economics always keeps dissolving into something else. When we talk about wanting an agricultural policy to preserve the "family farm," it is clear that we are not concerned with economics; we are talking about the survival of virtues traditionally associated with husbandry, and a sociological study is needed to tell us whether, indeed, those virtues do exist among farm families. I don't mean that no problems can be described in economic terms; I mean that the cures proposed are more and more often political or social. No respectable economist nowadays thinks that just lowering the tariff or raising the rediscount rate will fix everything up. For my tastes, the political changes implied by some of Myrdal's suggested economic reforms—implied at least to me; Myrdal doesn't talk much politics in "Challenge to Affluence," which is a pity—are uncomfortably risky. And the values he appeals to, as most economists do now, are not economic values; they are social justice and national power.

Be that as it may, Myrdal's examination of our economic fix is wonderfully succinct. Ten years ago, as most of us have heard, America's postwar economic growth (on which Myrdal, not entirely in error, counted in 1944) began to slow down. The figures usually quoted indicate a growth of less than

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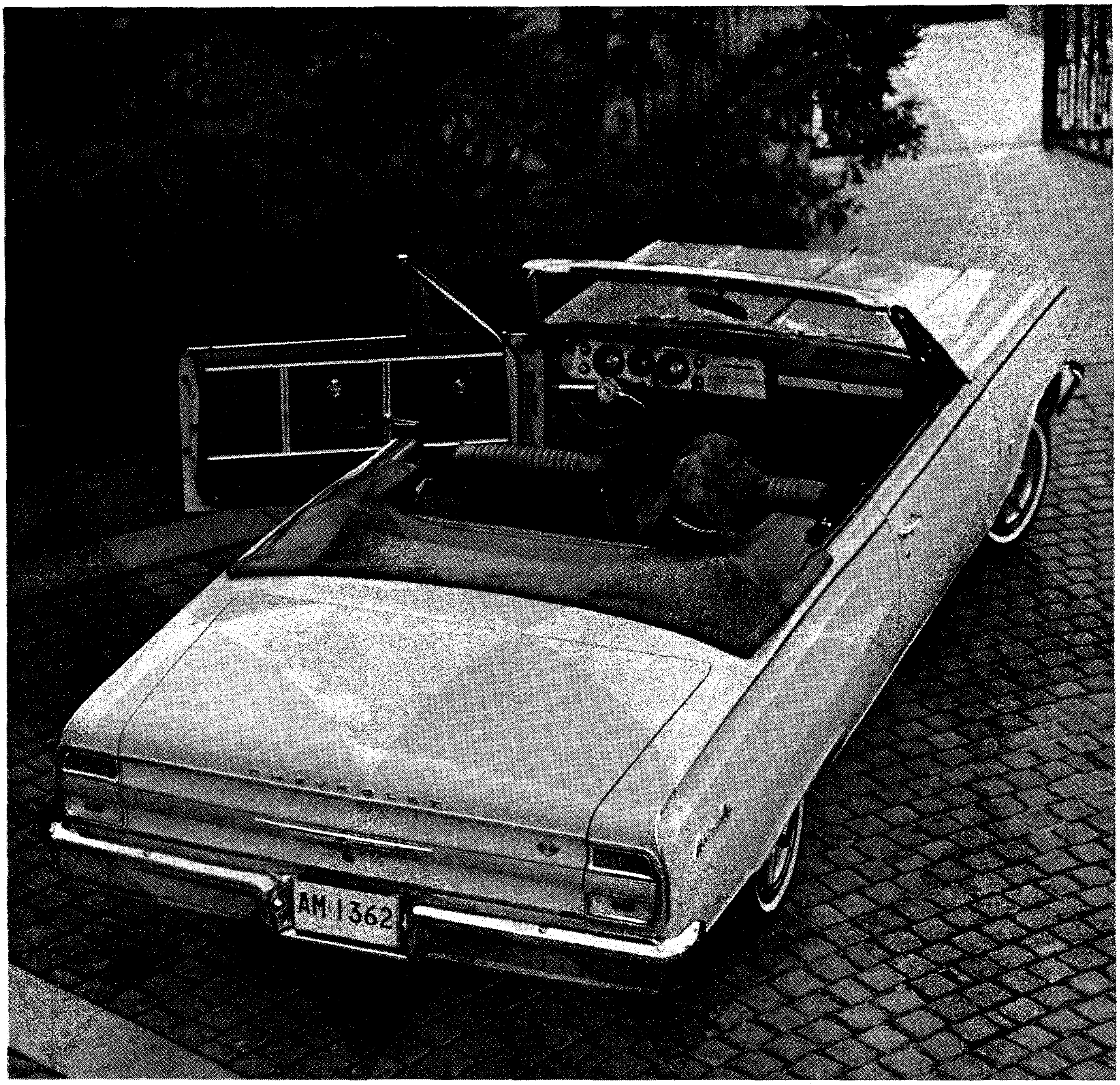

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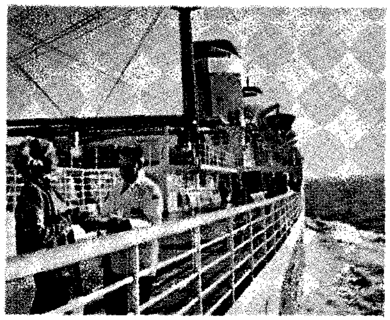
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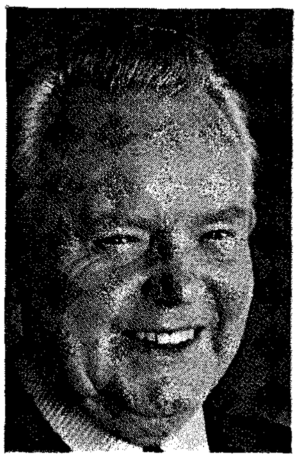
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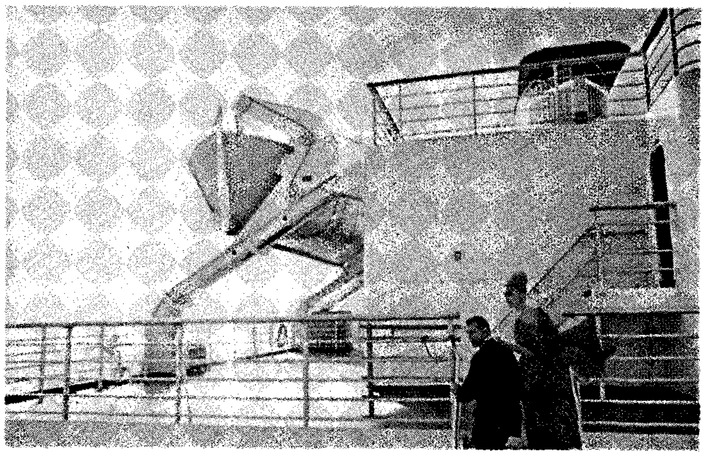
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three per cent a year. Myrdal points out that these figures flatter our record; they take no account of the growth of population. In discussing underdeveloped countries, which we don't (statistically) flatter, we talk of income per capita. We say that the annual income of a Neopatrian was $30 last year and that in spite of a million more little Neopatrians this year it will be $30.50—that's a gain. If we treated ourselves as scientifically, and considered that our population increases at a rate of about 1.7 per cent a year, our rate of economic growth deflates to something like one per cent a year during the decade between 1952 and 1962. This, Myrdal adds, is about what economists think India has been accomplishing. Then consider, too, that that miserable one per cent is all we have been able to achieve even with the immense infusion of federal money—mainly our defense program—that is pouring into the economy. If you also count the money we spend on space exploration, Myrdal says, our defense expenditures "swallow up half of the increasing national budget, or about ten per cent of the gross national product. . . . The armed forces employ considerably more than half as many as the unemployed in the civilian labor force, who are very many." Nearly six per cent of the workers in the civilian labor force are unemployed. And, still worse, the unemployed are becoming a homogeneous depressed class, such as is not supposed to exist in America—unskilled, uneducated, demoralized, and inarticulate.

Our unemployed, Myrdal says, are largely unemployables. There is a kink, a structural flaw, in America's labor market. Skilled, educated workers frequently work overtime, while the unemployed exist in varying degrees of poverty and destitution because there is no demand for their unskilled efforts. These people have no margin of money or optimism, and they are locked away in slums, where they see no alternative ways of living, so they are unable to raise children who can break out of what Myrdal calls a "substratum." America is getting a new class, a rock-bottom fifth of the population, whose deprivation is all the more shocking because it is developing into a hereditary condition, like serfdom. Myrdal wonders why Americans remain indifferent to this persistent poverty, which hasn't been reached by quasi-Keynesian measures of public investment or by social-welfare programs or by our bountiful private charities. He thinks we have uncritically accepted the theory that private afflu-

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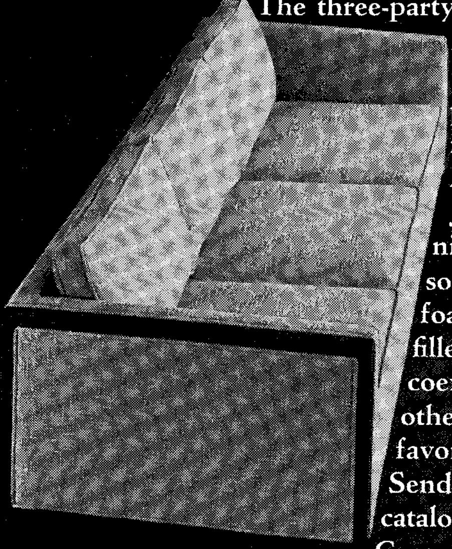

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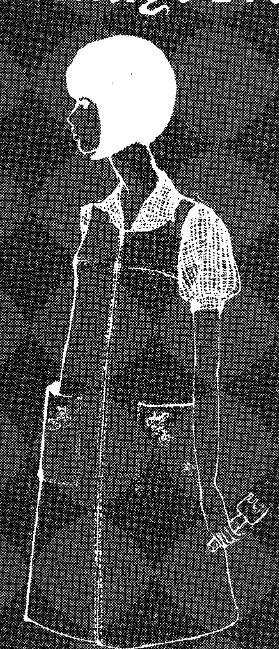

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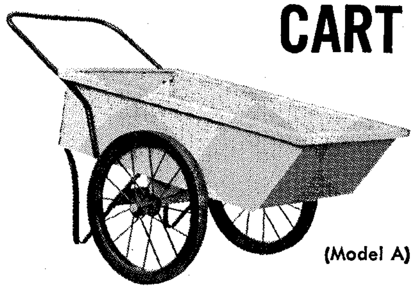
ence is a fact of American life. We are not as rich as we think we are, he says, and we need to do more than try to start a business boom; a fit of prosperity would find too few skilled workers, leave the substratum untouched, and soon peter out.

We are beginning to put into practice some of the immediate, short-range policies Myrdal recommends—retraining (vocational education for people who worked at no longer existing jobs), and training for young people coming into the labor market. He includes medical education among the kinds of training Americans need more of. We have too few doctors and nurses, and, he says, fewer hospital beds in proportion to population than Sweden. We do not provide medical care for the people who need it most. Myrdal thinks the plan to set up medical care for the aged through social security is a good start but does not go far enough. I am more puzzled than he is, if that is possible, by our hesitation about improving the health of the poor; caring for the needy sick is so built into our religious ethics that one supposes we should see it as a primary duty.

Myrdal's short-range suggestions are a program, you might say, of people conservation. But for the long pull, and to guarantee continuous economic growth, he thinks we need "large-scale redistributional reforms" that would lighten the tax load on the poor. He doesn't say what they should be. He remarks that the "prevalence in the tax system of the United States—including the states and the municipalities—of taxes on real property and of sales taxes of various sorts implies . . . that the tax burden in the lower- and middle-income strata is decisively regressive." In short, the poor pay too much. New Yorkers can hardly disagree that our real-estate and sales taxes are too high. The problems of municipal and state finances seem insoluble. The states and cities carry the main social-welfare burden, and so a vicious circle appears: when municipal employees—teachers, say—get a raise, it is seldom long before their landlords, stuck with higher real-estate taxes, get raises, too. Myrdal is not at all explicit about his "redistributional reforms," and I can only suppose two alternatives—more federal and less local spending on social welfare, or perhaps three sets of graduated income taxes (federal, state, and local). Both alternatives seem unsatisfactory, for political and social reasons. If he has any better ideas in mind, I wish he would let us hear them. He thinks the federal tax laws that apply to



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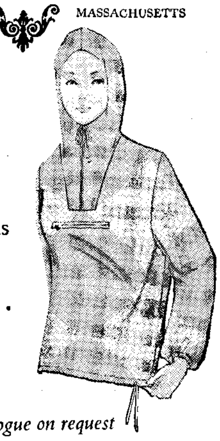

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corporations should be extremely flexible, so that the government could offer instant relief to business in general or to certain kinds of business when it seems necessary. He doesn't say whether this should be left to executive discretion or to a joint Congressional committee that would always keep a quorum in town to consider tax revision. In either case, I think we are getting a long way away from the ballot box, to which, ideally, the public purse strings are tied.

I am not ashamed to admit that I am shocked by Myrdal's suggestion that we stop trying to make some industries competitive—those in which a few large companies don't really compete but merely administer prices. He would simply ask the government to take part in the administering. I am very much interested in another suggestion—that we ought to stimulate economic forecasting. Some European governments, he says, try to forecast economic conditions a few years ahead as a service to business; in this country, universities and foundations might undertake the job. Whether the forecasts proved accurate or not, the research they required could only prove useful; we need to know more about everybody's business.

Steady economic growth is doubtless as important as Myrdal says in maintaining our influence in foreign affairs. He suggests that our economic inadequacies have already led some of our European allies to disregard our wishes. I am not sure you can blame de Gaulle on economics (he's like Huey Long—*sui generis*), but conceivably France's fellows in the Common Market would have paid him less attention if they were more scared of our economic power. Myrdal's attitudes toward the United States are beautifully demonstrated whenever he talks of us as innocents abroad. His protective affection is outraged when he thinks of how badly the Six, who owe their prosperity—their existence, in fact—to American generosity, have repaid us, not just by keeping Great Britain out when we wanted her in but in more odious ways, such as chiselling on their commitments to aid underdeveloped countries. Myrdal thinks we, too, have made mistakes: the Marshall Plan, for instance, should have extended credits, not given gifts. And we probably should not have tried to help Great Britain join the Common Market; whatever we thought we were doing (shoring up NATO, most likely), our hopes for the Six have, he is sure, been too high. Except for Holland, he says, the Six are not reliably democratic and not really expansive; they can easily become a self-

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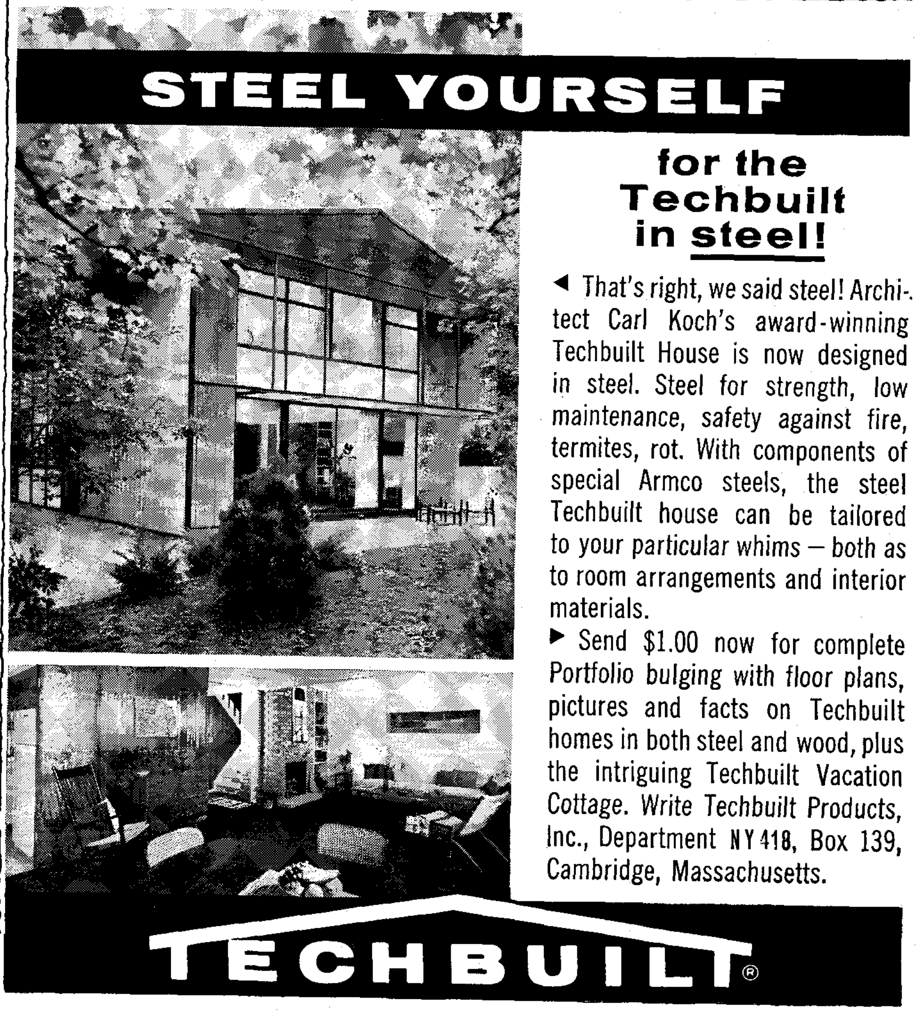

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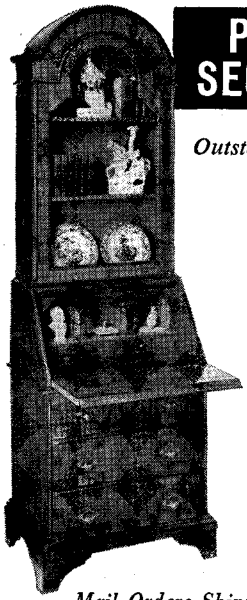

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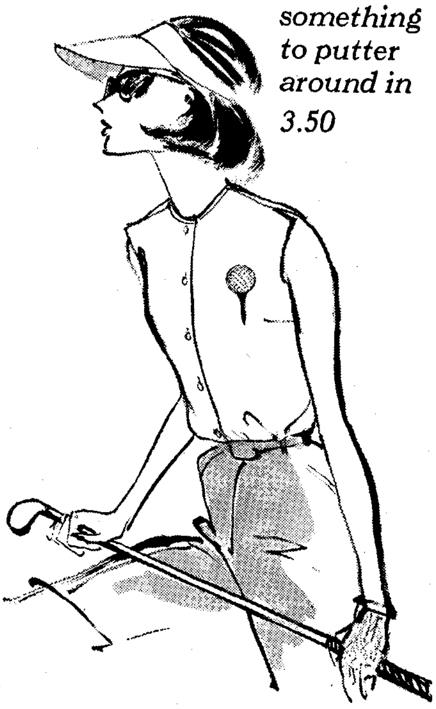
absorbed "Little Europe," comfortably managed by what he calls a "supra-national bureaucracy" and of no use to the rest of the world.

I have no idea whether slow economic growth is a cause or a symptom, or both, or evidence of the sin of sloth. It *seems* to be as disastrous as sin. Textbooks usually ascribe Great Britain's decline to the First World War. Before that, she was supposed to be rich and strong. Yet as early as 1900 her rate of economic growth had dropped pitifully, and her poor, who were numerous, were stagnating on a mingy dole with no expectations of graduating from it, while her trade unions, though still young, were hardening their bureaucratic and ideological arteries. George Dangerfield, in "The Strange Death of Liberal England," described how the domestic politics of the years just before the First World War grew ever more irrational, and English foreign policy of the period does seem to have been studded with unconsidered gestures. Who can say what history proves? Imagine that a forerunner of Gunnar Myrdal had persuaded Joseph Chamberlain that the way to lick Great Britain's competitors in the world was not to abandon free trade but to increase the gross national product. Might we have been spared the weaknesses that made the operations of Joe's son Neville seem necessary?

HANNAH ARENDT's new book, "On Revolution" (Viking), is political theory. Dr. Arendt discusses how it came about that "the French Revolution, which ended in disaster, has made world history, while the American Revolution, so triumphantly successful, has remained an event of little more than local importance." She also examines what both revolutions, so strikingly different in their outcomes, were actually aiming at. Compared to economics, political theory is a perspicuous discipline, since it admittedly talks in terms of values and ends, and doesn't leave to the reader the job of separating the ends from the means. Her subject—freedom—is perennially urgent, and her brilliance is beyond dispute. I used to think her "The Origins of Totalitarianism" couldn't be topped, but at the moment "On Revolution" seems to me to matter more. For Dr. Arendt, with her usual intellectual nerve, defines political freedom as participation in government rather than as social justice or the absence of government interference; she is at once very old-fashioned and miles ahead of everybody else. She writes with



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her occasionally brusque, sometimes dense driving style, and though she is not entirely irrefutable—no philosopher is—she always puts refuters on their mettle.

Revolutions, Dr. Arendt notices, have become a worldwide habit. They affect us Americans, appeal to us for help, and baffle us, because the revolutionary tradition at work in the world does not stem from American experience. The tradition is, rather, a codification of what happened during the French Revolution into "laws" of history. Those events, Miss Arendt believes—and almost all her American readers will agree—were no more than a series of thens and nexts until nineteenth-century thinkers shaped them into patterns. From then on, the behavior of revolutionaries has faithfully followed the fashion set by Paris in the seventeen-nineties. Revolutionary tradition is conservative; it prefers to repeat history—indeed, it assumes that repetition is the only possibility—rather than learn from it. Revolutionaries anticipate each revolution's reign of terror, and they entrust their destinies to a monolithic dictatorial party that kills not only the party's acknowledged opponents but its own members, calling them "deviationists" of the "Right" or the "Left"—epithets that descend from the names "*indulgents*" and "*enragés*" of the French Revolution.

The French revolutionaries, like the American ones, meant to establish liberty, but they were beset by two problems the Americans didn't face—the desperate poverty of most of the people, and everyone's inexperience in self-government. Dr. Arendt pays little attention to a third problem, the most frequent justification of the Reign of Terror—the war of practically all Europe against the French revolutionary government. It is an original omission, and probably a sensible one. Revolutionary states have often tended to see themselves encircled even when they were not, but so have non-revolutionary states, such as the Kaisers' Germany. And the horribly distinctive feature of the French Revolution, its inquisitorial concern not only with the behavior but with the sincerity of French citizens, probably had, as Dr. Arendt thinks, less to do with foreign war than with the domestic social question—the hunger of the people. To be a revolutionary, one had to be compassionate, to feel the sufferings of the poor, which the hard-hearted aristocrats didn't. The French leaders, she says, developed a "compassionate zeal;" they were not content,

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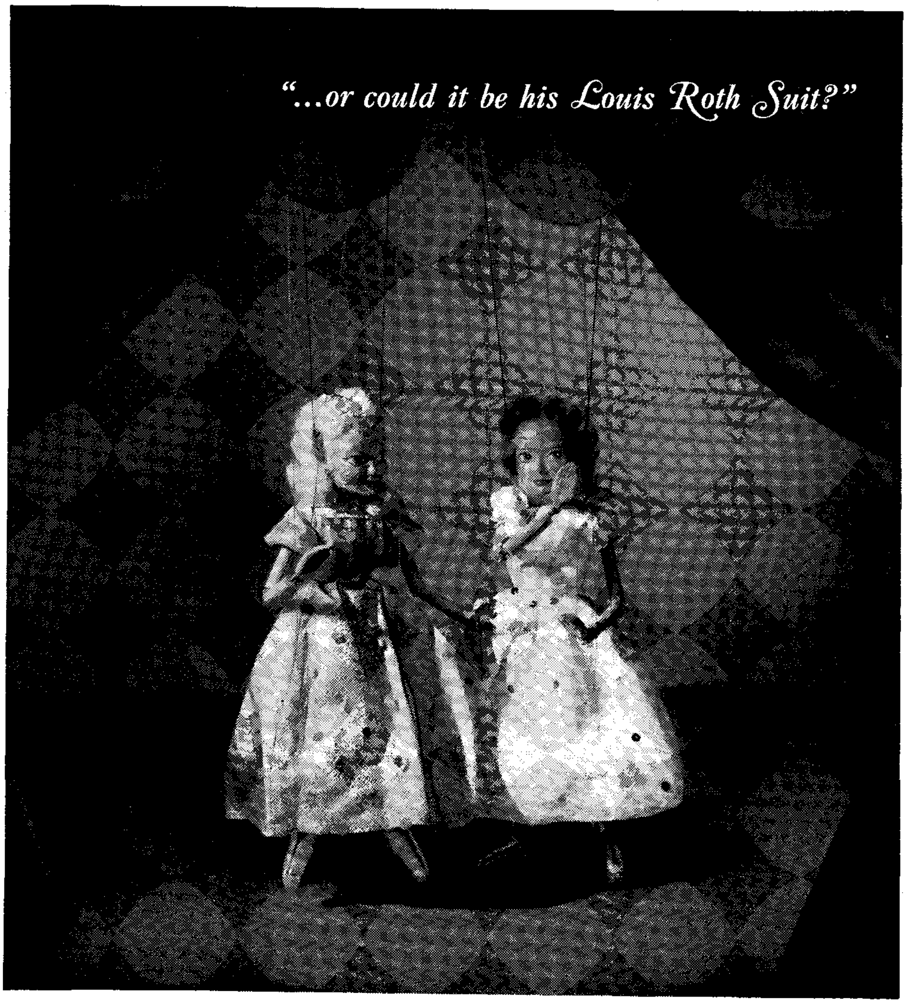
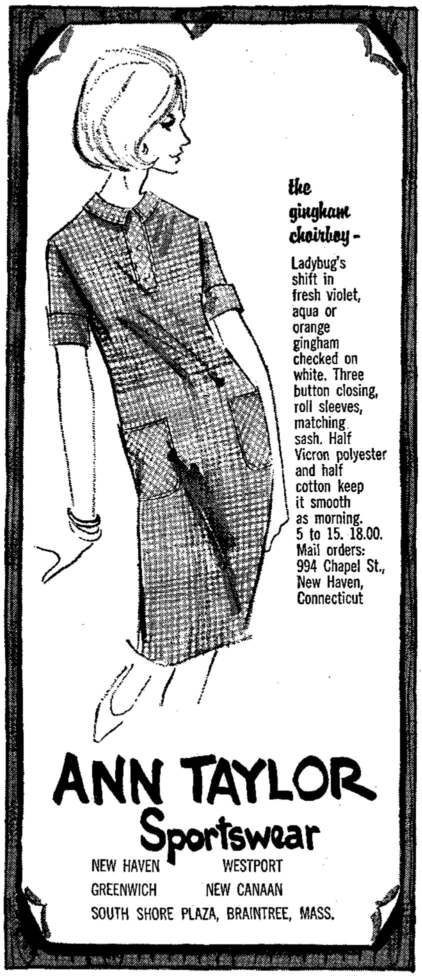


like St. Paul, to discuss charity or love and then move on, as he does, to other matters. They distrusted themselves, each other, and strangers. In this discussion, Dr. Arendt avoids the current fashion of blaming everything on Jean Jacques Rousseau, for which she deserves a big, glittering philosophical medal. She suggests, rather, ways in which Jean Jacques's peculiar intuitions were, so to speak, verified by the revolution: the *ancien régime* was exposed as an affair of crooks, hypocrites, and their dupes, and Rousseau's expostulations on behalf of goodness touched the members of an amazingly corrupt society. Rousseau was also concerned with the ambivalences and ambiguities in himself and, presumably, everyone else, and the revolutionaries, too, were anxious lest they be hypocrites. The French Republic began to conceive its business to be the creation of virtuous citizens, and went on to the extirpation of the others at all costs and by any means.

The American revolutionaries, following quite another set of ideas, assumed that human beings are imperfect and tried to make certain that no particular human imperfection—greed or whatever—could break down constitutional government and destroy public freedom. Americans did not think that private thoughts or personal goals necessarily conflicted with the public good. Americans luckily lacked both the experience of and the longing for a political absolute. Americans could not conceive of sovereignty as being so total that anything that was not with it was against it. In the course of history, Rousseau's "general will" has turned into the party line. Dr. Arendt tells us that Rousseau's concept referred to an eighteenth-century reality: Europeans had been ruled by absolute sovereigns and could not imagine a government without one; if they had no Louis, expressing his will through his Ministers, they needed to replace him by "the people," expressing its will (or so the story ran) through the revolutionaries in the National Convention.

Dr. Arendt's schematic rendering of the events of the French Revolution is not history, and she does not pretend it is. In R. R. Palmer's "Twelve Who Ruled," an excellent account of the French Committee of Public Safety during 1793 and 1794, to which she refers, one can find a historian's history of that terrible time. Though he and she disagree—he feels that the French Revolution was more "American" than she does, and he is more emphatic about it in his later book, "The Age of Democratic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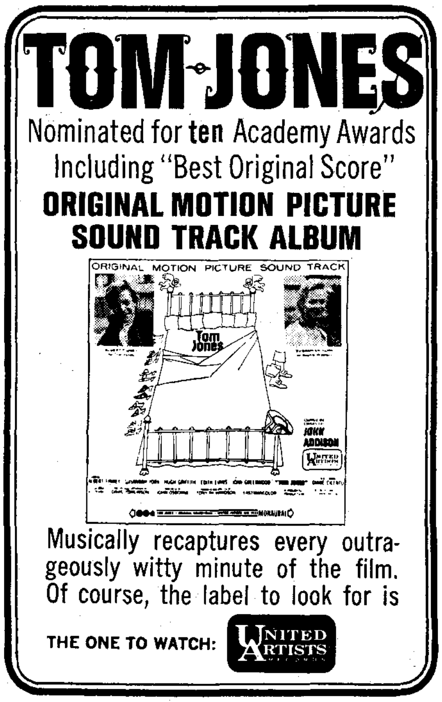
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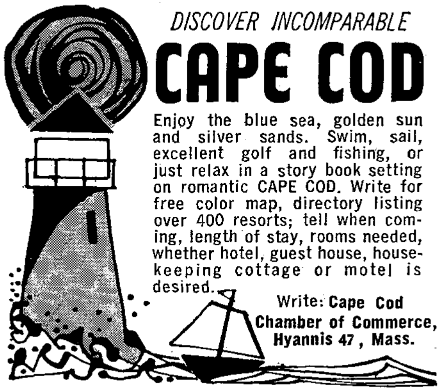
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Revolutions," which she also mentions—it is evident that they're disagreeing about the same people and events. She has been careful, while schematizing, to keep the reader informed of her historical sources. She is argumentative—that's her business—but not slyly tendentious.

Professor Palmer and Dr. Arendt do agree that the French Revolution did not become what the revolutionaries had hoped. She remarks that they began to feel that events were out of their control; they first thought of themselves as doers, then they thought and spoke of themselves as spectators. She thinks that their language, the language of people experiencing a tidal wave, suggested to Hegel—and, through him, to Marx—the existence of irresistible laws of history. Many writers have attributed Hegel's and Marx's imaginative efforts to the influence of the physical sciences, whose swift progress had incited thinkers of all sorts to hope they might make a "science" out of anything by discovering its "laws." Dr. Arendt suggests, instead, that the "law" the French Revolution demonstrated was law only in the crude sense of bodily necessity: the poor needed to eat to live.

She regards the construction of our Constitution as the American Revolution's great success, and she thinks that our worship of it—which Woodrow Wilson sniffishly called "undiscriminating and almost blind"—is the proof and guarantee of that success. There *is* a blindness in that reverence; we are aware of the debates in the Constitutional Convention, and of the "Federalist Papers," and of the studies of the Constitution's development, yet it is hard to realize that the Constitution could easily have been a quite different document, and that it was not always there, like the Black Stone in the Kaaba, in Mecca. And we have not been nearly reflective enough about it; the chief reason, in her opinion, that the American Revolution has had little influence in the rest of the world is the absence of American political theory more recent than the theories the founding fathers developed.

Does Dr. Arendt think the American government, as it functions today, fulfills its founders' highest hopes? By no means. She thinks they looked forward to a direct, continuous participation of the citizens in the political acts of the commonwealth—which is what she means by freedom. We citizens are not participating. I think she somewhat idealizes the New England town meeting (we all do), but there is no doubt

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that our Revolutionary town and county committees of safety—which managed local politics, debated practical contributions to the war effort, decided whether to ratify the new state constitutions, and chose from their members delegates to state conventions—were a wonder. They grew out of existing American institutions—town meetings, city councils, and the like. Dr. Arendt points out that even in countries where there were no institutions for self-government—or none that anyone could remember—they have appeared, as if by spontaneous generation, in the midst of revolutions. In France and in Russia, in Germany just after the First World War, and most recently in Hungary, in 1956, the people (not the professional revolutionaries) organized themselves into neighborhood councils that had some generic resemblance to the New England town meeting. Historians have described the French councils as ridiculous or uncontrolled, or both, and thus have excused the revolutionary government's suppression of them. But Dr. Arendt, having examined the minutes of some of those councils, says that many were orderly and intelligent; their members stuck to the point in debate and understood how politics works. Can the prevalence of tribal and village councils among primitive peoples have something to do with the councils' turning up in historic times? It's tempting for Americans, who learn about Indians in grade school, to see something "natural" in the people's assembling in councils. Dr. Arendt is particularly attracted by what seems to me a primitive feature of the historic councils—their not being organized into political parties. She is not as attached to the two-party system as are most Democrats and Republicans. She sees some values in it: "its capacity to guarantee constitutional liberties" and "a certain control of the rulers by those who are ruled." But it does not enable "the citizen to become a 'participator' [Jefferson's word] in public affairs." Yet no-party government, to my mind, might as well be one-party government, as in rotten boroughs, the Deep South, or Tammany—not dictatorial but corrupt, making politics the private affair of a certain set of people who all know each other—though my doubts about no-party government may be no more than a response to the political corruption we are so used to; Dr. Arendt speaks of the dangers of society's becoming corrupt by, say, misplacing private virtues, such as compassion and tolerance for frailty, and exercising them in public matters. This is an interesting and rele-

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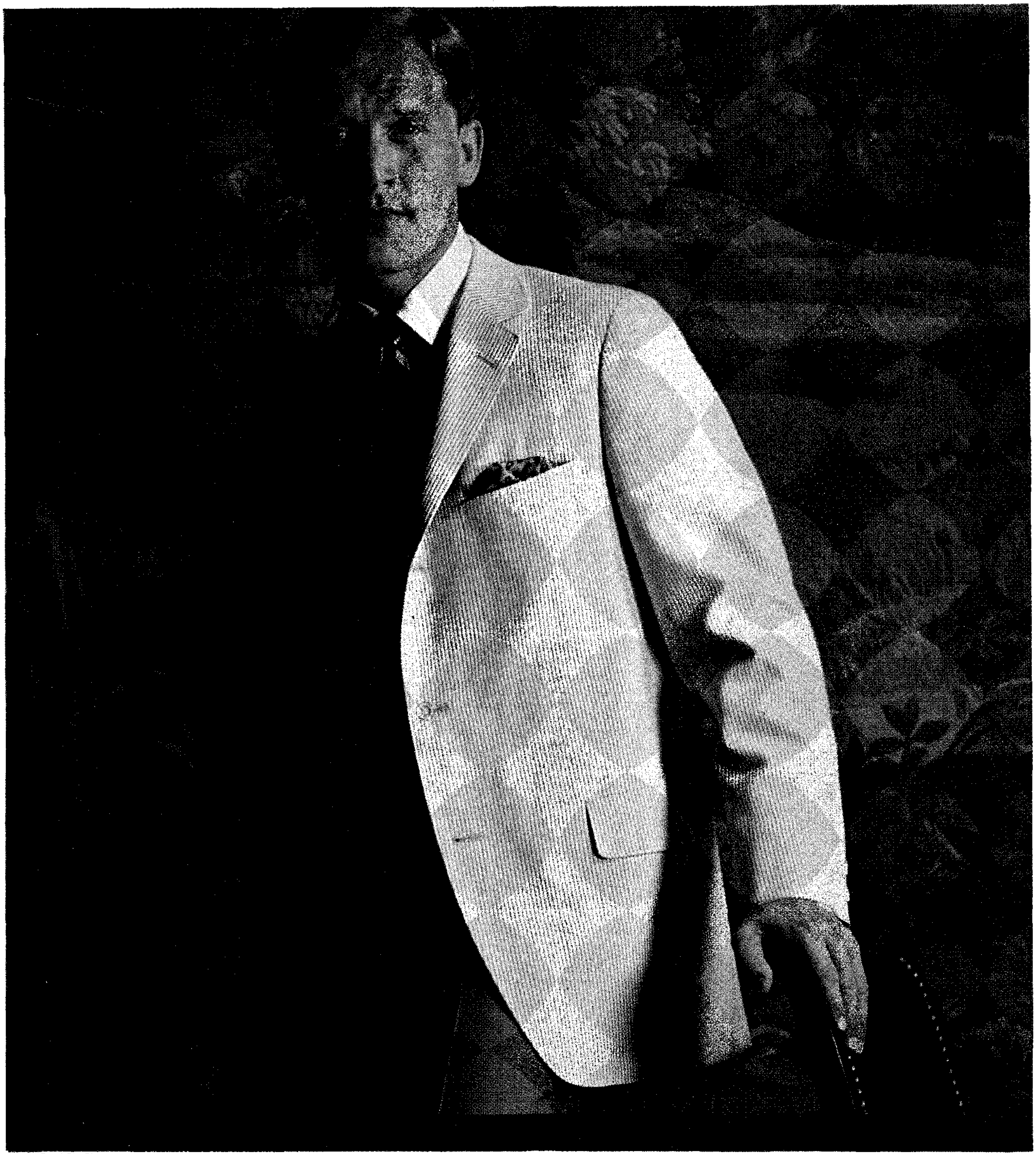

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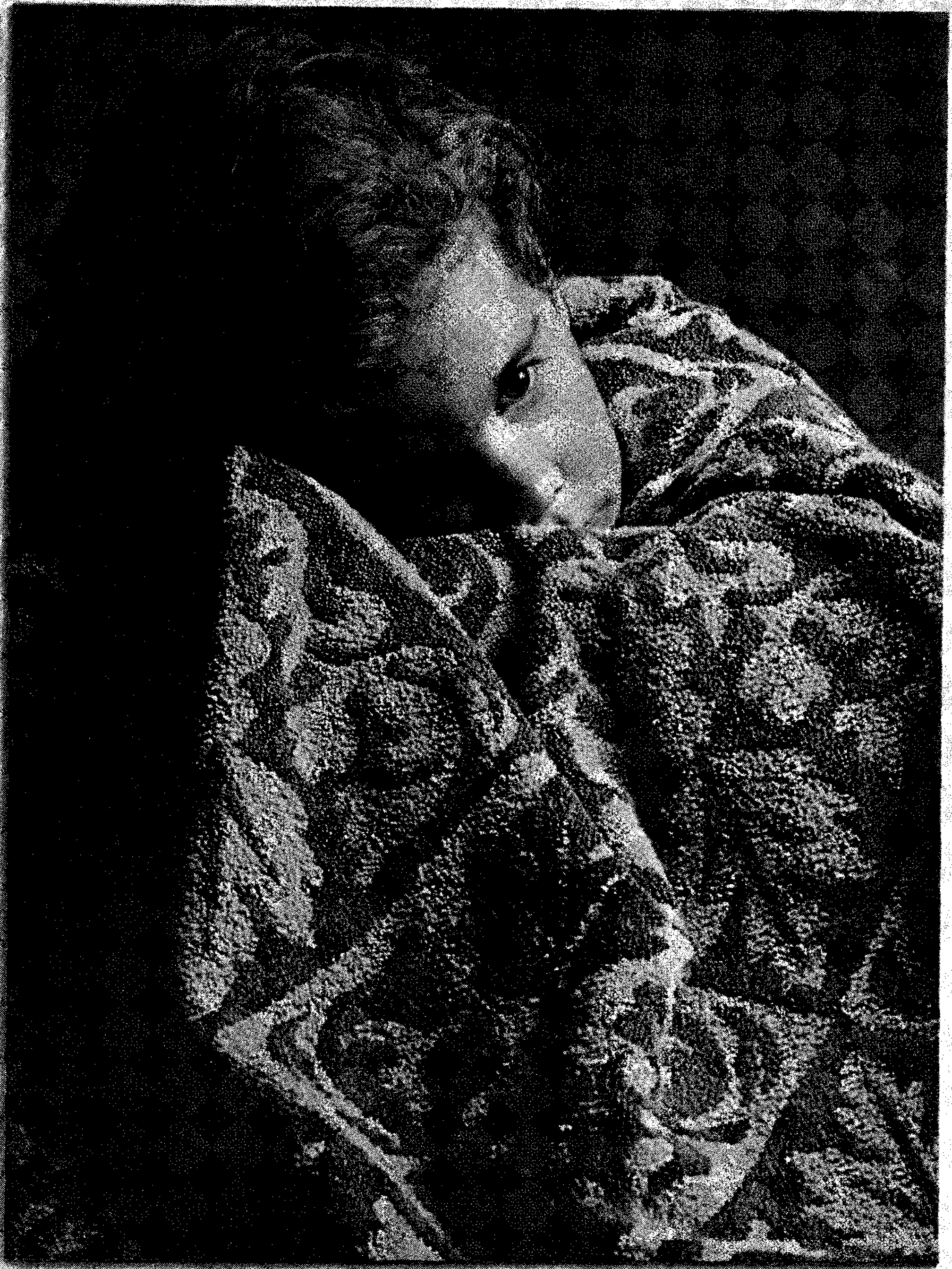

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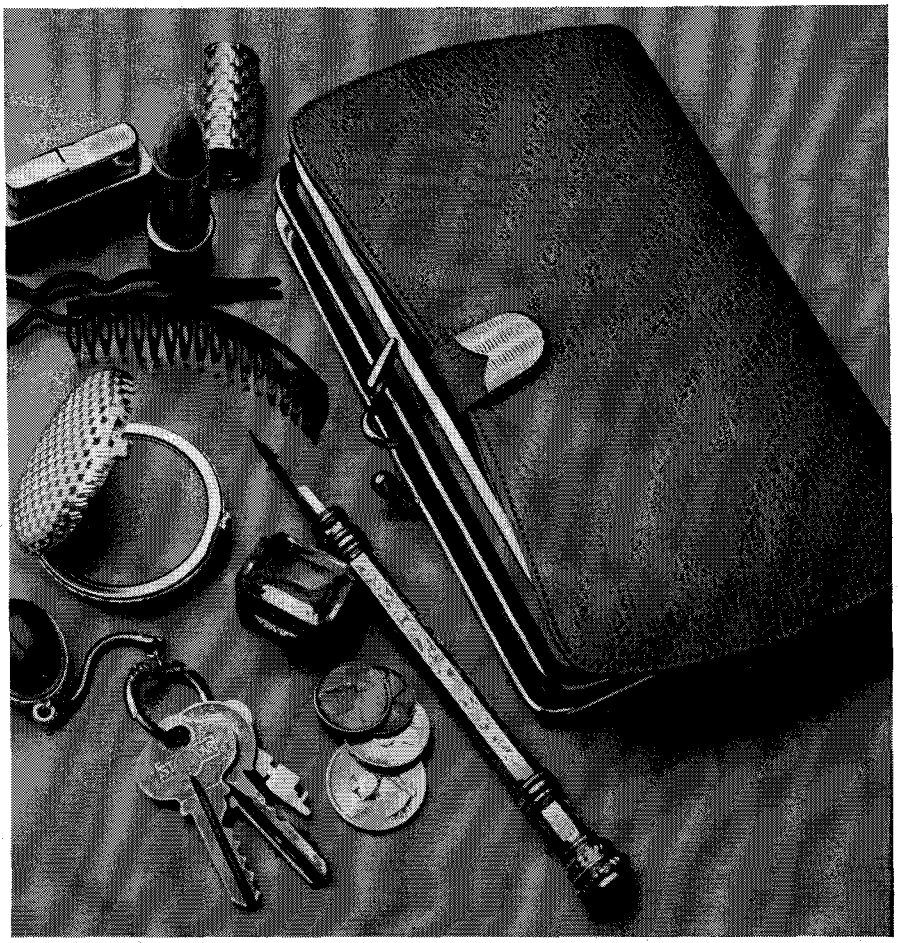
vant notion; still, as things stand now, I would not trust the virtuous members of the councils, if there were no competition of parties, to remain civically virtuous very long. And surely parties are also means of argument, debate, the sharpening and sometimes the clarification of issues. The embarrassingly large number of one-party counties in the United States doubtless contributes to the widespread political "passivity" Myrdal regrets as a feature of American politics.

Dr. Arendt, like her mentor, Thomas Jefferson, does not count a citizen's activity within an active political party as participation in government. She reminds us of Jefferson's several schemes for letting later generations of Americans know the public happiness he and his colleagues found, as delegates to the Continental Congress, in the making of the new republic. In his old age, Jefferson concluded that every American county ought to be subdivided into "wards"—geographic units small enough for citizens to appear in person and take part in ward meetings. Out of these appearances, he hoped, the habit of freedom would grow, and citizens would not be content to consider themselves free just because they had a biennial veto at elections. Jefferson's councils really are needed in our system now, at least in city government. (A "ward" in New York should be no bigger than an election district.) In almost every city we find such a muddled administration of good intentions and inapplicable or misapplied expertise (not to mention real or suspected corruption) that, it seems to me, rescue by direct democracy is a more than plausible hope.

"On Revolution" seems to me especially valuable at this time because we have tended to undervalue political institutions and political means. We have used them as if they were intended mainly to achieve economic ends, and lately—as in our aid to poorer nations—we act as if we thought that economic or technological improvements must somehow or other create political freedoms. Dr. Arendt's emphasis on what we owe to our Constitution rather than to our productive capacities is more than a mere readjustment of intellectual balance; it is putting first things first. So is her reminder that figuring in politics is not only a right but a pleasure for man, the political animal, and a pleasure we have no reason to deny ourselves. I do think, though, that Dr. Arendt shunts partly to one side the social question of poverty. She is certainly right to insist that a revolution which attempts to con-



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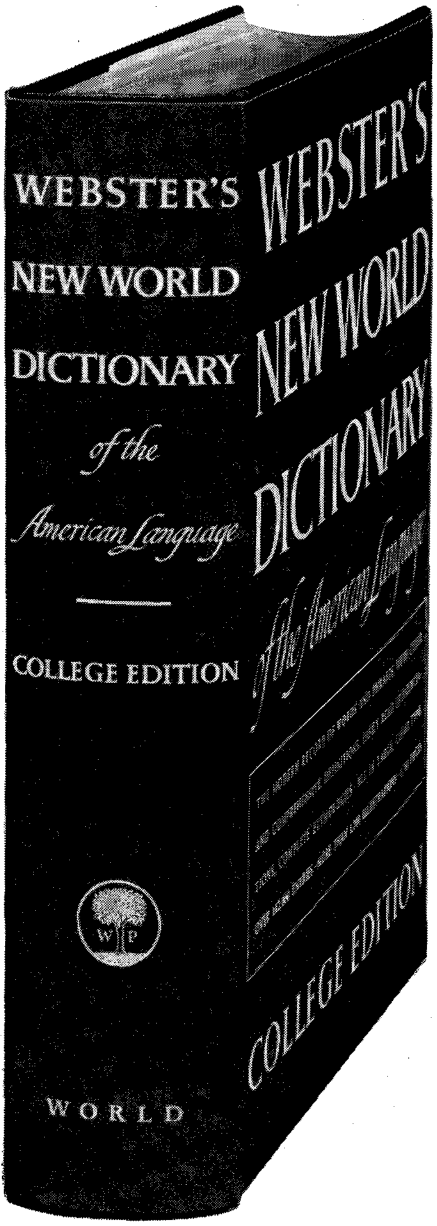

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quer poverty by violence is bound to fail. Except for remarking that poverty is more frequently the result of scarcity than of exploitation, and that abundance is the fruit of technology, she does not go into the matter. She really would like to remove the distresses of the poor from politics; she thinks the quest for welfare is an inadequate political goal compared to freedom. Yet technology does not run itself; man's technology gets better, and two of his oldest occupations, war and agriculture, therefore cease to be profitable. And technologically up-to-date, large-scale industrial production fails, says Myrdal, to employ the whole working population.

We ought not to be scared by the horrible example of Marxist states, which mess up their technology with politics, and vice versa; we have to find our own way. If we can't have freedom along with the unsolved social question of poverty, we must solve it. So politics may have to be philosophically less pure as to its goals than Dr. Arendt would like. Politics may have to be partly defensive, protective of what she calls "pre-political" rights—life and personal liberty and property. It will surely need to watch over welfare, so that poverty doesn't kill liberty, and—if we are to maintain self-esteem—a new interest in do-it-yourself government is necessary.

When I read Professor Myrdal, I share Dr. Arendt's forebodings about "a society under the sway of abundance . . . when government . . . has become administration." When I read Dr. Arendt, I can't help thinking that she, like other American thinkers with whom Myrdal disagrees, overestimates our abundance. Yet it's not so much a question of agreeing or disagreeing; what's to solve, what's to do, seems to lie somewhere between their books, in what neither they nor any other thinkers so far have said. —NAOMI BLIVEN

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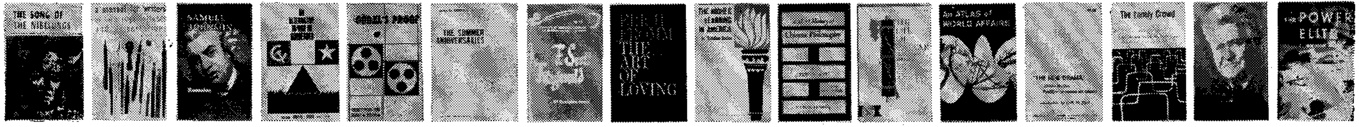

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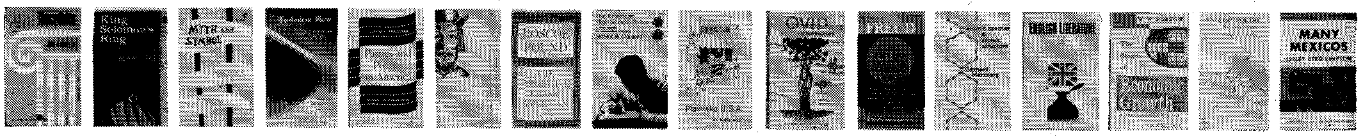

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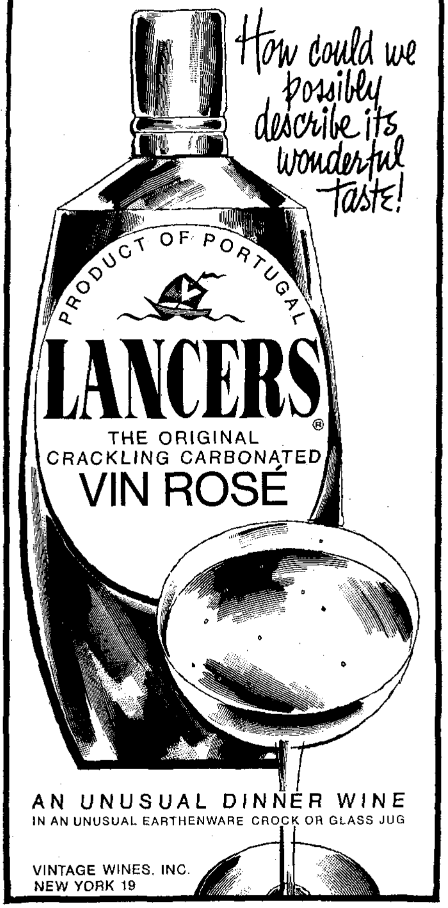
mond his humble fag. Bryce is expelled for being horrible, and the two meet again a few years later in West Africa, and then, more years later, in San Francisco. Each time they meet, Bryce starts killing people in his own special fashion, and we are very glad that Hammond escapes to tell the tale and bring it to a respectable ending.

I, JOHN MORDAUNT, by Virgil Scott (Harcourt, Brace & World). The narrator of this estimable historical novel was a real person—a seventeenth-century nobleman who took part in several conspiracies on behalf of Charles II. Mordaunt left quite a few documents for the archives—the record of his trial for treason, shortly before Cromwell's death, is one—and Mr. Scott informs us that nearly everybody else in the book is also a documented someone. What the author has invented, then, isn't facts, or even details—he spent years in libraries getting those straight—but states of mind, particularly the psychology of "all those who from 1649 to 1660 . . . risked comfort, estates, and lives out of loyalty to an exiled king." The end product of all Virgil Scott's homework is a simple, entertaining novel in the tradition of Walter Scott. It is full of derring-do and uplift, and its principals are heroic heroes, villainous villains, and magnetic women.

DIARY OF A CANDID LADY, by Francis M. Arroway (Doubleday). There are a good many chortles in this little tale of two elegant New York beldames with scarlet pasts who inherit, as a ward, the hideous nineteen-year-old daughter of their onetime employer, a lady named Dolly. Dolly's house of ill fame was a very posh one, and the nineteen-year-old's fortune is considerable, but nobody can see her as a débutante, or even as a wallflower, which makes the problem a real one, because the two ladies of fashion are anxious to get rid of her in spite of their grateful affection for her mother's memory. Very slight, but the narrator's nostalgic chatter often makes funny reading.

THE MARTYRED, by Richard E. Kim (Braziller). This bleak metaphysical work concerns the moral dilemma brought about by the discovery that twelve Christian ministers executed by the Communists in the early days of the Korean War died not as martyrs but as cowards. Another minister, who witnessed the disgrace, takes it upon himself to conceal



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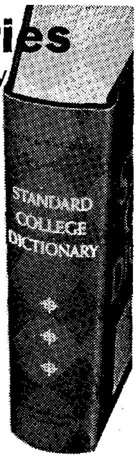

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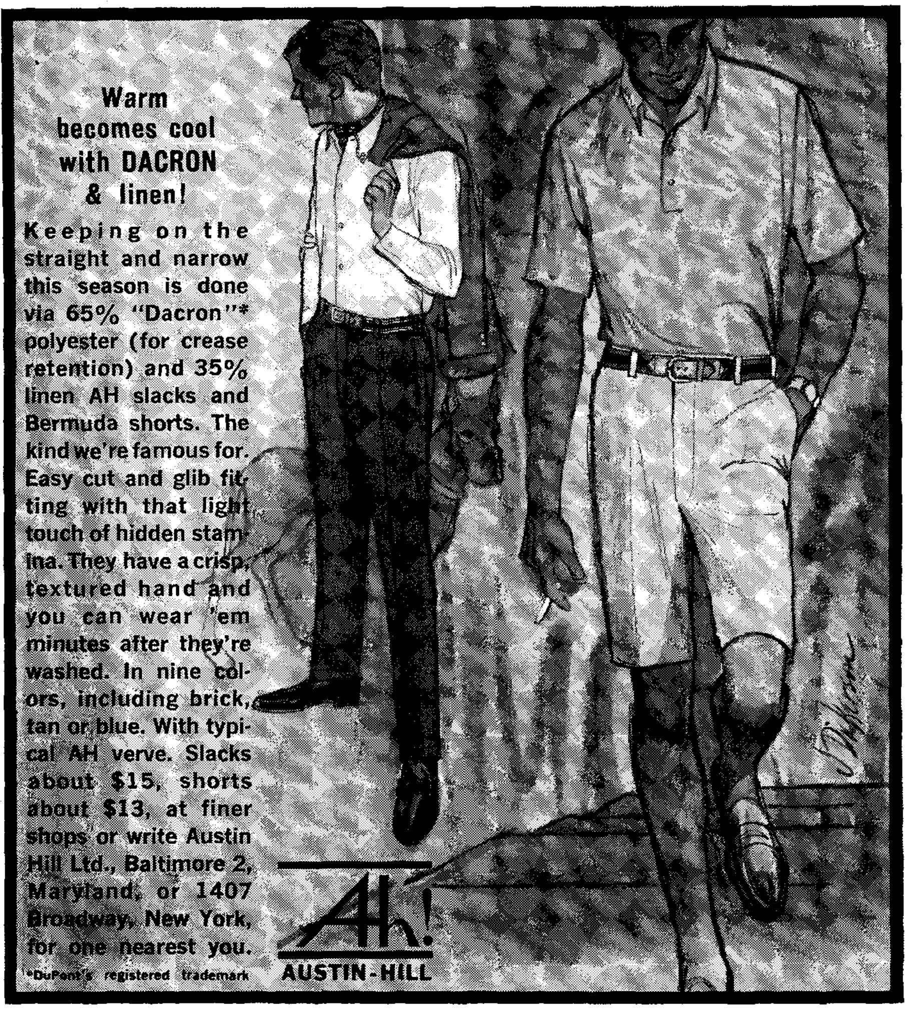
the truth, and falsely claims that it was he who betrayed them, in the belief that the truth would hopelessly demoralize an already broken people. The God involved is the Old Testament one, and the minister is Job-like, so perhaps the teachings of Christ, so flagrantly flouted by the minister, have no relevance here. A puzzling and enervating book, written in self-consciously simple prose.

A FINE MADNESS, by Elliott Baker (Putnam). Another Beat novel with hide of elephant and heart of squash. This one concerns a middle-aged poet, Samson Shillitoe, who is burdened by, among other things, an uncertain talent, writer's block, unpaid back alimony, an irresistible attractiveness to women, and drunkenness. Shillitoe deals with these matters by not dealing with them, which eventually lands him in a mental institution, where he undergoes a prefrontal lobotomy. He survives and, at the end of the book, heads back unchanged to the Midwest, whence he originally drifted. The setting, not that it matters, is New York.

NOTE: "My Heart Is Broken," which has been published by Random House, is a collection of eight stories and a short novel by Mavis Gallant. All the stories first appeared in this magazine. . . . Atheneum has issued "Tomorrow Will Be Monday," by Katinka Loeser, a volume of short stories, many of which were first printed in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

MUSEUM PIECE, by James Laver (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Laver's autobiography is charming and fascinating, and it defies summing up, as does its author. The outstanding multiple-moonlighter in recent British annals, he was for twenty-one years a curator at the Victoria and Albert Museum. He also is or has been a novelist, a translator, a biographer, a playwright, and a contributor to literary reviews and West End revues. He is an expert on design, costume, wine, and magic. And, thanks to bureaucratic misplacement during the Second World War, he is something of an authority on the Escheated Estates of Intestate Bastards, administered by the Treasury. Besides being an entertaining writer, Mr. Laver is a considerate one—a first-rate describer of whatever needs description, whether it is his grandmother's parlor, Mont Blanc, or Gertrude Lawrence. If his book seems to go by all too fast, one solu-



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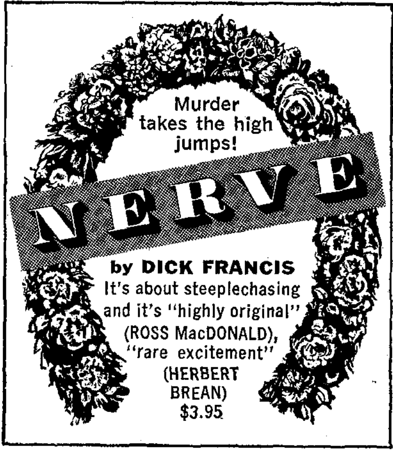

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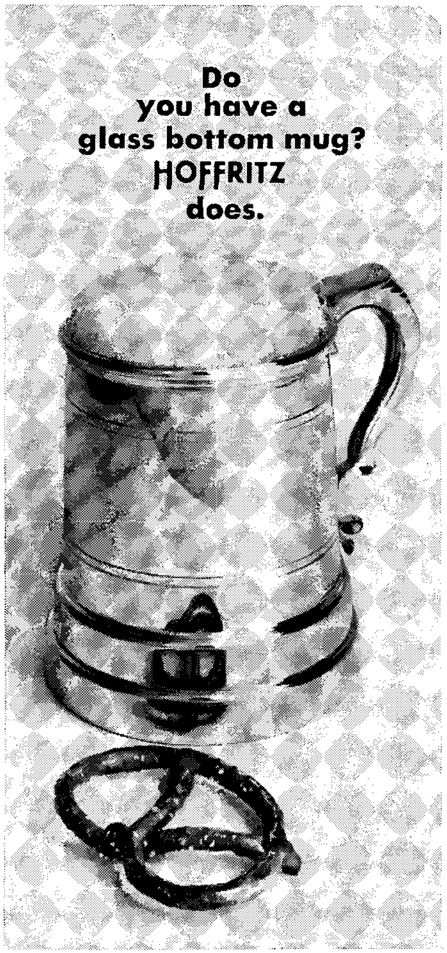
tion is to start again from the beginning and have a second fine time.

THE BLACK SHIP, by Dudley Pope (Lippincott). The first account of the bloodiest mutiny in the history of the British Navy—when the crewmen of the frigate Hermione, on patrol in the Caribbean in the fall of 1797, chopped their dreadful captain and most of their officers to ribbons, tossed them over the side, and sailed their ship to an enemy port. Mr. Pope, one of England's best-known naval historians, has written a very good book. His researches have been so thorough that he has found out, for instance, exactly what one mutineer said to another when they broke into the rum barrel. It is an exciting story. It is also a thoughtful study of those inexhaustible subjects, discipline and leadership.

ROSEBERY, by Robert Rhodes James (Macmillan). The author, a senior clerk of the House of Commons who recently published an excellent biography of Lord Randolph Churchill, here ably examines the career of the Earl of Rosebery, another late-nineteenth-century British statesman on whom the verdict of his contemporaries was "brilliant but unsound." Rosebery, a Liberal, became Prime Minister in 1894, inheriting Gladstone's Cabinet and Gladstone's insoluble problems. His Ministry was short (fifteen months) and wretched, and he never held office again, although he had an enthusiastic following in and out of Parliament. Part of Mr. Rhodes James's aim as a biographer is to discover why Rosebery retreated into gloom—forecasting, for instance, the disappearance of the Liberals—when his party called on him to lead it. The book, in effect, is an inquiry into the nature of the politician. Rosebery, it seems, just wasn't one, although he had some good political ideas about local government and the British Commonwealth, and a plan to reform the House of Lords by getting rid of most of its members. Yet his own career suggests that at least some hereditary legislators were not a total waste of Upper House room.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF BERNARD BERENSON, edited by A. K. McComb (Houghton Mifflin). In constructing a proper shrine to a departed great mind, one of the indispensable props is his published correspondence. This volume of letters, which begins with an entry for 1887, when Berenson, aged twenty-two, had just arrived in Europe, is the first such



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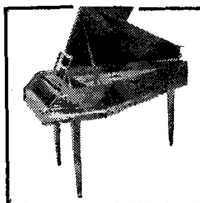

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collection to appear since his death, and a frail prop it is. One searches through it for an illuminating thought or for an opinion that might be out of the way, or revelatory, or just interesting. It is a vain quest. What the letters—they are addressed to a variety of people, like Judge Learned Hand, Walter Lippmann, the King of Sweden, and Mrs. Jack Gardner—do reveal is a self-absorbed man much taken up with trivia.

PANORAMA OF MAGIC, by Milbourne Christopher (Dover). This book will be instructive and delightful to anybody interested in magic. Though a paperback at a moderate price, it is of ample dimensions, with two hundred and ninety-five illustrations, eight in color—old prints, magicians' posters and programs, and contemporary photographs, which together constitute a record of professional conjuring, from the perennial cup-and-ball game in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries (paintings by Bosch and Brueghel), through the clockwork automata of the eighteenth century, to the complicated modern "illusions" of caged lions that disappear (this has been done in a Soviet circus, it seems) and women who are sawed in half or guillotined or made to float in the air. The author is a professional magician who is also a collector and scholar. He has supplied a brief history of magic that chronicles the big names and their shows but hardly discusses their methods. Linking the tricks of the priesthood and the conjurations of primitive tribes to the tricksters of the nineteenth century who pretended to possess supernatural powers, and so to our master illusionists with their frankly mechanical miracles (which are, however, alluringly advertised by demon- and skeleton-bespangled posters), this volume suggests interesting reflections on the role of magic as a symbolism that gratifies human yearnings—the production of food and wine from nothing, the reading of the minds of others, the rising above the earth, the artificial creation of life (the unexpected appearance of doves, and the rabbit pulled out of the hat), resurrection, and the escape from captivity.

AFRICA AND AFRICANS, by Paul Bohannan (Natural History Press). A comprehensive account of the continent and its cultures that is a triumph of popularization and condensation. Mr. Bohannan is an anthropologist who has done field work in both West and East Africa, so he knows

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tribal Africa at first hand; in addition, he has a thorough knowledge of the literature. The only flaw in this excellent book is that it continues Melville Herskovits' use of the term "myth" to mean an ignorant misconception. Maps. Highly recommended.

VERSE

ALCOOLS: POEMS 1898-1913, by Guillaume Apollinaire, translated by William Meredith, with an introduction and notes by Francis Steegmuller (Doubleday). Apollinaire's posthumous reputation (he died at the age of thirty-eight, in 1918, two days before the armistice, partly because of a shrapnel wound) has steadily grown, particularly since 1945, when a new generation of readers and scholars discovered what many of his contemporaries had overlooked—the pure and traditional quality of his basic lyric gift. Before 1914, he had proved himself the liveliest and most inventive of those poets *who were experimenting with design* in language in the same way, they thought, that the Cubist painters were dealing with line and color. Apollinaire's eccentricities could never quite conceal the true freshness of his style or the originality of his attitude toward the everyday occurrences of his time and place. Mr. Meredith, himself a poet, has treated Apollinaire's most important collection (first published in 1913) to versions, literal at times and free at others, that bring the French poet's subtleties over into English with admirable effect, and the French originals appear on facing pages.

•

And in Heaven, we may find people not just from our own earth but from millions of other planets like our own.

Oh, it is possible that such people might differ from us a bit in height.

For we find here on this planet that savages are usually smaller than us more educated races.—*Dr. George W. Crane in the Ogden (Utah) Standard-Examiner.*

The dumb little bunnies.

•

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[*News item in the Butler Collegian, Butler University, Indianapolis, about the opening of a parking lot*]

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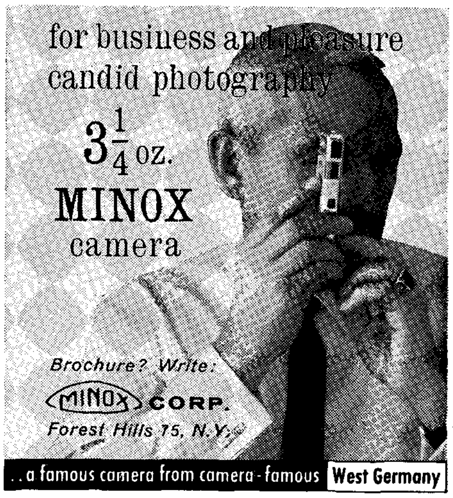

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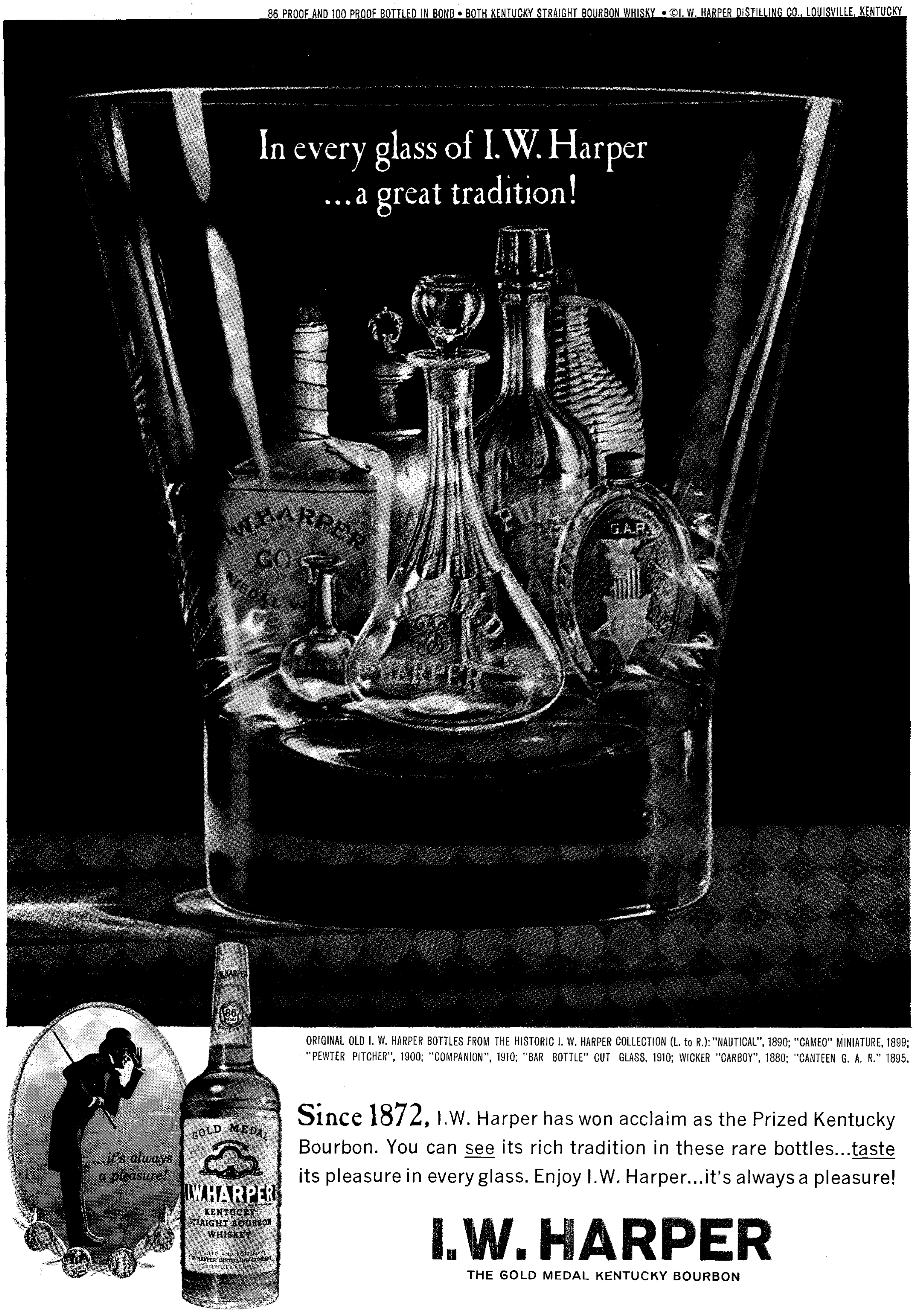
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